Collier's

NOVEMBER 1, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

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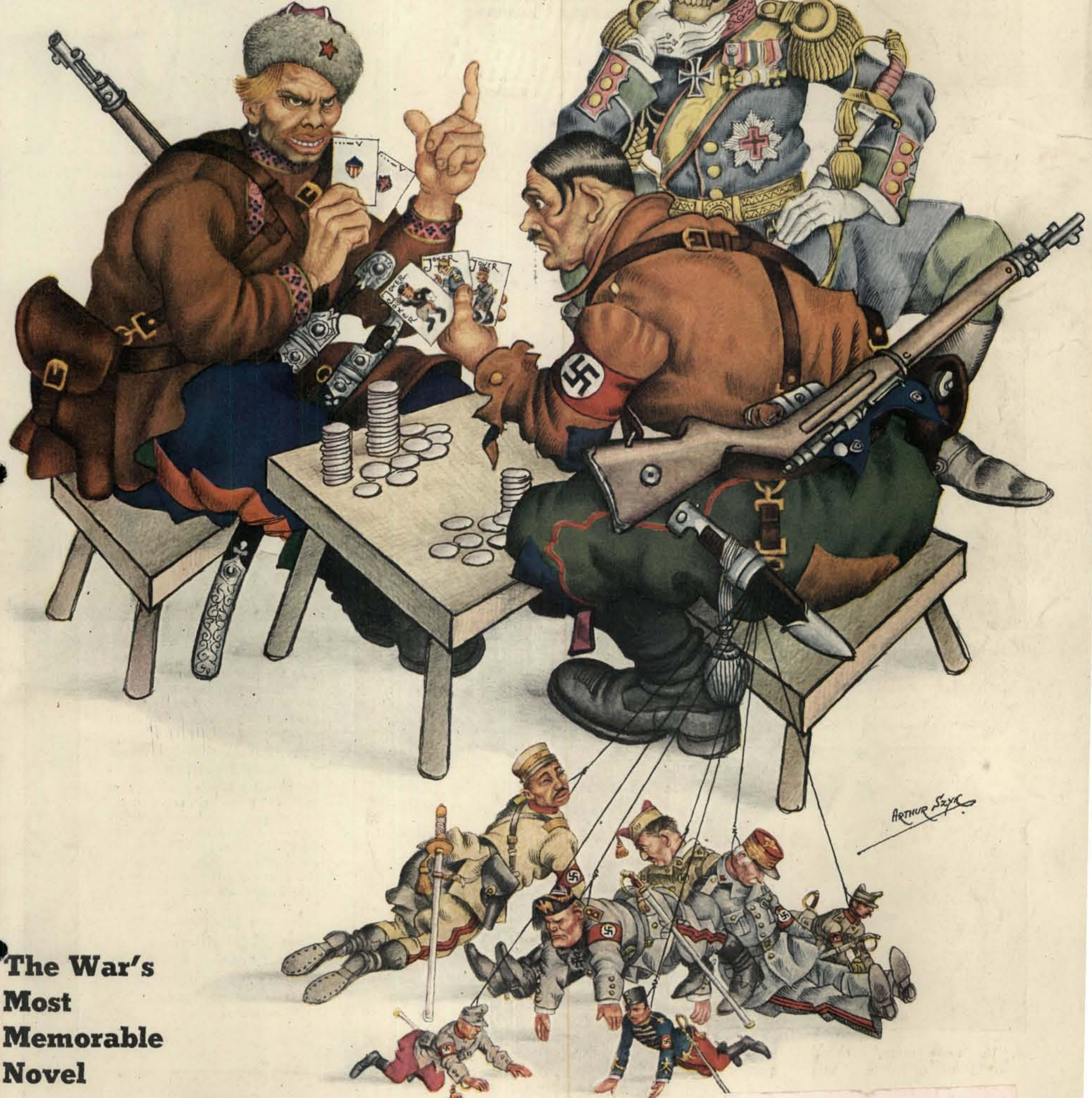

The War's Most Memorable Novel

THE PIED PIPER BY NE E

J H HENDERSON
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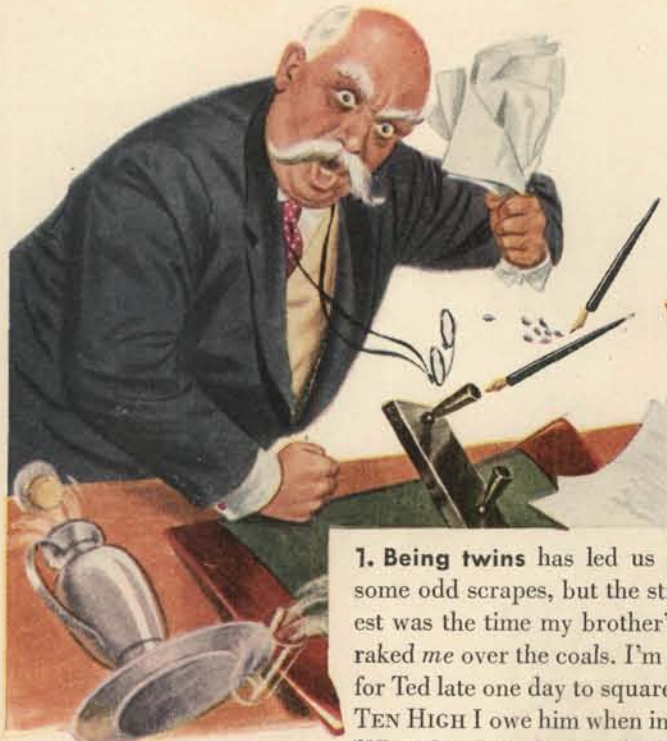
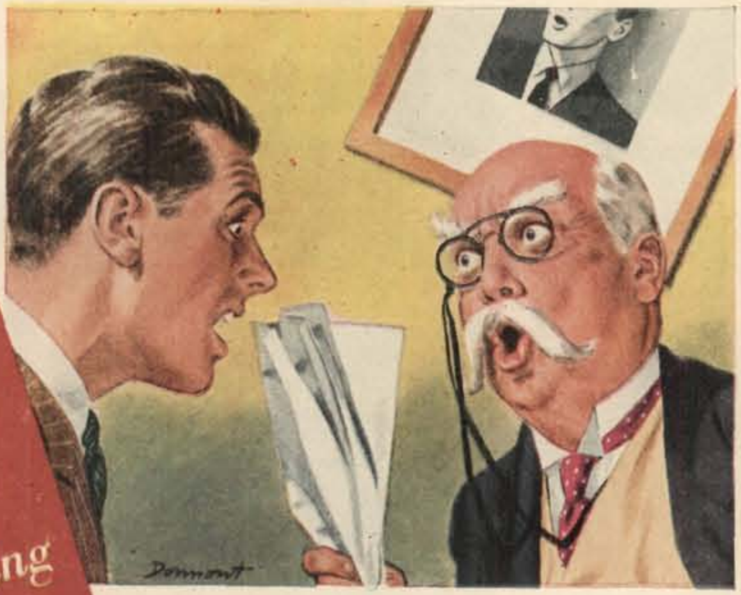
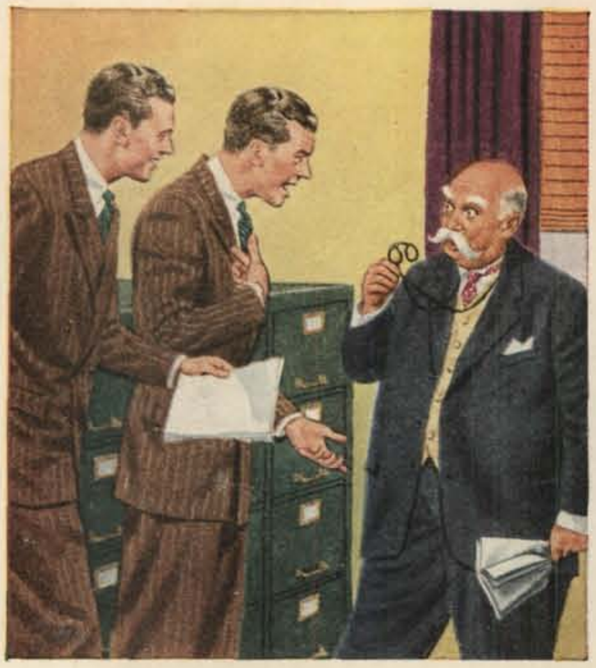
DOUBLE TROUBLE *with a Happy Ending*



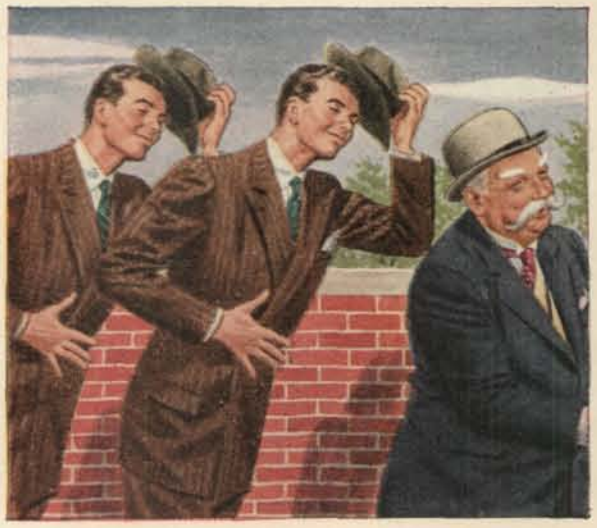
1. Being twins has led us into some odd scrapes, but the strangest was the time my brother's boss raked *me* over the coals. I'm waiting for Ted late one day to square a bet of TEN HIGH I owe him when in walks the VP with a look that would floor a tiger.



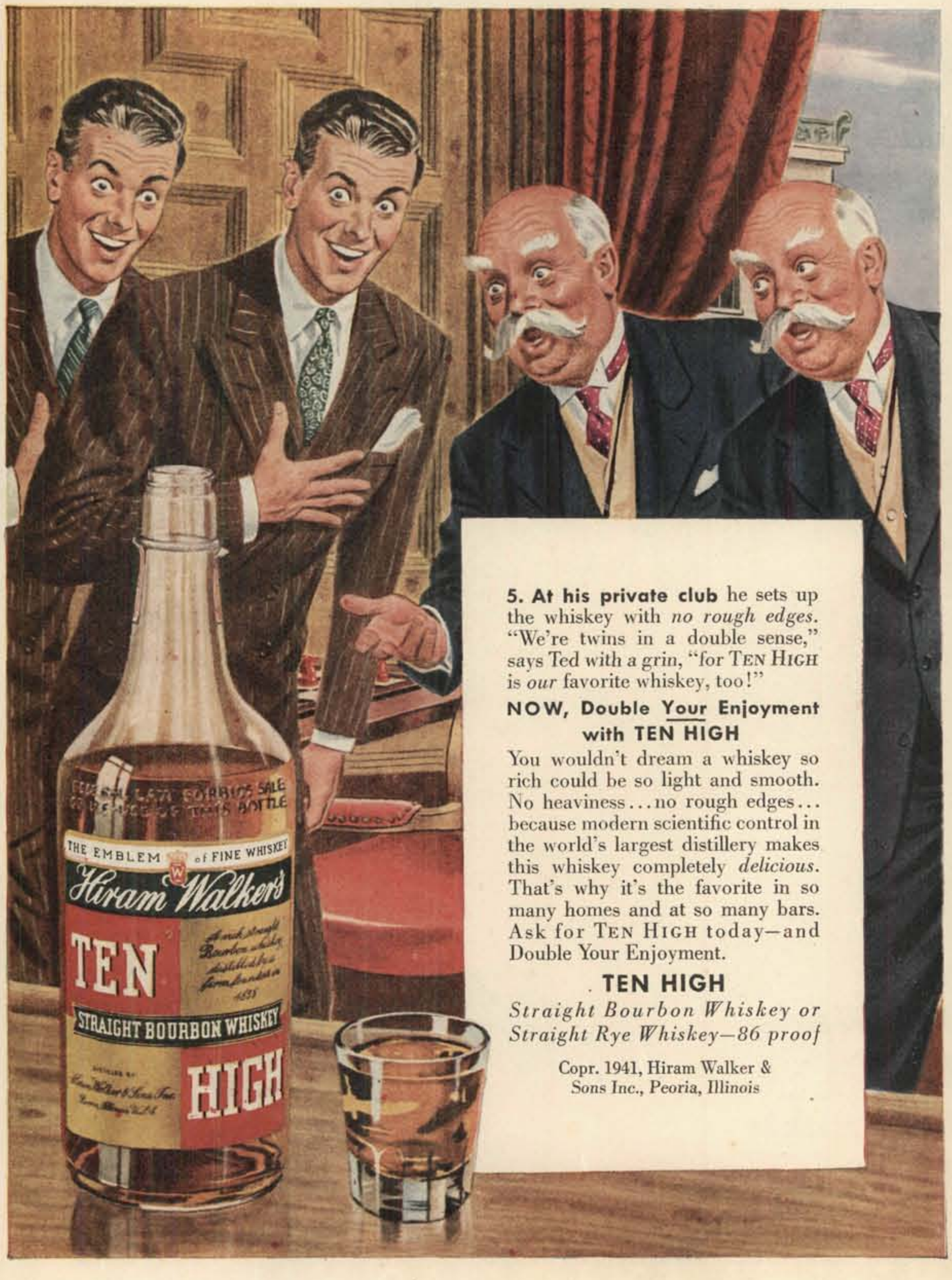
2. "Do you call yourself an accountant?" he bellows. "These figures don't *begin* to add up!" I try to explain that I'm not my brother, and stammer clumsily, "You've made a mistake, sir..." "*I've* made a mistake!" he cuts in, red as a rooster. "Young man, you're..."



3. Just then, in comes Ted with a sheet of figures that make the accounts balance like a breeze. He explains it had been found in the hall; then he introduces me to the boss. The old boy is pretty flabbergasted—but it turns out he's a good sport, after all.



4. "That's one on me," he chuckles, "for I'm a twin myself. Matter of fact, my brother's expecting me now—and," he adds with a twinkle, "if you two are going my way, what do you say we twins Double Our Enjoyment with a spot of TEN HIGH?"



5. At his private club he sets up the whiskey with *no rough edges.* "We're twins in a double sense," says Ted with a grin, "for TEN HIGH is *our* favorite whiskey, too!"

NOW, Double Your Enjoyment with TEN HIGH

You wouldn't dream a whiskey so rich could be so light and smooth. No heaviness... no rough edges... because modern scientific control in the world's largest distillery makes this whiskey completely *delicious.* That's why it's the favorite in so many homes and at so many bars. Ask for TEN HIGH today—and Double Your Enjoyment.

TEN HIGH

Straight Bourbon Whiskey or Straight Rye Whiskey—86 proof

Copr. 1941, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

GRAND STYLE...GREAT POWER... NEW DRIVING ECONOMY!

Plymouth's Finest is low-slung, long, wide. The engine is a full 95 horsepower, with new economy. It's your Wise Buy!

HERE IS A CAR with a great future built right into it. It's a long-time investment in style, power, economy and all-around driving satisfaction—*Plymouth's Finest!*

This Plymouth is exceptionally wide and roomy...brilliant in style and in performance. Its new lowness contributes to a smooth, gentle ride and road-hugging stability. You enjoy a fine new driving "feel"...new safety and handling ease.

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This is definitely Plymouth's Finest. It is outstanding in quality...exceptional in economy...with all the great features that have made Plymouth famous as the best-engineered low-priced car. See and drive this brilliant car at your Plymouth dealer's. All prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

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WHY THIS PLYMOUTH IS YOUR WISE INVESTMENT

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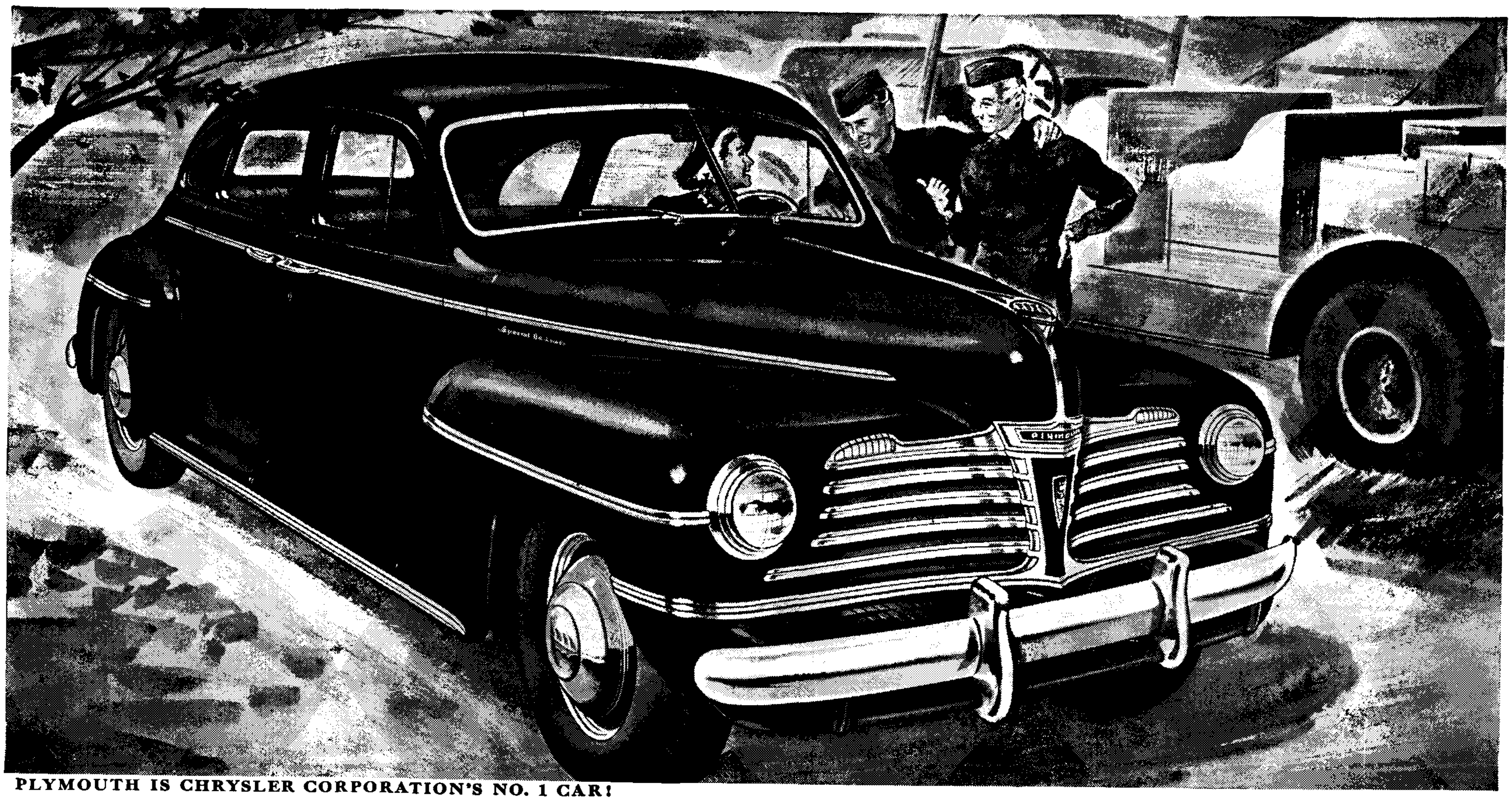

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THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST!

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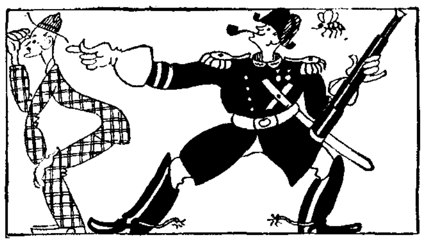
COVER ARTHUR SZYK

ANY WEEK

UNLESS we're more mistaken than usual, quite a number of us are using this war as an alibi for unstable characters that would be on emotional, breast-beating benders in the Garden of Eden. Being in a philosophic mood one afternoon we discussed this theory pretty exhaustively with one of our political heroes, the Honorable Pat V. James of Hot Coffee, Mississippi. Mr. James became practical as usual, saying that a great deal of benefit might come of observing the Negro of the deep South. And to illustrate he called to an old man named Jasper Tilghman Tucker or, in short, Uncle Jazz. Uncle Jazz is, or was, a hundred and one years old and a hundred and one descendants acknowledged him. "Jazz," roared Mr. James, "tell this Yankee gentleman how you come to live to this powerful ripe old age." Uncle Jazz put down his bag of groceries, hitched up his pants and said: "Well, suh, Mr. James and gentlemen, when I works I works hard. When I sits, I sits loose. When I thinks, I goes to sleep."



WE ARE receiving almost daily reports from Mr. Gurney Williams, conductor of that deservedly popular department of this magazine, Our New Army. Mr. Williams has been in Arkansas and thereabouts inspecting Army maneuvers. His guide, interpreter and tactical adviser is the widely celebrated Colonel Dudley Virginius Haddock, late of the Louisiana Tigers. Actually, Colonel Haddock is a native of Noah's, Arkansas, a hamlet properly proud of the colonel and which prefers to be known as Noah's Ark. Mr. Williams reports that he was met by Colonel Haddock in Little Rock. The colonel was in full regimentals, equipped down to the last detail including a four-foot collapsible telescope and a homemade parachute. He was drinking a bottle of Squirt ("It's in the Public Eye") and denying to an admiring audience that there was an atom of similarity between the Charge of the Light Brigade, Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's gallop up San Juan Hill. The colonel (Haddock) was sitting loose. After an exchange of greetings with Mr. Williams, Colonel Haddock assured Mr. Williams that he was in capable hands. "Sir," said the colonel, "in Cuba, I had the honor of totin' General William Rufus Shafter, net weight three hundred and seventy-two pounds, to some of his most convincin' victories."

IN SPITE of the proverbial vigilance of the editors of this magazine, errors manage somehow to creep into these pages occasionally. We've just been notified of one by Mr. Roger Conant, Curator at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden. Recently Kyle Crichton wrote, in his article Monkeyshines, that there were but two Indian rhinoceroses in the United States. Actually there are four. We don't know how you feel about this but it bucks us up no end. One of the playful creatures overlooked by Mr. Crichton in his survey is in Mr. Conant's zoo—"a particularly fine female." The other, says Mr. Conant, is in the National Zoo in Washington, D. C. This one was probably out when Mr. Crichton called, doubtless attending one of Mayor LaGuardia's Civilian Defense-Public Morale committee meetings.

AMONG surprising things we have learned lately is that the wily Mr. Moto, our favorite Jap rascal who has done so well by his creator, John P. Marquand, is now doing his rascalling for the benefit of the United China Relief Fund. Mr. Marquand has told us that he is donating the book royalties of his Mr. Moto stories, including Mercator Island, which you finished in last week's Collier's, to that worthy cause. Mr. Marquand is chairman of the United China Relief writers' committee.

AT THE present moment we are greatly pleased to read letters from a number of British soldiers who are unanimously pleased with Collier's, and, frankly, we are not at all surprised. Sergeant J. Baldwin-Seales, Sergeants' Mess, R.A.F., Leeming, Northallerton, Yorks, England, and Gunner Chignall, 58 Castellan Avenue, Gildea Park, Essex, both of whom are good-looking and intelligent and would be glad to receive letters from good-looking and intelligent American young women, are rather general in their comments. Sergeant Baldwin-Seales in particular, speaks of the national popularity of our Quentin Reynolds. We gather that were a popularity poll to be taken in England, the King, the Queen, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Reynolds would furnish a photograph finish with Mr. Reynolds the favorite with the bookies. Corporal Cyril William St. Brave, Tillsbury Service Flats, Hyacinth Gardens, East Fleury, Herts (try that on your new stationery), rebukes us in a gentlemanly manner for wondering why the Tommy is so anxious to correspond with American girls and what's happened to Vi, Gwen, Pam, Jill and Sibyl. There are really two reasons, says Corporal St. Brave. First "there's the natural desire of many of us, who naturally have had little occasion to think much about America, to learn something more about the American Way of Life. The second," he goes on, "is more easily appreciated. There are so many girls in the WAAF, ATS, WRNS, et cetera, and so many more working in the factories that they have lost glamor, IT and oomph. When you work side by side with a girl all day she's not got much left by nightfall. We like our girls to be a little dependent upon us men but there is nothing less dependent than a girl in a uniform. The moment a girl gets into a uniform there's no holding her."

No IT
No Oomph

RECENTLY we paused near Hartford, Connecticut, to listen to a young fellow who wasn't satisfied with the way things are going. It was pretty interesting. He was just about to pin down responsibility for the war ("the old guys make war but us young guys has to fight 'em") when a soldier plucked our sleeve. "Listen," he said, "my outfit's moving south from Devens today and I'm a day overdue from leave. Do you know anybody who knows whether my outfit will roll through here so's I can pick 'em up?" We didn't but volunteered to help him look. "It ain't that I'm afraid to take my licking for being AWOL," he mourned, "but the Army's treated me good and I don't want them to think I don't appreciate it." We said something about being sure everything would be all right. "No, sir," he said, "I feel bad about this and hope my outfit rolls through here so's I can pick 'em up. I don't want anybody to say I let down President Roosevelt."

HE DIDN'T. Anyway a column of trucks filled with soldiers came along. He got in one of them. Perhaps we should have told you before but many of these letters we're getting from English soldiers beg us not to worry about our new Army—its morale, lack of training material, verdancy of its officers, threats of desertion. The English went through all that—aren't through yet. And England's actually at war, with Jerry on her neck of nights and the chow occasionally less than banquetish. Frank Gervasi, who's been covering the Near East, North Africa and India for us, is home again. He says that he can give us the names of quite a few British soldiers who'd be glad to swap places with any of our lads who think that camp life in the States is a little more than they can bear.

WHADDAYA say, Soldier? . . . W. D.

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The outpost's **job takes nerve. His telephone is a terminal of the nerve system of the army behind him. What his commander does depends largely on information he telephones.**

"Enemy tanks advancing on bridgehead"

The telephone is vital to you in business and home, but to the army in the field it may mean the difference between defeat and victory.

It is the reliable messenger, delivering in a flash information that enables the brains of infantry, artillery, tank corps and air force to direct operations with sure control.

To make telephones that perform under these difficult field conditions, Western Electric began to qualify sixty years ago. Then this Company became the chief source of supply for the entire Bell Telephone System.

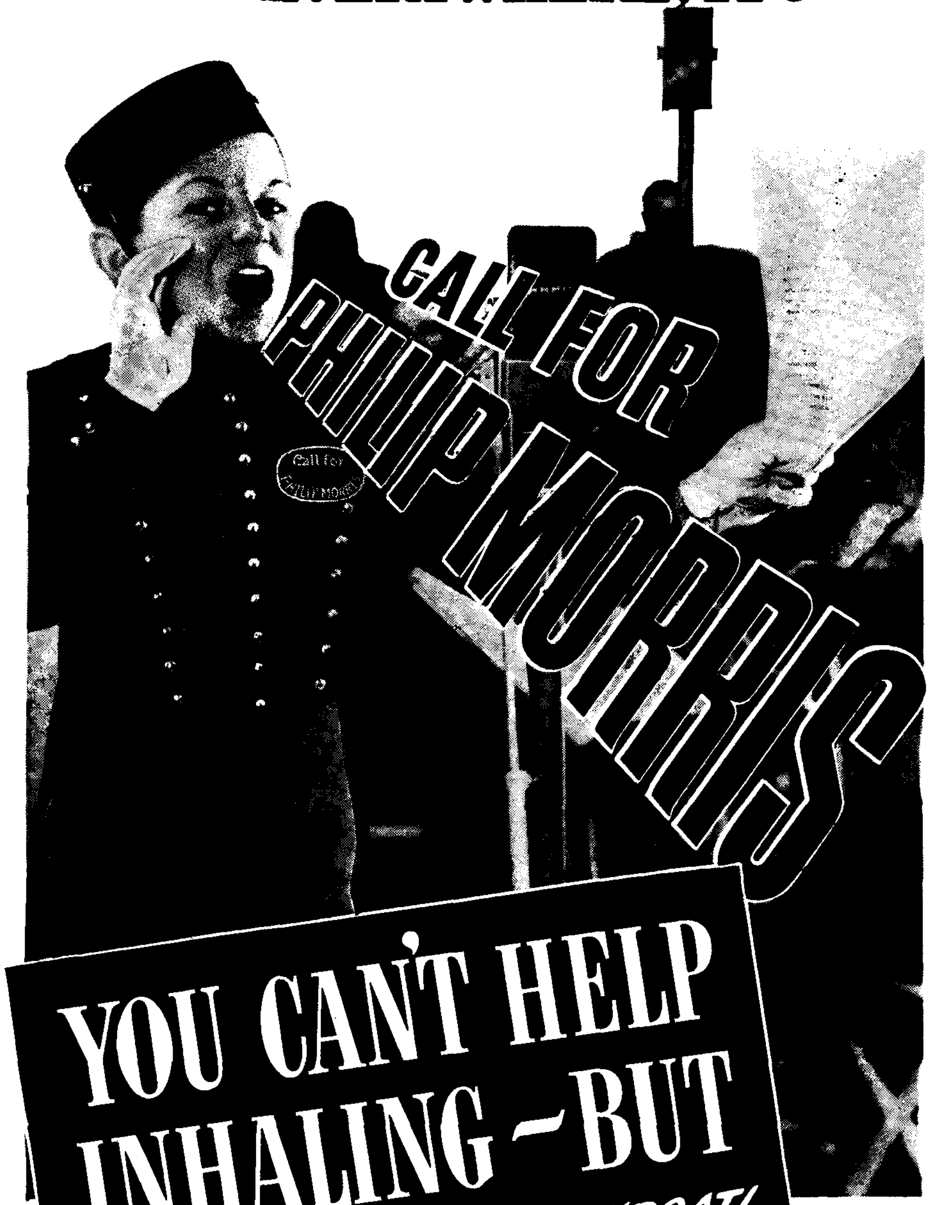
Ever since, it has led the world in the production of dependable telephone apparatus. It has built up a coordinated group of plants and a nationwide system of delivering the goods where and when needed.

Now when your Bell Telephone Company and the Army and the Navy are calling for more telephones and switchboards and wire and cable, Western Electric is responding with expanded facilities and man power to meet these defense needs.

To make sure the field telephone won't let the soldier down, Western Electric gives it many tests—including the talk-test here shown.

Western Electric *... is back of your Bell Telephone service*

ON THE AIR AND EVERYWHERE, IT'S—



YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

IT'S a fact — all smokers *sometimes* inhale. More smoke reaches delicate nose and throat passages. And *chances* of irritation *increase! But now look at the findings* of eminent doctors who compared five leading brands of cigarettes... and report that:

IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO PHILIP MORRIS—IRRITANT EFFECTS OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED THREE TIMES AS HIGH — AND LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

Some inhaling goes with smoking... but worry about throat irritation need *not* go with inhaling. Change now to Philip Morris—for pleasure *without penalties. Why wait?*

PHILIP MORRIS
ENGLISH BLEND

Finer Pleasure PLUS Real Protection

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Wing Talk

OUR bright young men in training for Army and Navy wings are usually regarded as high-spirited, fearless and courageous youngsters who typify the spirit of America the country needs defenders. Because we see so little of it, we have come to feel that they are entirely void of sentiment. That is why the following few confiding lines from an Army flying cadet are passed on as significant:

"Flying at night receives my vote for the biggest thrill yet. I wish you could have been up with me. It was so beautiful. It was like being in the center of a huge ball with the stars scattered about the surface. You get a kind of godlike feeling."

COMMERCIAL aircraft repair bases, flight training schools and mechanic training schools operate upon authority of the C.A.A. and hold an "air agency certificate." This certificate constitutes the government's stamp of approval of the courses and methods used by the operators and is regarded by the holders as their most valuable asset. The only purpose of such government certification is in the interest of safety, and when an "air agency" oversteps the bounds it is through. Since this is so seldom, it's really news when the C.A.A. revokes such certificate as it has in the case of a California primary flying school operator "for permitting operation of an aircraft while said aircraft was not in condition for safe operation." The government has put him out of business at a time when his business is at its best and thereby contributed to the saving of lives not only at this particular "agency" but at others where, under pressure of the times, the management might become a wee bit careless.

LONG the symbol of safe harbor, the lowly wind sock has been the subject of repeated attacks by people seeking a better wind-direction indicator for airports. At some places these new devices have won out over the cloth sleeve mounted on a mast which tells the incoming pilot the way the wind blows. But the sock still flies defiantly over the administration building of the newest and most modern of air terminals, the Washington National Airport.

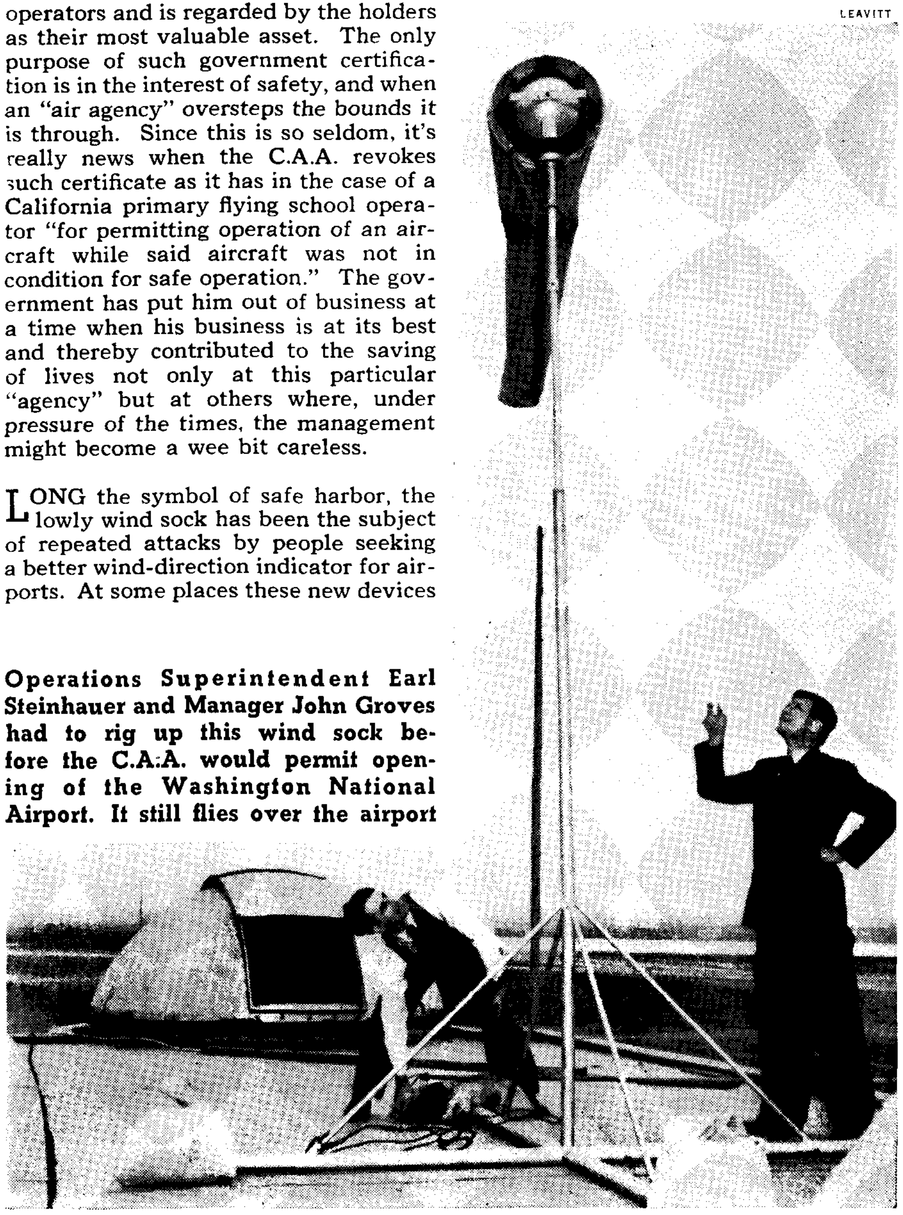
It was opening day last June and all was in readiness for the great event at midnight. Darkness had fallen and Manager John Groves and his operations superintendent Earl Steinhauer had checked and rechecked everything. Then came the blow: A tough C.A.A. inspector who knows his job and does his duty grabbed Groves and announced: "You can't open this airport tonight. You ain't got no wind-direction indicator." In truth there wasn't any, though the control tower was filled with dials and instruments giving wind direction and wind speed for transmission by radio to incoming planes.

With but three hours to go, Groves and Steinhauer leaped into action. They located a spare sock out at the College Park, Maryland, flying field and rustled up some steel tubing. Steinhauer went to work with a torch and built a mast and tripod. Sandbags were placed over the legs to hold it down and there it still stands, with the sock giving visual wind direction to one and all while science and industry struggle to perfect automatic on-and-off smoke pots sunk in the ground at the ends of the runways.

WHILE our military airplanes are pushing past 400 miles per hour these days, they are also pushing past a few established frontiers of research. Once our engineers could treat the air like a good honest fluid that would flow around an airplane like water around a ship, but high speeds at high altitudes are beginning to change all that. At low

(Continued on page 51)

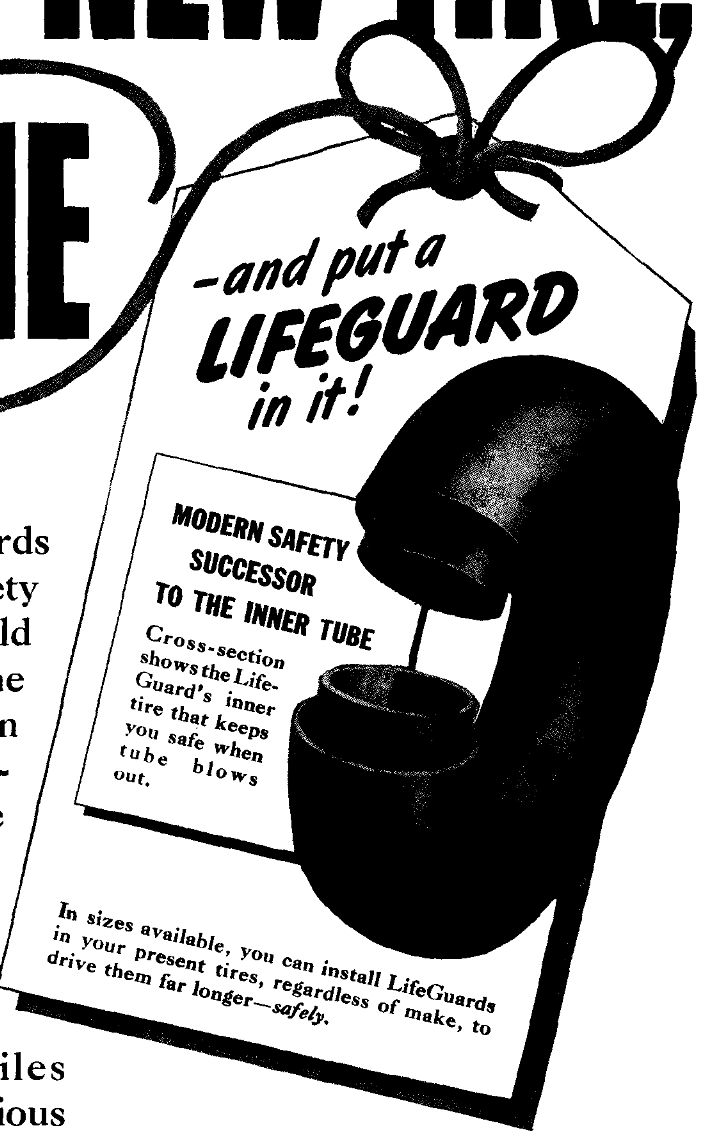
LEAVITT



Operations Superintendent Earl Steinhauer and Manager John Groves had to rig up this wind sock before the C.A.A. would permit opening of the Washington National Airport. It still flies over the airport

Simplest rule for helping America save rubber

WHEN YOU BUY A NEW TIRE, GET A GOOD ONE



-and put a LIFEGUARD in it!

MODERN SAFETY SUCCESSOR TO THE INNER TUBE

Cross-section shows the LifeGuard's inner tire that keeps you safe when tube blows out.

In sizes available, you can install LifeGuards in your present tires, regardless of make, to drive them far longer—*safely.*

TODAY the nation must save rubber for defense—and most people must save money for defense taxes.

That's why you best serve your country and your own interests by buying the longest-wearing tires you can get—*because they use up rubber more slowly and cost you less per mile!*

World standard of value

GOODYEAR "G-3" All-Weather

—19 feet of grip in every foot of tread

The tire equipment that affords the most mileage and safety per dollar today is the world standard Goodyear first-line "G-3" All-Weather tire, in combination with the Goodyear LifeGuard—the reserve tire within a tube that takes the danger out of blowouts.

Tests prove the present "G-3" All-Weather averages THOUSANDS of miles longer tread wear than previous models of this famed long-distance tire—thanks to tougher *new* rubber compounds.

And that's only your first plus. Its new improved Supertwist cord body is so much stronger, so much more resistant to abuse, many are now retreading "G-3" All-Weathers and nearly doubling their mileage life.

You can do this safely with LifeGuards inside your tires, because no matter how thin you wear them, the LifeGuard eliminates any hazard from blowouts.

Experience proves you can't buy better tire equipment to save rubber, to save money, or to save your life. The "G-3" All-Weather and the LifeGuard are the super-mileage quality combination for those who want to aid defense—at lowest cost per mile.

All-Weather, LifeGuard, Supertwist—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

The breaks are all against you when you've got the double O

YOUR common sense tells you that, ability being the same, any smart employer will choose a girl with a pleasant, agreeable breath and a bright, arresting smile rather than one who has the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath.)

Perhaps you've grown careless about this double offense. If you're guilty, better wake up and do something about it if you want others to like you and if you want to improve your chance of getting ahead in business.

Begin now with this wonderfully easy and simply delightful double precaution against "Double O" and use it every night and morning.

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's a dentifrice made specially to help bring out the natural sparkle, the clean, flashing brilliance of your smile.

New Tooth Paste ... New Formula

The new Listerine Tooth Paste is an entirely new formula that attacks cloudy, loose deposits, goes to work on dull, dingy teeth. Many say they can actually see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

And for the breath—Listerine, of course. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

Delightful Daily Double

If you want to get ahead, don't neglect the "Double O." Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a clean, attractive smile, and Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the double precaution against double O *Offensive Breath* *Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Of the nine hundred persons who are fatally shot in hunting accidents in this country each year, more than eighty per cent die from wounds inflicted by themselves or their companions through carelessness.

A giant V-shaped forest of fir trees, which stands on a hillside of southern England and measures more than a half mile along each side, was planted in 1887 to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the reign of Queen Victoria. Today it is considered a "V for Victory" emblem and, as such, is the largest in the world.

Several species of tropical morning glory vines produce "wood roses," one of which, known as the *Ipomoea tuberosa*, grows as far north as southern Florida. They have the size and shape of true roses, appear to be made of wood and last for decades without attention after being plucked.—*By R. G. Cuthbert, Sr., Jamaica Park, New York.*

Abraham Lincoln is the only American whose career, achievements as a statesman and contributions to literature are studied as an entire college course leading to a degree. The course is offered by the Lincoln Memorial University in Harrogate, Tennessee.—*By Mary Ray Houston, Mobile, Alabama.*

Man o' War holds the record as the longest-striding horse in American turf history, having often covered as much as twenty-five feet in one leap.—*By Brodus Erle, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

The chains that are dragged behind gasoline tank trucks for the purpose of grounding static electricity are useless on most highways because the roadbeds are made of nonconducting materials.

A parish church stands in the center of the race track in Chelmsford, England, and a cemetery is situated in the center of a similar race course in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad.—*By Mrs. Fred E. Coates, Jr., Coconut Grove, Florida.*

When a person casts a shadow on a pool of crude oil on a sunny day in a tropical country, the shadow appears to remain for as long as ten seconds after he has moved away. The explanation is that the shadow causes the oil to cool slightly, thereby decreasing the number of rising bubbles and darkening the surface.

The fruit of the plant, *Capsicum frutescens,* one of the chief sources of Cayenne pepper, contains an oil with such irritating properties that those who handle it, in both field and factory, have to wear gloves to avoid blistering burns.

Laws that prohibit a physician from advertising that he treats or cures diseases with his own secret medicines or methods have been passed in only four states—Florida, New York, Oregon and Virginia. —*By Morris Sherman, Brooklyn, New York.*

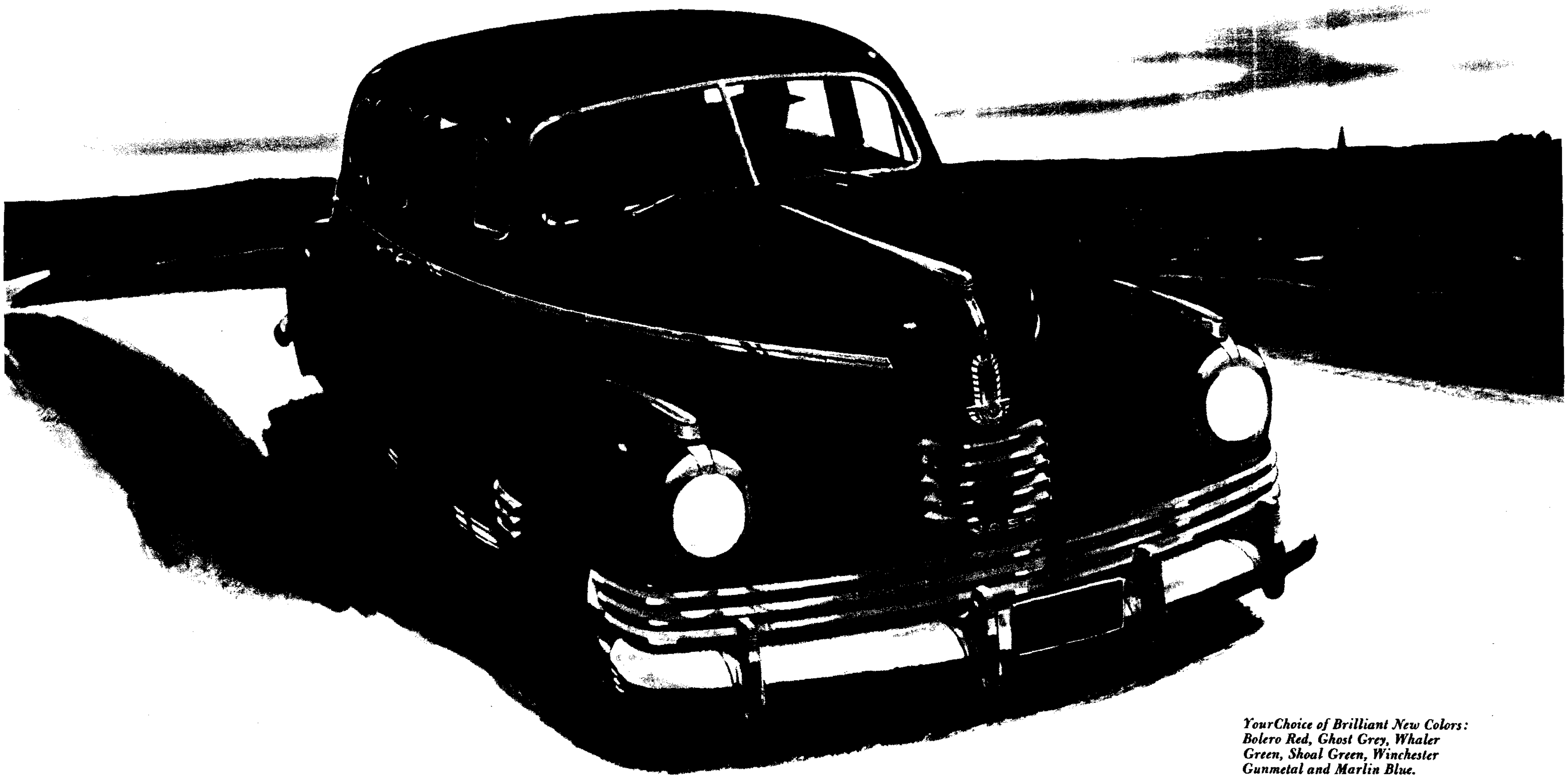
One of the most complex and versatile of animal appendages is the elephant's trunk. It has forty thousand muscles, or about sixty-five times as many as the entire human body, and its uses range from uprooting a sizable tree to picking up a pin.

The first person to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel was Anna Edson Taylor, who, strapped in a cushioned cask four-and-a-half feet high and three feet in diameter, plunged over the Canadian side of the Horseshoe Falls on October 24, 1901.

Only ten women have lived to see their sons become Presidents of the United States. Besides Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt, they were the mothers of Washington, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Polk, Johnson, Grant, Garfield and McKinley.—*By Arthur Eastman, New Haven, Connecticut.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

What's this "Million Dollar Beauty" Doing in the Lowest-Price Field?



Your Choice of Brilliant New Colors: Bolero Red, Ghost Grey, Whaler Green, Shoal Green, Winchester Gunmetal and Marlin Blue.

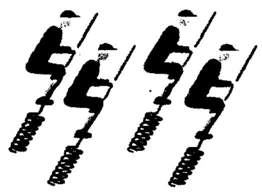
Imagine—this big 1942 Nash goes 25 to 30 Miles on a Gallon of Gasoline *at Highway Speed!*

ALL AMERICA loves a beautiful car, and what welcome news it's getting!

The smartest new 1942 car has turned up in the *lowest-price* field—and it's a Nash. You can *see* why they call it the "Million Dollar Beauty." Look at the massive front end, the power-packed lines!

- Yes—*this* is the car that solves that big 1942 problem of *how to cut your motoring expenses!*

In tune with the times, this big Nash is engineered to cruise *500 to 600 miles on a single tankful of gasoline.*



Coil Spring Comfort on All Four Wheels

But here's even more news about Nash! The steering, the riding comfort, the performance that thrilled America last year have been *still further* advanced!

Actually, it's years ahead in handling—with Two-way Roller Steering.

It's years ahead in safety because it's built a revolutionary new way—frame and body are one welded unit, 57% more rigid.

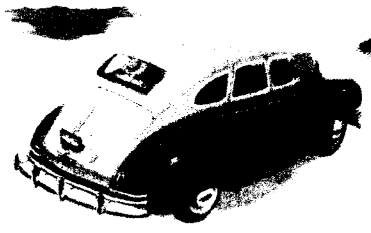
From Washington to Ski-land —on a Tankful of Gas!

- It's years ahead of the rest, with the smoothest kind of ride a car can offer you—coil springing on all four wheels.

It's years ahead . . . with such unmatchable optional features as Nash Conditioned Air for winter driving . . . "Sedan Sleeper" Bed.

3 Great Series—15 Brilliant Models

Greater than ever, too, are the 1942 Nash Ambassador "6" and "8". New engine development makes them amazing performers. Still in the low- and medium-price fields!



Fact is—in design, engineering and quality, it's the finest car that Nash has ever built. A car built to bring us thousands of new friends when the days of restriction are over.

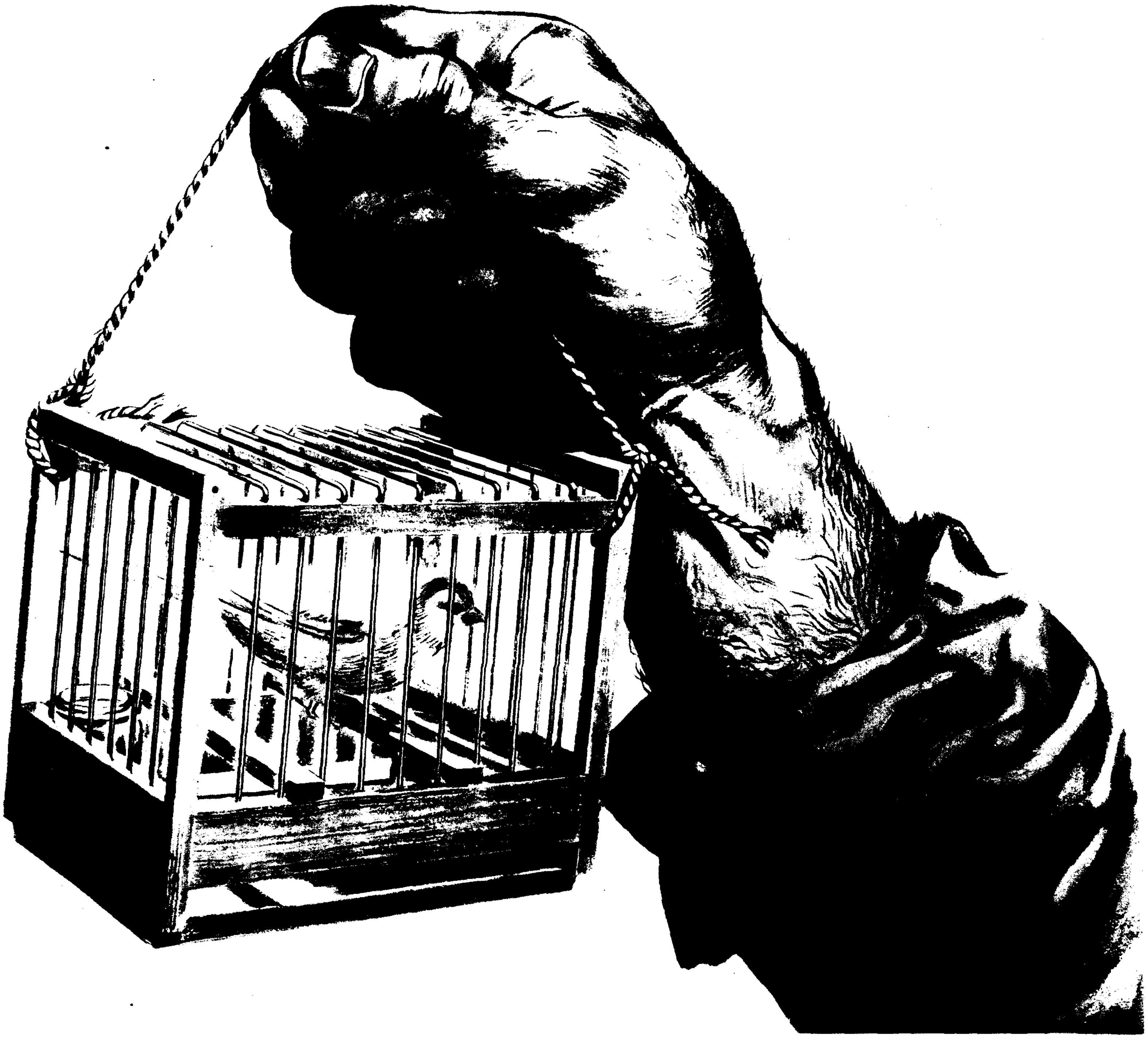
Seats Wide as Living Room Sofas!

- Come and spend just 15 minutes with this "Million Dollar Beauty". . . and see for yourself how little a mile can cost!

NASH

THREE NEW SERIES OF FINE MOTOR CARS

Sixes and Eights



The Canary and White Damp

OF THE MANY HAZARDS men face in mining coal, one of the greatest is a deadly gas known among miners as White Damp: odorless and tasteless and invisible.

Always, after mine fires and explosions, some quantity of this gas is sure to be present. The quantity might be negligible, or it might be fatal.

But before the invention of modern, mechanical detectors, the miner, by himself, could never tell.

So against the threat of that unpredictable time when a fatal quantity of the gas was present, wise miners used to return to those dangerous tunnels carrying a canary in a cage.

They knew that the canary, reacting far more rapidly than man, would be first to feel the drowsiness that marks the beginning of White Damp's grip on its victims. And for these men that drowsing fluff of yellow feathers was an urgent flag of danger, a signal to go quickly, taking their little lookout (which quickly recuperated) with them.

Those of us who work above the ground are apt to figure, without thinking, that we have no need for any friendly signaller to warn us of danger at hand.

Quite carelessly, we figure that danger doesn't strike often enough for that.

Actually, statistics show that on the basis of present averages, one of us in every ten will suffer a serious injury before the year is out. And while it is impossible to know when or where misfortune will strike, there is still a way of defending ourselves from the full weight of the blow.

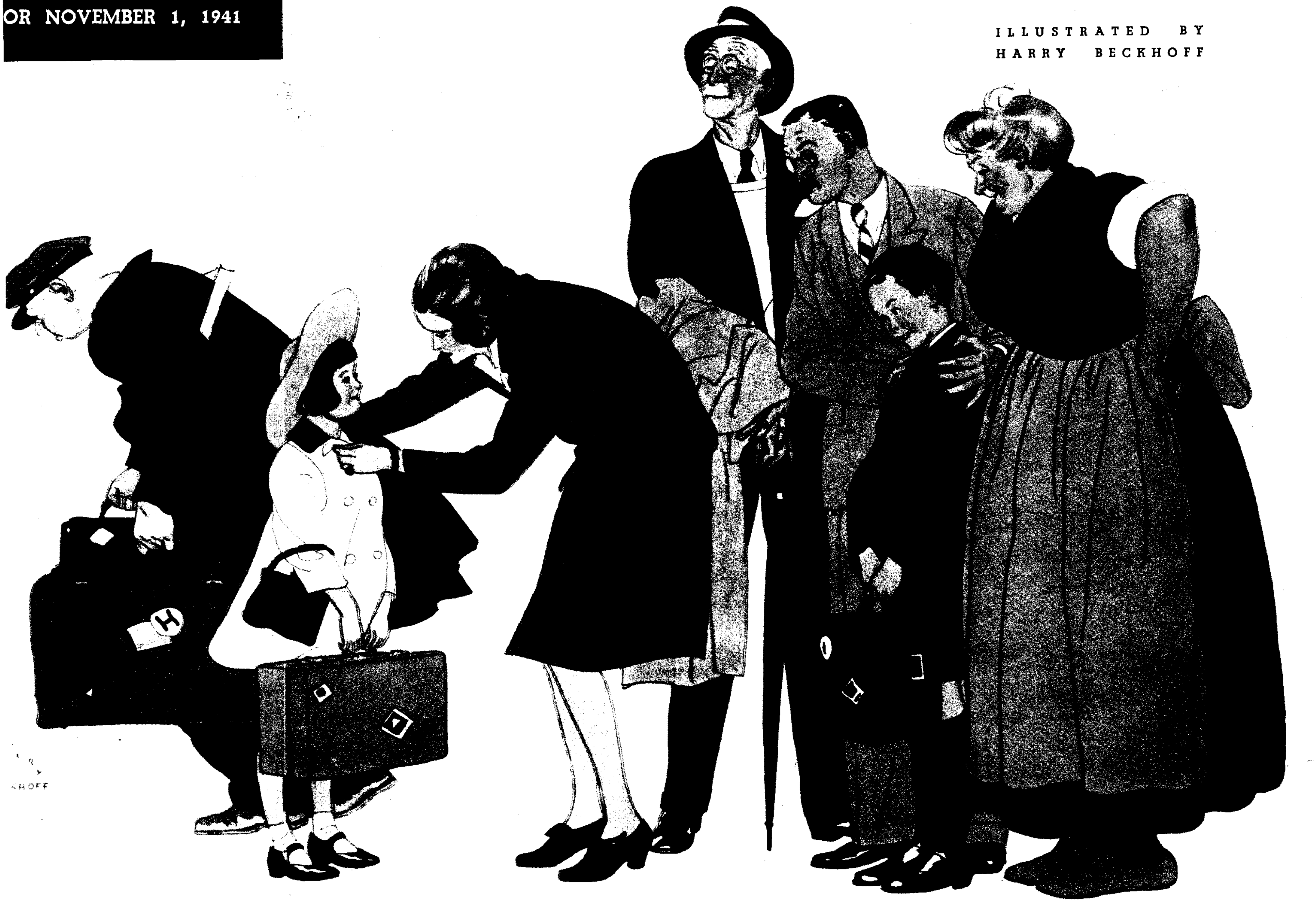
Thousands of careful men and women have found this defense in having adequate accident insurance in The Travelers. Such insurance is not expensive, yet if you are hurt, accident insurance will pay your doctor's and hospital bills; it will take care of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, and the landlord while you are laid up. Otherwise these bills might be so staggering that they could keep you in debt for several years.

You will find your Travelers agent a helpful counselor in selecting a policy that will protect your savings and your future security.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's
HE NATIONAL WEEKLY
OR NOVEMBER 1, 1941

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Their father and mother kissed them, awkward and red-faced, but the meaning of the parting escaped the children altogether

The Pied Piper

By Nevil Shute

Beginning a prophetic novel of World War II. The story of a gallant general whose army, too young to carry arms, raced Hitler's panzers to the English Channel

HIS name is John Sidney Howard, and he is a member of my club in London. I came in for dinner that night at about eight o'clock, tired after a long day of conferences about my aspect of the war. He was just entering the club ahead of me, a tall and rather emaciated man of about seventy, a little unsteady on his feet. He tripped over the door mat as he went in and stumbled forward; the hall porter jumped out and caught him by the elbow.

He peered down at the mat and poked it with his umbrella. "Damned thing caught my toe," he said. "Thank you, Peters. Getting old, I suppose."

The man smiled. "Several of the gentlemen have caught their foot there recently, sir," he said. "I was speaking to the steward about it only the other day."

The old man said, "Well, speak to him again and go on speaking till he has it put right. One of these days you'll have me falling dead at your feet. You wouldn't like that to happen—eh?" He smiled quizzically.

The porter said, "No, sir. We shouldn't like that to happen."

The old man moved away. I had been waiting behind him while this was going on because the porter had my letters. He gave them to me at the wicket, and I looked them through. "Who was that?" I asked idly.

He said, "That was Mr. Howard, sir. He has been a member here for a great many years."

"Has he?" I said. "I don't remember seeing him about."

The man said, "He has been abroad for the last few months, I think, sir. But he seems to have aged a great deal since he came back. Getting rather frail now, I'm afraid."

I went into the club, slung my gas mask onto a peg, unbuckled my revolver belt and hung it up, and crowned the lot with my cap. I strolled over to the tape and studied the latest news. It was neither good nor bad. Our air force was still knocking hell out of the Ruhr; Rumania was still desperately bickering with her neighbors. The news was as it had been for three months, since France was overrun.

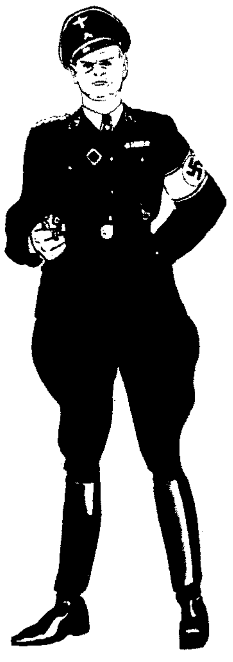
I went and had my dinner. Then I went upstairs to the smoking room and stopped before a table littered with periodicals. With idle interest I turned over a printed list of members. Howard, I saw, had joined the club in 1896. Master and man, then, had been rubbing shoulders all their lives.

I took a couple of illustrated weeklies, and ordered coffee. Then I crossed the room to where the two most comfortable chairs in my club stand side by side, and prepared to spend an hour of idleness before returning to my flat. In a few minutes there was a step beside me and Howard lowered his long body into the other chair. A boy, unasked, brought him coffee and brandy.

Presently he spoke. He said quietly, "It really is a most extraordinary thing that you can't get a decent cup of coffee in this country. Even in a club like this they can't make coffee."

I laid down my paper. If the old man wanted to talk to me, I had no great objection. All day I had been working with my eyes in my old-fashioned office, reading reports and writing dockets. It would be good to take off my spectacles for a little time and unfocus my eyes. I was very tired.

Some of the people you will meet in this fascinating story . . .



Major Diessen, of the Gestapo

Willem, from Holland

Rose and Pierre, from France

Nicole, from France; Marjan from Poland

I felt in my pocket for my spectacle case. I said, "A chap who deals in coffee once told me that ground coffee won't keep in our climate. It's the humidity, or something."

"Ground coffee goes off in any climate," he said dogmatically. "You never get a proper cup of coffee if you buy it like that. You have to buy the beans and grind it just before you make it. But that's what they won't do."

We went on talking about coffee and chicory and things like that for a time; and I lay quietly in my chair, with the fatigue soaking out of me. It was a perfect godsend to find somebody who could talk of other things besides the war. The war seemed to have passed by this lean old man. He turned for his interests to milder topics.

PRESENTLY we were talking about fishing. He was an ardent fisherman, and I have fished a little.

When he spoke of fishing and of France, it put me in mind of an experience of my own. "I saw some chaps in France doing a damn' funny sort of fly fishing," I said. "They had a great bamboo pole about twenty-five feet long with the line tied on the end of it—no reel. They used wet flies, and trailed them about in rough waters."

He smiled. "That's right," he said. "That's how they do it. Where did you see them fishing like that?"

"Near Gex," I said. "Practically in Switzerland."

He smiled reflectively. "I know that country very well—very well indeed," he said. "Saint-Claude. Do you know Saint-Claude?"

I shook my head. "I don't know the Jura. That's somewhere over by Morez, isn't it?"

"Yes—not very far from Morez." He was silent for a few moments; we rested together in that quiet room. Presently he said, "I wanted to try that wet-fly fishing in those streams this summer. It's not bad fun, you know. You have to know where the fish go for their food. It's not just a matter of dabbing the flies about anywhere. You've got to place them just as carefully as a dry fly."

"Strategy," I said.

"That's the word. The strategy is really just the same."

There was another of those comfortable pauses. Presently I said, "It'll be some time before we can go fishing out there again." So it was I who turned the conversation to the war. It's difficult to keep off the subject.

He said, "Yes—it's a very great pity. I had to come away before the water was fit to fish. It's not much good out there before the very end of May. Before then the water is all muddy and the rivers are running very full—the thawing snows, you know. Later than that, in August, there's apt to be very little water to fish in, and it gets too hot. The middle of June is the best time."

I turned my head. "You went out there this year?" Because the end of May that he had spoken of so casually was the time when the Germans had been pouring into France through Holland and Belgium, when we had been retreating on Dunkirk and when the French were being driven back to Paris and beyond. It didn't seem to be a terribly good time for an old man to have gone fishing in the middle of France.

He said, "I went out there in April. I meant to stay for the whole of the summer, but I had to come away."

I stared at him, smiling a little. "Have any difficulty in getting home?"

"No," he said. "Not really."

As he spoke, there was a measured *crump . . . crump . . . crump . . . crump* as a stick of four fell, possibly a mile away. The very solid building swayed a little, and the floors and windows creaked. We waited, tense and still. Then came the undulating wail of the sirens, and the sharp crack of gunfire from the park. The raid was on again.

"Damn and blast," I said. "What do we do now?"

The old man smiled patiently. "I'm going to stay where I am."

There was good sense in that. It's silly to be a hero to evade discomfort, but there were three very solid floors above us. We talked about it, as one does, studying the ceiling and wondering whether it would support the weight of the roof. Our reflections did not stir us from our chairs.

A young waiter came into the room, carrying a torch and with a tin hat in his hand.

He said, "The shelter is in the basement, through the buttery door, sir."

Howard said, "Do we have to go there?"

"Not unless you wish to."

I said, "Are you going down there, Andrews?"

"No, sir. I'm on duty, in case of incendiary bombs, and that."

"Well," I said, "get on and do whatever you've got to do. Then, when you've got a minute to spare, bring me a glass of Marsala. But go and do your job first."

Howard said, "I think that's a very good idea. You can bring me a glass of Marsala, too—between the incendiary bombs. You'll find me sitting here."

"Very good, sir."

HE WENT away, and we relaxed again. It was half past ten. The waiter had turned out all the lights except for the one reading lamp behind our heads, so that we sat there in a little pool of soft yellow light in the great shadowy room. Outside, the traffic noises, little enough in London at that time, were practically stilled. A few police whistles shrilled in the distance and a car went by at a high speed; then silence closed down upon the long length of Pall Mall, but for some gunfire in the distance.

Presently Andrews brought the Marsala. When he had gone away, Howard lifted up his glass and held it to the light. Then he remarked, "Well, there are less comfortable ways of passing a raid."

I smiled. "That's true enough." And then I turned my head. "You said you were in France when all this started up. Did you come in for many air raids there?"

He put his glass down, seven-eighths full. "Not real raids. There was some bombing and machine gunning of the roads, but nothing very terrible."

He spoke so quietly about it that it took a little time for me to realize what he had said. But then I ventured:

"It was a bit optimistic to go to France for a quiet fishing holiday, in April of this year."

"Well, I suppose it was," he replied thoughtfully. "But I wanted to go."

He said he had been very restless, that he had suffered from an urge, an imperious need to get away and to go and do something different. He was a little hesitant about his reasons for wanting to get away so badly, but then he told me that he hadn't been able to get a job to do in the war.

They wouldn't have him in anything, I imagine because he was very nearly seventy years old.

It's very difficult for old people, for old men particularly, in a war. They cannot grow accustomed to the fact that there is little they can do to help; they suffer from frustration, and the war eats into them. Howard fell into the habit of ordering his life by the news bulletins upon the wireless. Each day he got up in time to hear the seven-o'clock news, had his bath, shaved, and dressed and was down to hear the eight-o'clock, and went on so all day till after the midnight news, when he retired to bed. Between the bulletins he worried about the news.

HE LIVED in the country when the war broke out. He had a house at Market Saffron, not very far from Colchester. He had moved there from Exeter four years previously after the death of his wife; as a boy he had been brought up in Market Saffron and he still had a few acquaintances in the neighborhood. He had been a solicitor; and when he retired he went back there to spend the last years of his life.

His married daughter came back from America and lived with him in 1938, bringing her little boy. She was married to a New York insurance man named Costello, vice-president of his corporation and very comfortably off. She'd had a spot of bother with him. Howard didn't know the ins and outs of it and didn't bother about it much; privately he was of the opinion that his daughter was to blame for the trouble. He was fond of his son-in-law Costello. He didn't understand him in the least, but he liked him very well.

That's how he was living when the war broke out, with his daughter Enid and her little boy Martin, whom his father would insist on calling Junior. That puzzled the old man very much.

Then the war broke out, and Costello began cabling for them to go back home to Long Island. And in the end, they went. Howard backed up Costello and put pressure on his daughter, in the belief that a woman who is separated from her husband is never very happy. They went, and he was left to live alone at Market Saffron, with occasional weekend visits from his son John, a squadron leader in the Royal Air Force.

After that, the war bulletins penetrated every moment of his consciousness till he could no longer take pleasure in the simple matters of his country life. So he shut up the house at Market Saffron, and came to London, where he lived mostly at the club. For two or three weeks he was busy enough, but, after that, time started to lie heavy on his hands again. And still he could get nothing to do in the war.

It was spring by then, and a most lovely spring it was. After the hard winter we had had, it was like opening a door. Each day he went for a walk in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, and watched the crocuses as they came out, and the daffodils. The club life suited him. He felt as he walked through the park during that marvelous spring that there was a great deal to be said for living in London, provided that you could get away from it from time to time.

As the sun grew stronger, the urge came on him to get away from England altogether for a while. It was then that he began to think about the Jura.

The high alpine valleys were too high for him; he had been to Pontresina

(Continued on page 30)

A Nice Clean Sport

By Frank J. Taylor

WALL KERLEE

Carl Swalzsman and Frank Rodecker go down 30 feet and wrestle a bull lobster to the surface to demonstrate the technique of skin diving

It's not only fun but it also nets you a swell fish dinner—if you're good. Skin diving means going down to meet the big tough ones in their own element and bringing them back with you the hard way

WE ARE eating chop suey and drinking tea in Mr. Champagne's joint, The Tropics, in Hermosa Beach, California, when who should walk in but these four sons of Neptune, Mr. Frank Rodecker, Captain Hal Messenger, Mr. "Whisky" Swalzsman, and Mr. "Chaser" Swalzsman. The latter, it seems, are brothers who once had other given names, but nobody remembers what they were, although Mother Swalzsman herself thinks she called her big boys Ralph and Carl when they were little polliwogs.

It seems, also, that any time you get four skin divers together in a joint, you are in for an evening of it, skin diving being a brand-new sport that lends itself not only to thrilling undersea adventure, but to tall tales of watery battles with octopuses, bull lobsters, stingarees, sharks, sheepsheads and what not.

A skin diver, as Mr. Rodecker explains, is a fellow who pulls on a pair of fancy swimming trunks, some rubber fins, a diving mask and canvas gloves, then fills his lungs with air and noses down into the ocean looking for two-fisted trouble. Four years ago, he says, the only genuine skin divers in the land were the forty-odd members of the Watermen's Association, composed of beachcombers and lifeguards. Now there are 5,000 skin divers in southern California alone, and Captain Hal Messenger chimes in to add that adventurous swimmers are forming skin divers' clubs on the Gulf and Atlantic coasts and inland waters, too.

About this time Mr. Chaser Swalzsman comes to life behind that fuzz of kinky whiskers he grew to delight some movie director. The watermen, he explains, beachcomb and life-save from one sea motion picture to another. When a big sea shooting is on, they all have jobs as extras. Chaser's specialty is firing the oil-soaked schooner at the windup of the sea battle, or falling off a 50-foot cliff as he did in God's Country and the Woman. Watermen are handy to have around when you're shooting a marine movie. Once in Northwest Passage, Chaser and another waterman pulled 160 extras from the icy Payette River in Idaho in a bit of drama not in the script. But what Mr. Chaser Swalzsman likes most about living is skin diving.

"How would you like to come down to the Hot Spot or the Ghost Pier or Portuguese Bend in the morning and we'll dive for a few lobsters?" he asks. "Then you can see how skin diving is done."

Up and down the coast line each skin diver has his favorite spots, like the ol' swimmin' hole of yore, where the abalones are thickest on the ocean floor or the lobsters most plentiful. The Hot Spot, explains Chaser, is one so named because there is a bluff behind it where game wardens can watch to see that you don't take undersized lobsters, or oversize either, by mistake. The Ghost Pier is another hunting ground named for the stubs of an old pier wrecked by surging tides, and Portuguese Bend is pretty hot stuff, too, because there are dark undersea caves into which you can swim thirty feet or so, taking care meantime not to forget your way out. The caves are full of crusty old lobsters, scrappy eels, and now and then an octopus.

"An octopus is all right, only I don't like the way he stares at you,"

(Continued on page 59)

Our New Army

TEXAS

TO FIND an Army flying school, take a pin, aim it at a map of Texas, and jab. Chances are you won't miss. Blessed with favorable flying weather and plenty of wide-open spaces, the Lone Star State is playing a lead role in the 30,000-pilots-a-year program. Prior to July 1, 1939, the Army's 500-a-year pilots were trained within a twenty-mile radius of San Antonio. Cadets got their primary and basic instruction at Randolph Field (the West Point of the Air) and finished with advanced training at Kelly Field, the Army's oldest flying school. It took a man a year to cover the complete works.

Today there are ten primary, five basic and five advanced schools in Texas alone. Three of the basic, two advanced and most primary schools have been going full blast for months. Recently opened were Ellington Field and Victoria, both advanced schools. Others are building. In addition, Brooks Field has a special observers course, Kelly instructs Air Corps navigators, Randolph teaches aviation medicine, and a flexible gunnery school at Harlingen, in the Rio Grande Valley, will get under way any day now.

Aside from the expansion, the Air Corps has put over its defense speed-up by cutting training periods to ten weeks for each stage and turning primary instruction over to approved civilian schools. This stage, in which nearly forty-five per cent of all cadets washed out, has been the bottleneck of the training program.

With everything whizzing, the map makers and Air Corps public-relations men are going quietly bats trying to keep hep to the number and current status of the mushrooming fields. Also, flying cadets stationed near San Antonio have acquired a new social problem. Time was when it was no trick at all for a cadet—whose eight months at Randolph and four at Kelly gave him plenty of time to get acquainted—to woo and win a San Antonio mouse. Now, since he spends only twenty weeks as a cadet in the Alamo city territory, the cadet has to be a fast worker to grab himself a wife. Not vital to defense but sort of interesting.

OKLAHOMA

FORT SILL, Lawton. It's strictly an unofficial version, but they tell us that reveille whistles here have been blowing at 5:30, instead of at 5:00, ever since a Replacement Center C.O. decided to get up with the boys every morning and grab himself a brisk horseback ride before chow. Seems the C.O. regarded the practically predawn hour of 5:00 as a pretty unholy time for a man to have to bestir himself, and orders were issued granting Sill recruits an extra half-hour of shut-eye. The boys don't care whether or not the story is official; all they know is, the reveille whistles don't sound quite so horrible as they used to.

THE latest example of soldier ingenuity has cropped out at Sill: A shirt-collar holder-upper made out of two paper clips. What you do is break a paper clip in two and straighten out the long half so that you have a piece of wire two-and-a-half inches long with a little hook at one end. Slip this gadget, hook first, into the seam of the G-I collar. The hook holds the stiffener in place and keeps the collar neat but not gaudy. No Patent Applied For.

WILL ROGERS AIR BASE, Oklahoma City. Attired in shorts, five very pretty Oklahoma City girls showed up here with a commercial photographer to make a series of pictures commemorating the official dedication of the field. While the photographer made arrangements to shoot the pictures, the girls stood around outside the press office and, well, sir, you can imagine what a shambles might have ensued were it not for the fact that soldier discipline is good. Example: Down the road toward the girls marched members of the 48th Bombardment Group, in charge of a young sergeant. Eyes bulged and strained but not a man turned his head. The sergeant, though, was only human. Just as the group pulled abreast of the pulchritude the N.C.O. barked, "Eyes left!" More vim, more vigor went into the execution of that order than has been reported since the Battle of Bull Run.

KANSAS

2D CAVALRY DIV.

FORT RILEY, Junction City. Brooklyn has made a fairly immortal contribution to defense. Civilians near this cavalry post have heard so many soldiers call one another Schlemiel that they think it's some kind of military term; and the boys from Brooklyn have given the horse troopers a new battle cry, conceived when a recruit found it was perfectly possible to manage a mount: "Look, Hoiman! I'm on a horse!"

THIS fort has a chapter of the Keep-Em-Happy Club (Collier's, Aug. 23d) but some of the boys thought something more was needed and so found the Insure-Your-Girl Club. The brain was Pvt. Eugene J. Tims, who exhorted each trooper to chip in two bits a month to make a $15 pot. Idea was that if a horseman lost his girl friend—and could prove it—he was to get the dough for the purpose of "buying stationery, presents and candy for the girls the soldier had before the one-and-only ran out on him." Last intelligences were that prospective members were staying out of the club in large numbers because some of them were convinced that maybe not a few of their buddies were unromantic enough to pick a fight with the one-and-only for $15.

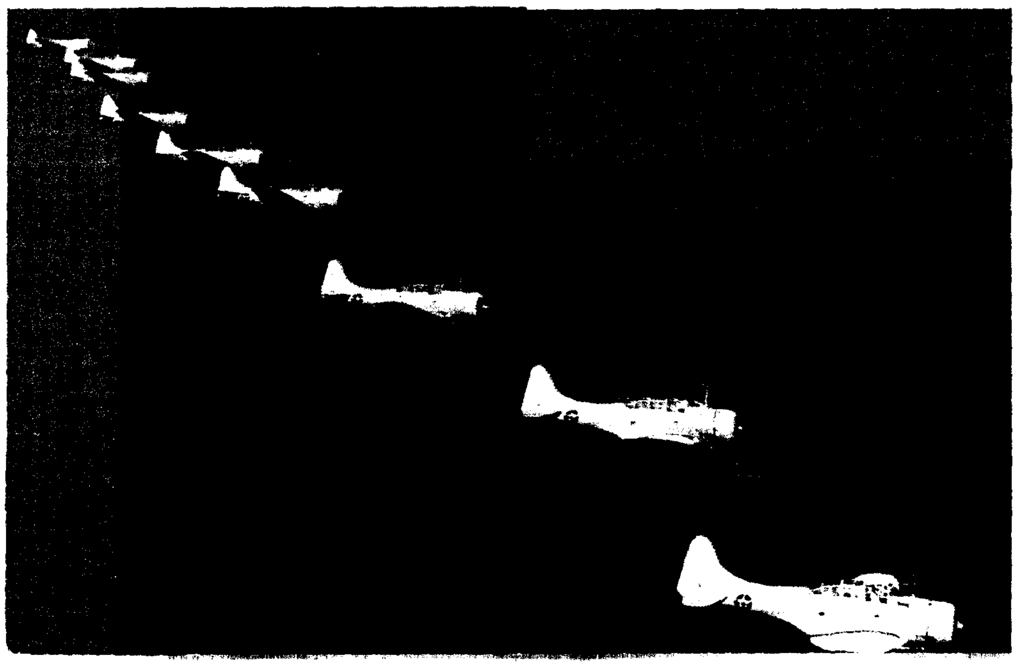
POSITIVELY the last word about chiggers this season. In a letter to the C.O. at Riley a gal in a Wisconsin school's biology class said she was interested in "jiggers" and wanted some sent "alive or dead so the class could dissect and mount them for an exhibit." She has to date received no chiggers but many a maneuver veteran wishes there could have been a way to ship her a couple of carloads.

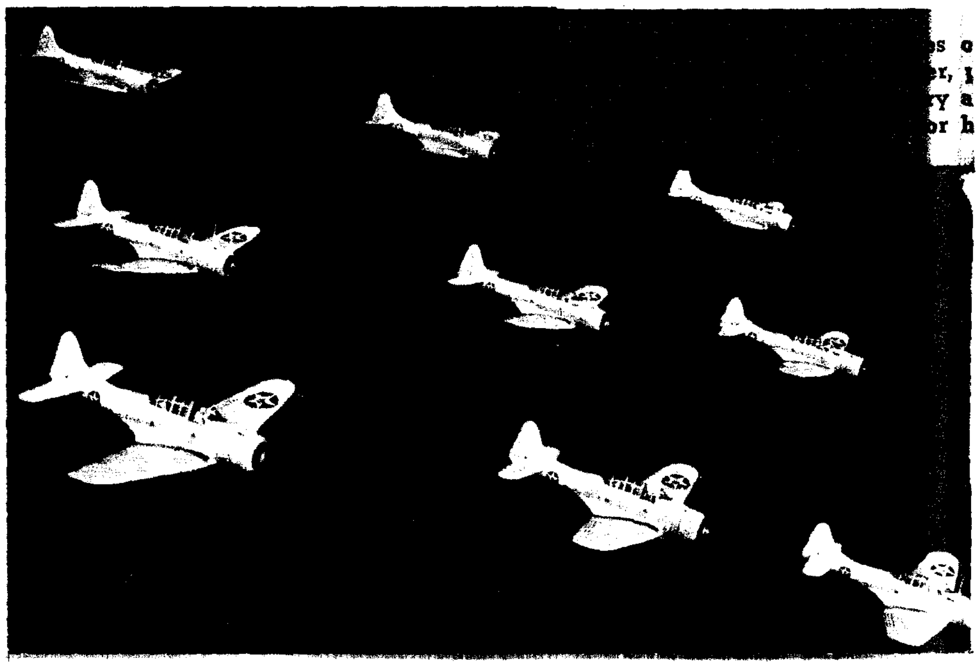
RILEY'S newspaper, The Guidon, boasts a feature unique in military publications—an advice-to-the-lovelorn column edited by Betty Lou, who happens to be Pvts. Don Jones and Allan Paris. Some of the solutions they suggest for some of the problems are a bit drastic, probably because Betty Lou often writes the letters herself.

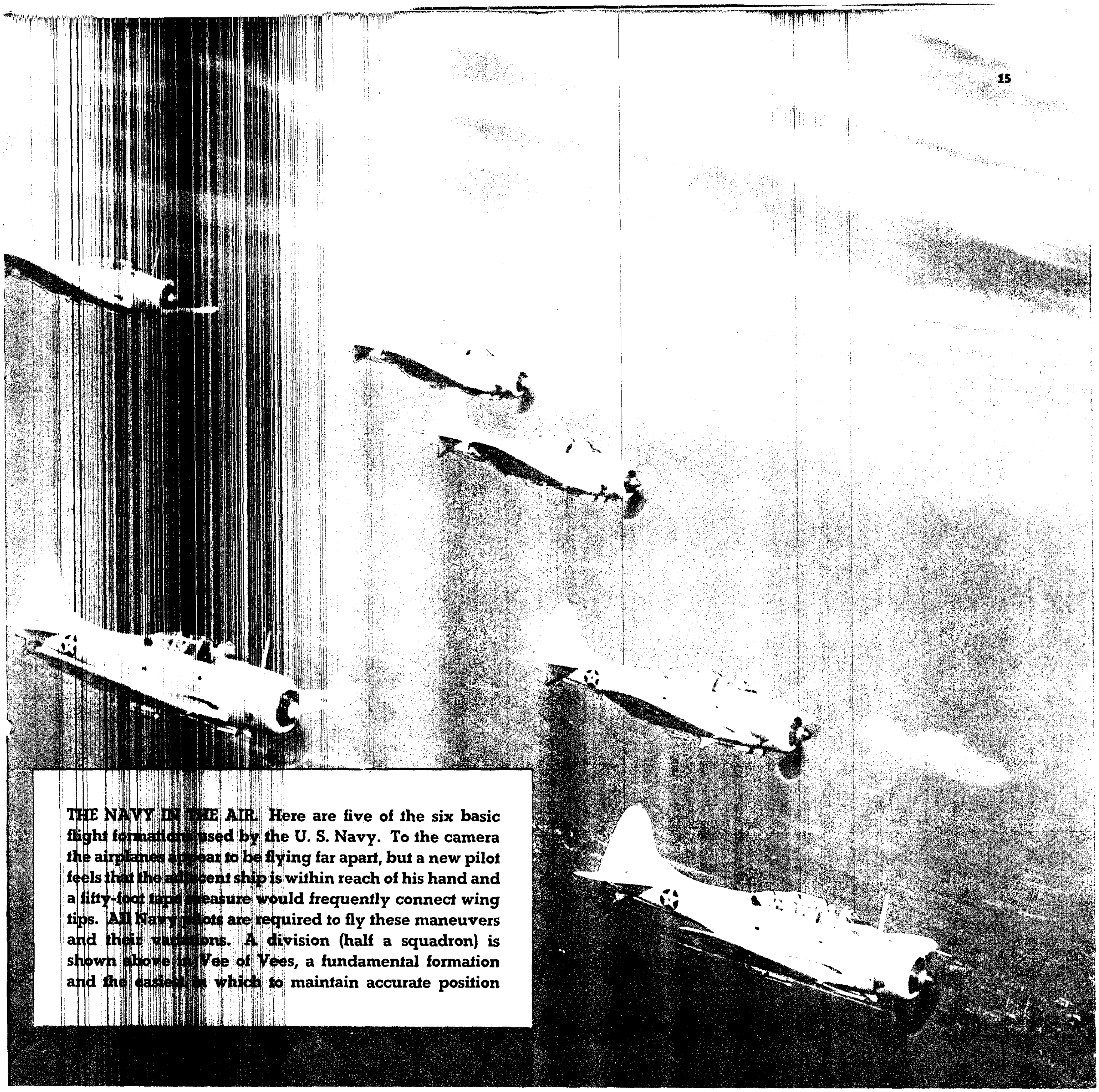
UTAH

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. Medical Officer Lt. E. L. Spangler, at the Wendover Bombing and Gunnery

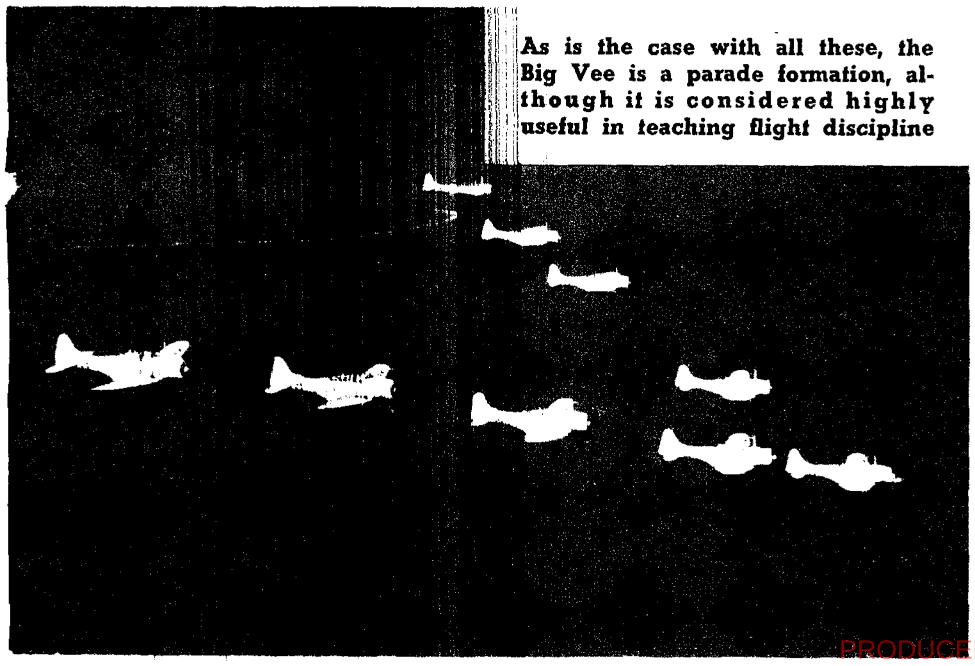
(Continued on page 58)



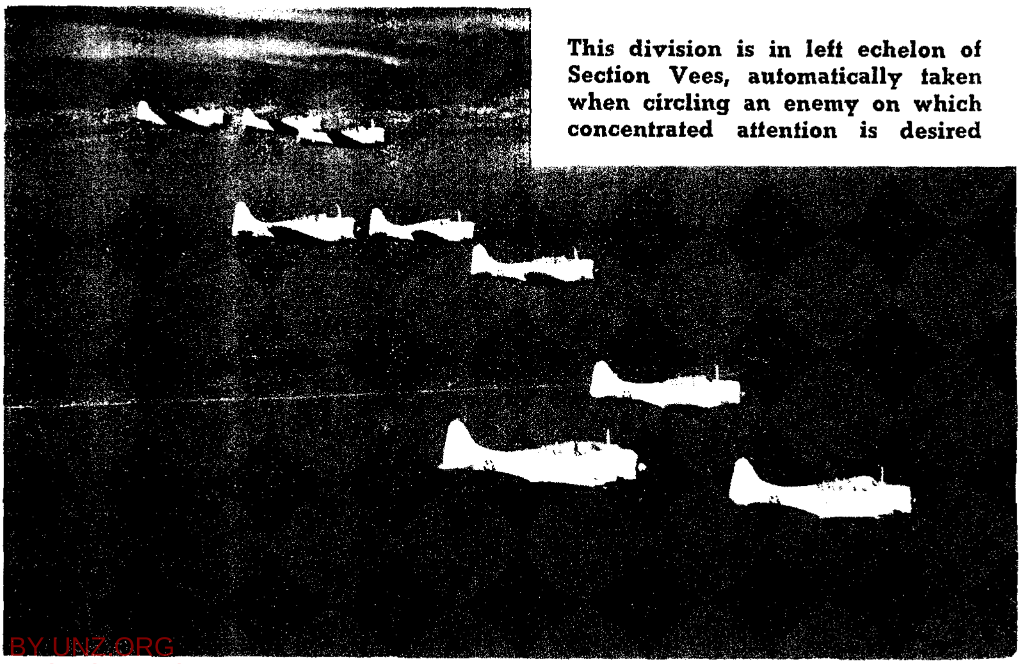




THE NAVY IN THE AIR. Here are five of the six basic flight formations used by the U. S. Navy. To the camera the airplanes appear to be flying far apart, but a new pilot feels that the adjacent ship is within reach of his hand and a fifty-foot tape measure would frequently connect wing tips. All Navy pilots are required to fly these maneuvers and their variations. A division (half a squadron) is shown above in Vee of Vees, a fundamental formation and the easiest in which to maintain accurate position



As is the case with all these, the Big Vee is a parade formation, although it is considered highly useful in teaching flight discipline



This division is in left echelon of Section Vees, automatically taken when circling an enemy on which concentrated attention is desired

Fighting Ferryboats

By Howard Hartley

Our new ship-to-shore tractors are the answer to the Marines' prayers—fighting amphibians that are causing some heavy thinking in some high places

THE Navy has come a long way since last February's maneuvers in the Caribbean, when it successfully "defended" the sea-air approaches to the Panama Canal by rooting the "enemy" out of the bases in which he had established himself on the islands of Vieques and Culebra, in the Lesser Antilles.

The Marine Brigade that stormed the islands' beaches was landed in cutters and the Higgins-Eureka boats, equipped with shielded propellers. When the Navy and the Marines tackle the next problem somewhere in the Caribbean this winter, landing parties will come ashore in the Navy's new Roebling "Alligator," the amazing amphibian tractor invented by Donald Roebling, one of the fourth generation of New Jersey's bridge-building dynasty. In fact, there are whispers in the sacrosanct cloisters of the American High Command that Mr. Roebling's amphibians may be potent weapons when the democracies launch their all-out offensive to drive Axis legions from occupied Europe.

Strangely enough, the Roebling Alligator was conceived as a sinew in the arm of mercy. The thirty-three-year-old son of John Augustus Roebling and grandson of the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge is a year-round resident of Clearwater on Florida's west coast. He turned his inventive genius to amphibians when a hurricane swept the Everglades in the fall of 1933. Hundreds were marooned. Roebling *pere* ordered the staff of his Florida estate to assist in rescue work.

Unless you've seen the Everglades after a Grade-A hurricane has swept the swamps, you can't imagine the difficulties that confronted the Roebling rescue squad. Terrific winds and torrential rains had strewn the area with toppled trees, tangled undergrowth and vast lakes, with water depths up to six and eight feet. So the workmen asked the boss to send them a vehicle capable of operating on land or water, preferably something with a caterpillar tractor tread. The elder Roebling shopped around but couldn't find anything approaching these specifications. Donald happened to be in New Jersey at the time and father asked son to build a practical amphibian, just in case some future hurricane might tear up the Everglades.

Young Roebling went back to Florida and began experimenting with toy models. He designed and tested hulls and tractor treads, power plants and gear ratios. After six tedious years of ceaseless experimentation, trial and error, the first of a long line of Roebling Alligators rolled out of the machine shop on the inventor's Clearwater estate.

The weird contraption measured twenty feet in length by eight feet in width. Caterpillar tractors, with the treads fitted with six-inch duralumin blades, were rotated along the longitudinal sides by a stock model Mercury V-8 automobile motor. Afloat, the Alligator developed a speed of ten miles an hour. But the astounding ease with which the amphibian waddled out of the water, crossed beaches and mowed down trees up to six-inch girth amazed the Florida natives, including young Mr. Roebling. By the simple process of braking one tractor tread and rotating the other, the inventor turned the craft in less than its length. And then, just to prove the Alligator can take it, the proud daddy plunged it off a six-foot seawall without shipping so much as a teacup of water.

In those days, newsreel cameramen were welcomed at the Roebling shops. Pictures of the test runs were flashed on movie screens and the Navy early last January sent scouts to Florida. They came back to Washington with the glad tidings that our Mr. Roebling, apparently, had the answer to a Marine Corps prayer—an amphibian tractor that could be operated from ship to shore in any sort of weather and, what was more important, could wade right out of the water and up on the beach without spilling its cargo. So the Navy admirals

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The Truth Shall Make You Free—John 8:32

By George Creel

CARTOONS BY CARL ROSE

The one man who knows the inside of censorship—and hates it—is Mr. Creel, who headed the Committee on Public Information during the last war. He tells you here how President Wilson would have handled the present mess—by telling the truth

I MAY be all wrong, and it would not be the first time, but I have an idea that it might be well for President Roosevelt's propaganda experts to hark back to the first World War, and take a leaf out of Woodrow Wilson's book. In one respect particularly, 1941 closely parallels 1917. There is the same pressing need for national unity and for the friendship and active support of the Latin-American republics. Public opinion still refuses to jell, and while Mexico is white hot for continental solidarity, many South American countries stand with knees bent, ready to jump either way. Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, unified the United States as never before, and welded the Western Hemisphere into one enthusiastic unit.

What is more, his job was by far the more difficult. Today, for example, virtually every American hates Hitler and all his works. Germany's religious persecutions, in particular, have stirred Jews, Catholics and Protestants to deep resentment, and even distracted the attention of Irish-Americans from their ancient grudge against England. About the only cause of disunity is a feeling in certain sections that this war is "Europe's war," and if all effort and resources were devoted to our own defense the United States would have nothing to fear from any foreign power. With respect to other American republics, they have been buttered up with loans and fine words until all ought to be purring.

Conditions were vastly different in 1917. Not only was the Kaiser a much less odious and terrifying figure than Adolf Hitler, but the great majority of Americans still thought of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge when they thought of Great Britain. Men and women of Irish stock were "neutral," not caring who whipped England. Many talked darkly of a "rich man's war," waged for no other purpose than to salvage the loans of Wall Street bankers. The forerunners of Nye and Wheeler also ranted about "warmongers," although the Du Ponts and other so-called "merchants of death" did not have enough powder and bullets on hand to arm a bunch of squirrel hunters. As for Latin America, the United States was distrusted and disliked because of the Pershing expedition and the occupation of Vera Cruz.

How, then, did Woodrow Wilson succeed? The answer is simple. Going upon the sound assumption that it was the business of a President to *form* and *lead* public opinion, he approached the problem swiftly, and directly. On April 14th, eight days after America's declaration of war, he created the Committee on Public Information. Naming me as its chairman, he took a full two hours out of his crowded day to specify my powers and duties and define the objectives he hoped to have attained.

That was the Wilson way. Determined not to let the White House become a bottleneck, his delegations of authority were complete. No man was ever more patient or precise in explaining the nature of the job, but after that the appointee was expected to stand on his own two feet. If there were blunders or failure, you heard from Woodrow Wilson; if things went well, he did not want to hear from you.

The President assured me that I would have absolute control of everything that related to public information. Division of authority, in his judgment, made for confusion, conflict and failure. Cluttering up the landscape with boards and commissions, he admitted, was an almost inescapable part of the democratic process, but under his war powers he hoped to simplify things. There was to be one boss for each job, given full power and held to equally full responsibility.

This made clear, the President said that no national emergency could be met successfully without national unity. Public opinion, regardless of what admirals and generals might say to the contrary, was a major force, and as much a part of national defense as guns, planes and man power. The morale of the civilian population was a nation's second line, and unless the people stood shoulder to shoulder, ready for every service and every sacrifice, the courage of the front line was bound to be weakened. My job, therefore, was to "mobilize the *mind* of America."

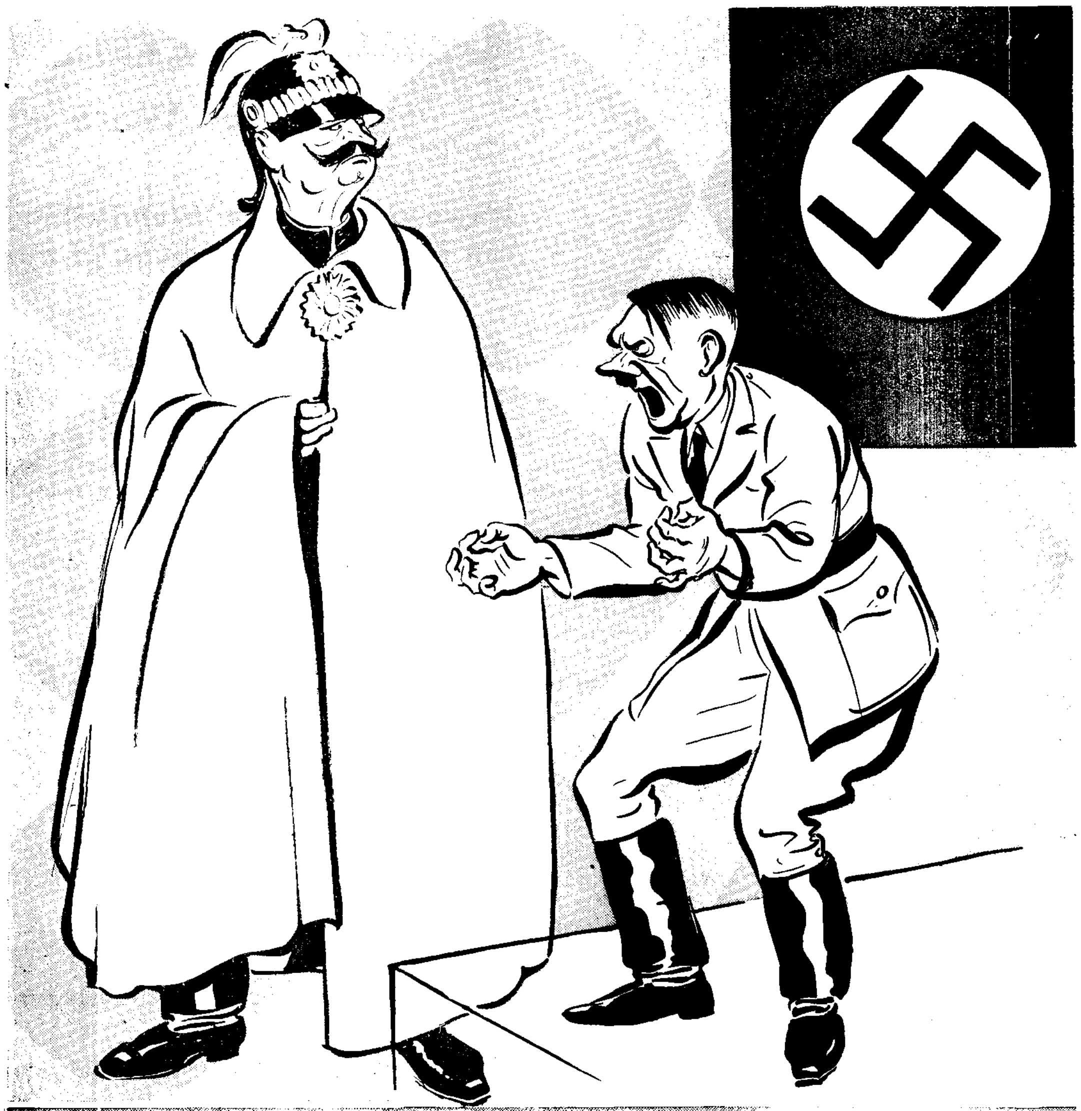
Faith That Begot Faith

Mr. Wilson explained that national unity came only with national understanding. Before a sound, steadfast public opinion could be formed, it had to be *informed*. Not manipulated, not tricked and not wheedled, but given all the facts in the case. A free people were not children to be humored, cajoled or lollipopped with half-truths for fear that whole truths might frighten them. The way to get faith was to have faith.

The war was not the war of the Administration, nor the private enterprise of the General Staff, but the grim business of a whole people, and every man, woman and child must be given a feeling of *partnership*. There were, of course, military matters that needed to be kept secret, but in the great majority of cases concealments proceeded from bureaucratic distrust of democratic common sense. He urged a free and uninterrupted flow of news on construction and production, the good along with the bad!

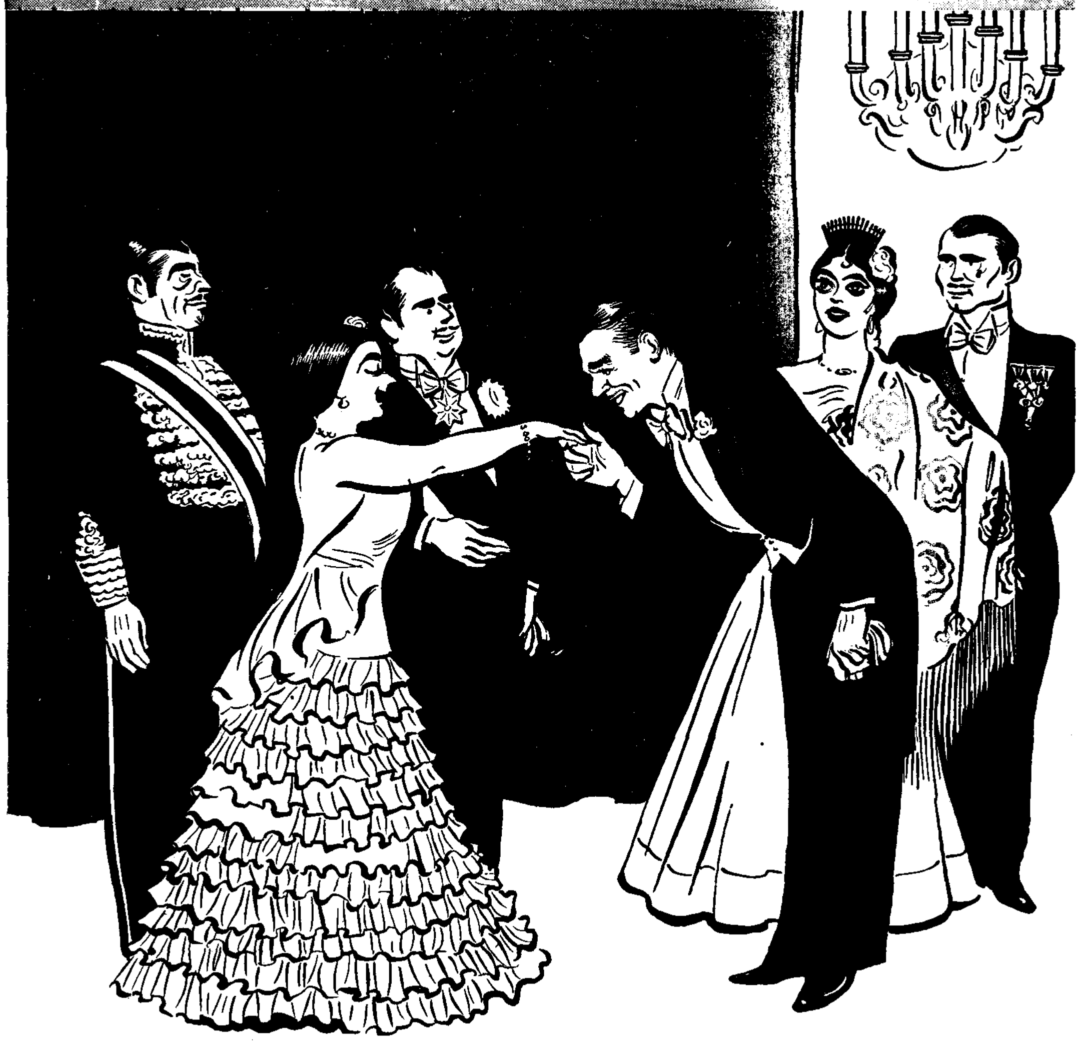
Certain phrases I wrote down verbatim and used afterward in my own official statements with his permission: "We do not need less criticism in time of war, but more. . . . It is to be hoped that criticism will be constructive, but

(Continued on page 27)



Not only was the Kaiser a much less odious figure than Hitler, but Americans in 1917 still thought of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge when they thought of Britain

Instead of prattling about cultural relations and sending famous moving-picture actors to South America on good-will missions, we stated our purpose plainly



Child Prodigy

By Leon Ware

It's wonderful what a fast and willing horse can do to speed the course of true love

THERE is something about being in love and sitting beside the girl at a counter that lifts a chocolate soda out of the minors and right smack into the major leagues. Happy Jim Marlowe, whose previous big moment had been at 4:44 P.M., March 1, 1941, when he found himself with a ten-dollar win ticket on Bay View in the Santa Anita Handicap, twirled his spoon, sucked on his straw and sighed. Beside him, Sweet Marjorie turned her head and lifted her long, silken eyelashes until her blue eyes glowed up at him like tiny Bermuda pools. His heart did nip-ups in his throat—and his ears, delicately tuned to catch the faintest of hoofbeats on the tanbark, heard the distant tinkling of silver wedding bells.

For a man who was known to argue with his city editor at the drop of a hat, secure in the knowledge that if he did lose his job there was no little woman to demand explanations, Happy Jim's open-minded attitude toward assuming responsibilities was astonishing. To his colleagues on the Pasadena Call, the development had come as little less than a shock.

There were times when his co-workers, men with wives, children and mortgages, looked on Happy Jim Marlowe with a furtive envy. Handsome and genial, his casual manner of living gave them a sly, vicarious pleasure. To see him now, in this dazed and mumbling state; to watch him breaking up on the rocks of love—it was demoralizing.

The affair had slipped into high gear practically unnoticed. She worked in the bank and he on the newspaper and between their respective buildings was the Sweet Shop. Dozens of times they had downed their sodas, sitting side by side at the counter. Only once, however, had they been the sole customers and Benny, the soda jerk, had introduced them:

"Marjorie Curtis—Happy Jim Marlowe."

And the next night they happened to meet in the lobby of the United Artists and went in together. They groaned together over the picture and walked out on it together and had a sandwich together and—well, there you were. It was something like a thunderbolt: rolling, gathering, until WHAM! you're back on your heels and the earth is shaking.

The next day he denied himself a hat he didn't need and she set down an item as a credit instead of the debit it should have been. It was as bad as that.

It was along about the third week of the Santa Anita meeting when Marjorie admitted, over her chocolate soda, that this wonderful thing might have come about sooner, except that she had heard stories.

Air rattled up Happy Jim's straw.

"It was strictly self-defense," he maintained. "He was coming at me with a knife and I . . ."

"Silly." She squeezed his arm. "I'm talking about horses."

"Oh."

The racing form in his side pocket burned like a hot coal.

He grasped her slender fingers. "Why, it's a perfectly harmless pastime, Sweet Marjorie. Standing in all that fresh air—helping to improve the breed . . ." His voice trailed off and he cocked one eye at her. "You don't care for it?"

She shook her head. You could see she was going to be nice about it, but firm. "It costs a lot of money, doesn't it?"

He beamed. "Why, Marjorie—I'm the guy who had ten bucks on Bay View in the big handicap last year!"

"How did you come out on the season?"

By no stretch of imagination could a profit be made of a three-hundred-and-ten-dollar loss. "Well," he admitted, "I was behind, a little."

"A hundred dollars?"

He nodded quickly. He would settle for that, any day.

"Don't you see, dear," she explained gently, "a hundred dollars would buy . . ." she blushed beautifully, ". . . a davenport!"

He looked into her eyes and was lost. He lifted the slender fingers to his eager lips. "I'll give it up," he said.

Love is the only way you could possibly explain it.

WITH the major decisions made, the only thing left was to meet her family.

"Not that it will make any difference," Marjorie said, "but you should know them. They'll love you, too. And I know you'll understand *them*."

They were driving down Los Robles toward her home in South Pasadena. Jim cocked his head.

"What's the matter with them?"

"Nothing's the *matter* with them," she retorted. "It's just that my young brother Roger is a so-called child prodigy, and people seem to think the family's a little queer just because of that."

"*Roger* Curtis!" Happy Jim's photographic mind reviewed back issues of the Call. He remembered a high, bulging forehead, thick, dark-rimmed glasses—a little squirt with bright, piercing eyes. "We ran a column on him a couple of months ago. Fourteen years old and made a laughingstock of the mathematics department at Harvard. Taking advanced work at Cal Tech now, right?"

"There wasn't any call for the tongue-in-the-cheek attitude," Marjorie said. "Roger's a genius."

"I didn't write it," Happy Jim said. "I ducked that one. Child prodigies give me—" he caught himself. "Well, I'm not very good at that sort of thing."

"You will try to understand them, dear?"

"Sweet Marjorie," he said fervently, "I love them already."

TO LEARN to love Mrs. Curtis would be easy, he decided at once. She was a plump little woman who moved fussily about the house, straightening things up, clucking to herself like a contented Plymouth Rock hen. She was genuinely disappointed when Happy Jim wouldn't stay to dinner but made him promise to come the next night. Then Marjorie led him upstairs to meet Roger. She paused before a closed door, hesitated, then rapped gently.

"Roger?" There was no immediate answer and she smiled at Jim. "Sometimes he works so hard he doesn't hear very well." She knocked again.

"Coming . . . coming . . ." The treble voice was brittle with irritation. The door opened and Roger, his hair on end, blinked at them through his glasses. "What is it?" he piped.

"It's Mr. Marlowe," Marjorie said. "I want you to meet him."

Happy Jim found himself shaking hands with a dead fish. "Solved the fourth dimension yet?" he asked pleasantly.

"No, but I'm—" Roger broke off and peered at Jim. "You're trying to kid me," he decided.

"Marjorie!" Mrs. Curtis called. "Telephone!"

Marjorie patted Jim's arm. "I'll be right back."

"Sure thing," Jim said. He was interested in an elaborate apparatus of rods and wheels he could see in Roger's room. "What's that?"

"That's my current project," Roger explained, following Jim across the room. "It's a model of the structure of the atom. It's about half done. Have you got any gum with you?"

"Probably." Jim began to remove things from his pockets. "You know, kid," he said, "that gadget somehow doesn't seem quite healthy. Why aren't you out playing football?"

"I don't like football." Roger's bright eyes hungered for gum. Like a spectator at a tennis match his head followed the articles Happy Jim removed from his pockets. There was a bad moment. "What's that?"

Figures on the racing form had aroused his concentrated interest. Happy Jim slipped the sheet back into his pocket and glanced quickly toward the hall door.

"Don' be snoopy," he said.

A LIMP stick of gum came up with his key chain. When he handed it to Roger he discovered that the miracle boy had somehow managed to retrieve the racing form.

"Figures fascinate me," Roger piped. "Explain it."

After a brisk little struggle, Happy Jim gave up. Roger had put a death grip on the paper.

"Theoretically," said Jim, keeping one eye on the hall door, "it tells which horse will win which race tomorrow at Santa Anita." He smiled at Roger. "Give it back. That's a good boy."

"Really?" Roger snapped on the desk light and put his forehead close to the printed page.

"That's the theory," Jim said. "It's not quite an exact science, yet."

"It isn't?" A new fire burned behind the horn-rimmed glasses. "But with data like this, it *should* be exact!"

"You can't squeeze a horse into a formula," Jim retorted.

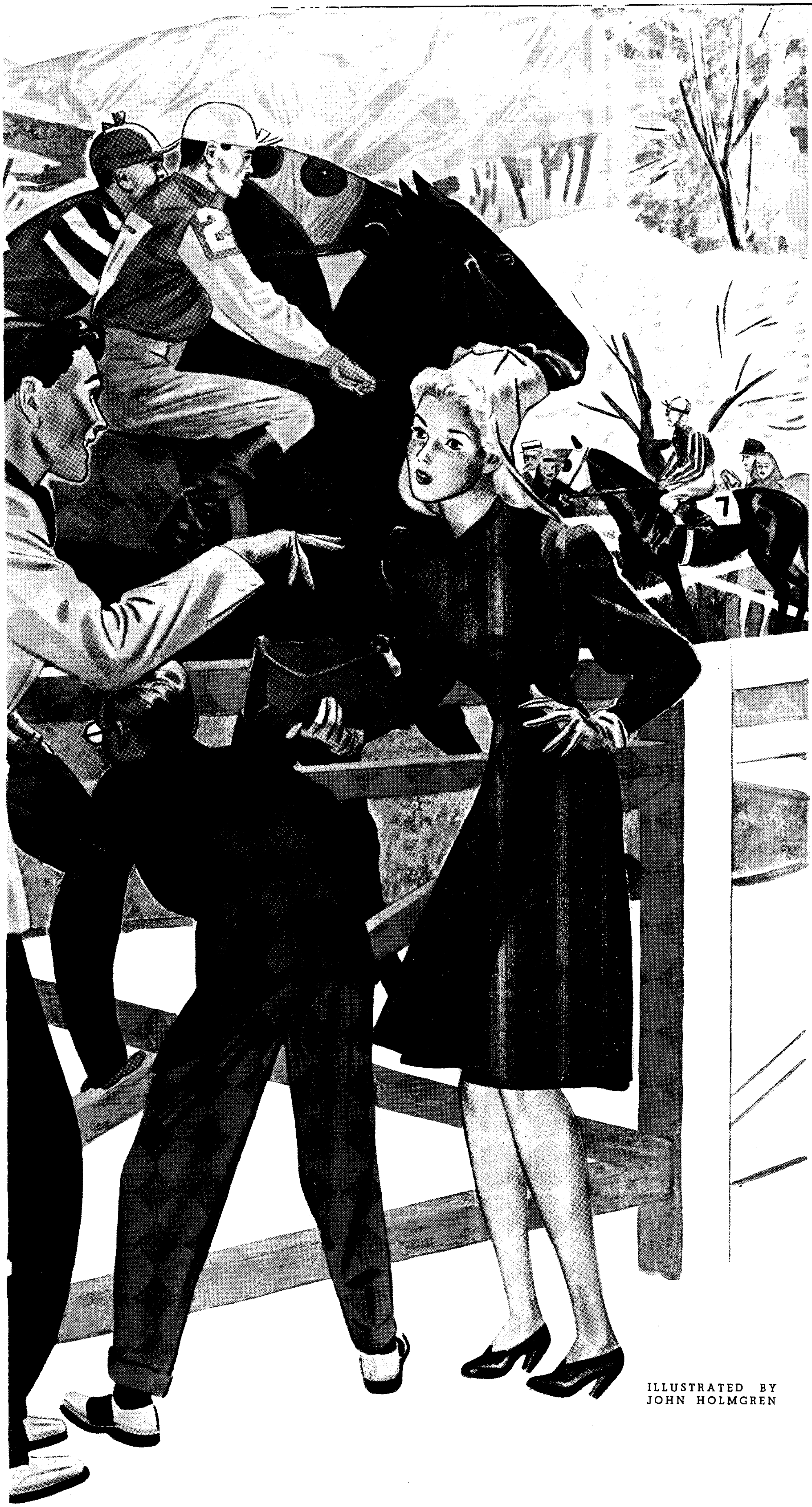
Roger's look was reproachful. "You can do anything with mathematics. I'll keep this. All right?"

Sweet Marjorie's light step sounded on the stairs.

"Okay—but for Pete's sakes—get it out of sight. Quick!"

Roger hesitated and then, as Marjorie appeared in the doorway, dropped

Happy Jim felt a wild surge of excitement. "Marjorie," he cried, "we've been wasting time. We've been small potatoes. Let's put all on the next race and get the house"



ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN HOLMGREN

the form sheet into an opened drawer. Happy Jim sighed and wiped his brow.

"Warm, for January," he said with a phony smile.

HAPPY JIM'S typewriter was rattling cheerfully the next afternoon, when the phone rang.

He grabbed up the receiver.

"Marlowe up," he grunted.

"Say, you know this form sheet?" There was no mistaking the squeak at the other end of the wire. It was the wonder boy.

"Yeah?" Jim's heart stopped. "Nobody caught . . . I mean you didn't leave it around, did you?"

"Why, it's wonderful!" Roger's scientific mind ignored Jim's question. "I've had splendid fun figuring out who would win the races. It's great sport."

"People have been starving to death with those things for years now," Happy Jim mentioned caustically.

"Strange," observed Roger. "All you have to do is to interpret the figures correctly. What I called about was this: can I get these papers, every day?"

"Any newsstand. Any time."

"Good," said Roger. "It will be a fine exercise every morning. The mind is a muscle, you know."

Happy Jim held the receiver off and leered at it. Then he glanced up at the clock. It was three-thirty. The third race had been run and it was almost time to meet Sweet Marjorie for their customary mid-afternoon snack. "Who'd you pick in the first three races?" he asked indulgently.

"Lakfire, Bill's Baby and Honky Tonk," Roger replied.

"Honky Tonk," Jim explained gently, "has the heart of a rabbit and the speed of a snail. He's as cheap as his name. Stick to differential calculus, Roger; it'll make your mother happier."

He hung up, ripped his copy from the roller and headed toward the city desk, pausing to scratch the tanned bald head of the sports editor.

"Fluffy," he asked, "how do the ponies run?"

THE sports editor moved his head from under the offensive fingers, found a scribbled report and squinted at it.

"Lakfire in the first paid $4.20; Bill's Baby won the second—$7.60, and a goat named Honky Tonk took the third to the tune of $136.80."

Happy Jim paled. "Gee!" He raced back to his phone and dialed a number frantically.

"Roger? Roger, tell me: did you say Honky Tonk?"

"Why, yes," Roger piped. "I don't see how he could fail. According to my figures he's bound to . . ."

"You may be right. Who else did you pick today?"

"Well, Sunshine Lady will win the sixth race."

"Sunshine Lady, the sixth." Jim jotted it down on the face of his copy. "What about the fourth, fifth, seventh and eighth?"

"I don't know," Roger said. "I didn't work them out."

"Look . . ." Perspiration stood out on Jim's brow. "Sometime tonight I want a talk with you, Roger—alone."

He hung up. He looked at the clock, thought again of Marjorie waiting for him in the Sweet Shop, went through a brisk, momentary skirmish with his

(Continued on page 35)

The Case for Innocence

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Young Doctor Wayne plays a dangerous game, and learns much about his wife that he had never thought of before

I WAS sitting at a table on the Avenida Rio Branca in Rio drinking the thick black coffee of the country and waiting for Gil Luiz Ribeiro to return. You know how it is when someone says he'll be back in five or ten minutes and you have waited forty and no sign of him. Gil Luiz Ribeiro had gone with Jorge Pinto to an office around the corner somewhere, and all I knew about this Pinto was that he was one of those aquamarine salesmen who haunt all the steamship piers and the big hotels.

You never know when something is going wrong. The brief case I was holding on my knees beneath the table belonged to Gil. When he had risen to go with Jorge Pinto he had picked it up from the table, as if to take it with him; but on second thought he had turned and handed it to me, saying, "No reason why I should drag this around. Keep it, will you, Henry?"

But nothing of the casualness with which he spoke was anywhere in his face. The long, thin scar on his jaw, which he had picked up a few years before chasing the Italians at Guadalajara, flashed in the sunlight as he swung around and went off with Jorge Pinto. I didn't know what they had whispered about, and I had no idea where the office around the corner was located or who owned it.

The Avenida Rio Branca is a very wide and handsome and busy thoroughfare paved in a pattern of dark and light stones, with fine trees ranged down the center where the taxicabs park. The man in the good-looking brown gabardine suit leaning against one of the cabs had passed by on the sidewalk, looked in my direction, walked to the next block and crossed the avenue, to reappear a couple of minutes later beside the cab. He had engaged it, but was waiting. And if he hadn't looked at me the way he did, his eyes straying among the tables, lighting on me, then sweeping away, I shouldn't have thought anything of it.

You decide on a thing, finally; if you believe it, it's so. I was certain that Gil Luiz Ribeiro would not come back to drink coffee with me that afternoon. His brief case was unlocked, for he had been on the point of showing me some interesting documents, which he had brought from São Paulo, when Jorge Pinto came up to the table. I was able, without removing the brief case from my knees, to get the contents out and these I placed on top of the brief case.

THERE were railway and airplane timetables, a dozen or so travel brochures—Gil was ostensibly a tourist agent—and a heavy, fat manila envelope with a rubber band around it. I slipped this into the waistband of my trousers and tightened my belt a notch to hold it there. Then I pushed the timetables and the brochures back into the brief case, snapped it shut and stood up and beckoned to the waiter. The man in the brown gabardine suit opened the taxicab door but did not get in directly.

"My friend," I said to the waiter, "has been detained apparently, and I have an appointment. When he returns give him this brief case and ask him to telephone me."

I walked several blocks, entered a cab and drove back up the avenue in time to see the man in the brown gabardine suit stride away with Gil Luiz Ribeiro's brief case. When I arrived at the hotel I asked the clerk for some sealing wax, sealed the envelope and had him place it in the hotel vault. Then I went upstairs.

"Hello, dear," Fern said.

She was packing in a very calm and unhurried manner.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"Packing. I'm going away."

"Where are you going?"

"Why, I've come to the conclusion, Henry, that since you've become so preoccupied in the affairs of a lot of strange, shadowy people whom I don't in the least pretend to understand, I might just as well return to Baltimore on the next plane north."

I sat down, not surprised or shocked or even angry, because for a couple of weeks we had been at cross purposes, most of them subtle and unexpressed. It was the old thing which had come back over me again from away back during the days on the Ebro and the days and nights in Madrid when we were taking it not only from Franco's planes but from the Nazis and Fascists as well. I had got caught up in it there, through no political or ideological inclination. I had been visiting in Madrid and I was a young doctor, eager to learn, and they needed doctors, and that was where I met Gil Luiz Ribeiro, from Rio by way of Yale. He had joined up for the hell of it, and got plenty of hell. And after the defeat he had come home to

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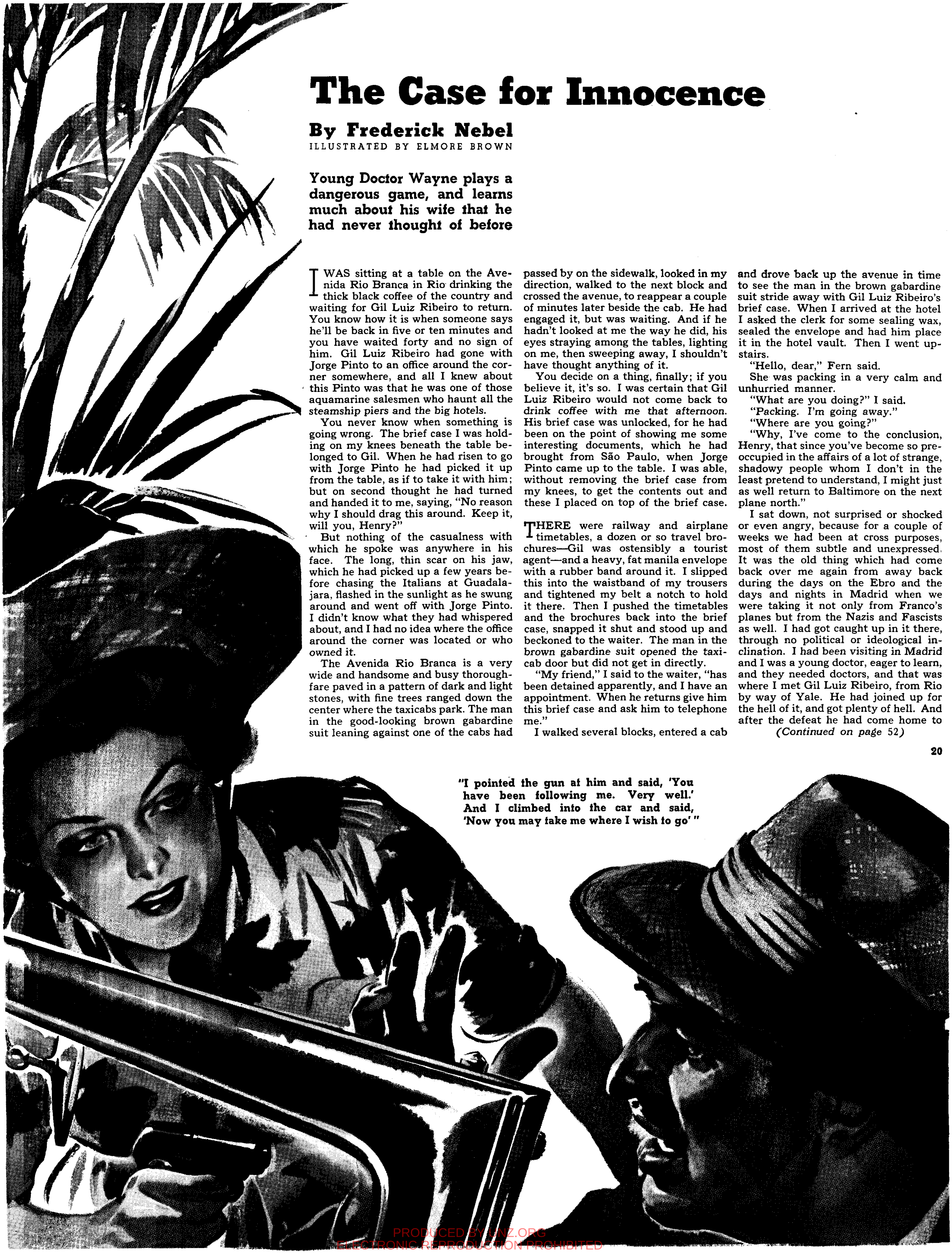
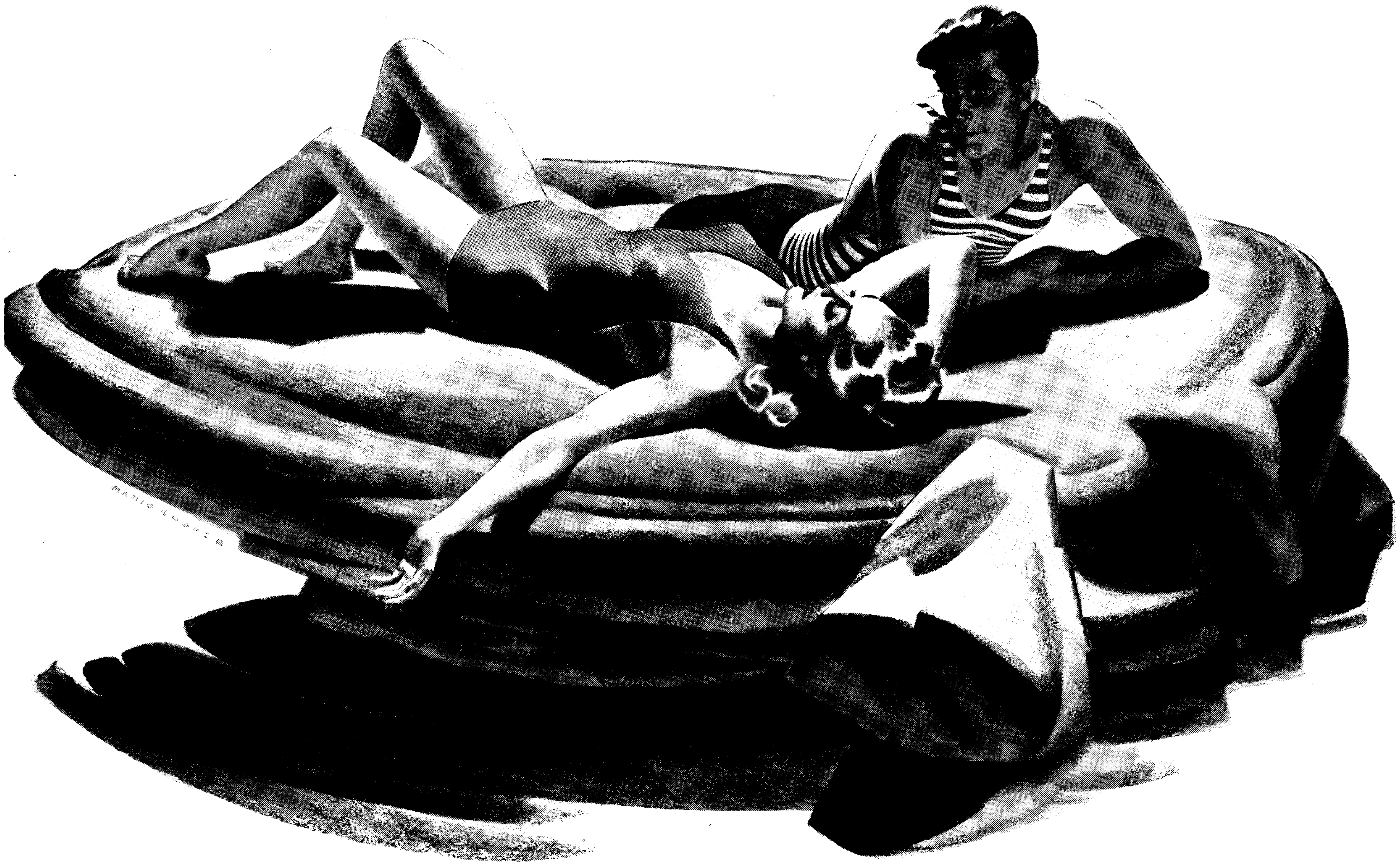


"I pointed the gun at him and said, 'You have been following me. Very well.' And I climbed into the car and said, 'Now you may take me where I wish to go' "



"Then I went off bathing with Angela. We had a good swim—and then lay out on the rocks, sun-bathing"

Murder in Retrospect

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE Amyas Crale, an artist, is painting the portrait of Elsa Greer, a beautiful young girl, in the garden of his estate at Alderbury, England, his wife—Caroline—gives him a glass of beer. A short time later, when he is alone, he dies—of coniine poison; and investigation reveals that a bottle in Caroline's bedroom contains traces of coniine!

Charged with the crime and tried, Caroline is found guilty and sentenced to penal servitude for life. In prison, she writes a letter—addressed to her young daughter, "Carla" —which she wishes Carla to read when she is twenty-one. In it Caroline asserts that she is innocent. A year later, she dies.

Sixteen years later, Carla reads the letter; and she inveigles Hercule Poirot (noted Belgian detective who is living in London) to dig up the facts in the case.

Poirot does the obvious thing: he interviews those living persons who had figured, in one way or another, in the celebrated affair. And presently he is in possession of some interesting facts; notably this one: On the day before the murder, someone had stolen a bottle of coniine from Meredith Blake, a neighbor of the Crales; that "someone" might have been any one of the following: Mrs. Crale; Blake's brother Philip; Elsa Greer (with whom Amyas had been infatuated, and who wanted to take him away from Caroline); and Angela Warren, Mrs. Crale's half sister.

Among those whom the Belgian questions with unusual care is Elsa Greer—now Lady Dittisham. Still beautiful, at thirty-six, Lady Dittisham makes no effort to hide her hatred of Amyas Crale's wife.

The Blake brothers (like almost everyone else) profess to believe that Mrs. Crale was guilty; they promise to set down in writing all that they can remember of the tragedy. But Angela Warren disagrees with the Blakes: she tells Poirot that she *knows* Caroline was innocent. After which, however, she admits that, on one occasion, she had seen Caroline Crale coming out of Philip Blake's bedroom.

VII

THE NARRATIVE OF PHILIP BLAKE
(Covering letter received with manuscript)

"Dear M. Poirot:

"I am fulfilling my promise and herewith find enclosed an account of the events relating to the death of Amyas Crale. After such a lapse of time I am bound to point out that my memories may not be strictly accurate, but I have put down what occurred to the best of my recollection.

"Yours truly,
"PHILIP BLAKE."

NOTES ON PROGRESS OF EVENTS LEADING UP TO MURDER OF AMYAS CRALE ON 18TH SEPT. 19——

My friendship with deceased dates back to a very early period. His home and mine were next door to each other in the country and our families were friends. Amyas Crale was a little over two years older than I was. We played together as boys, in the holidays, though we were not at the same school.

From the point of view of my long knowledge of the man I feel myself particularly qualified to testify as to his character and general outlook on life. And I will say this straightaway—to anyone who knew Amyas Crale well, the notion of his committing suicide is quite ridiculous. Crale would *never* have taken his own life. He was far too fond of living! The contention of the defense at the trial that Crale was obsessed by conscience, and took poison in a fit of remorse is utterly absurd.

Crale, I should say, had very little conscience, and certainly not a morbid one. Moreover, he and his wife were on bad terms and I don't think he would have had any undue scruples about breaking up what was, to him, a very unsatisfactory married life. He was prepared to look after her financial welfare and that of the child of the marriage, and I am sure would have done so generously. He was a very generous man, and altogether a warmhearted and lovable person. Not only was he a great painter, but he was also a man whose friends were devoted to him. As far as I know he had no enemies.

I had also known Caroline Crale for many years. I knew her before her marriage, when she used to come and stay at Alderbury. She was then a somewhat neurotic girl, subject to uncontrollable outbursts of temper, not without attraction, but unquestionably a difficult person to live with.

She showed her devotion to Amyas almost immediately. He, I think, was not really very much in love with her. But they were frequently thrown together. She was, as I say, attractive, and they eventually became engaged. Crale's friends were apprehensive about the marriage, as they felt that Caroline was quite unsuited to him.

This caused a certain amount of strain in the first few years between Crale's wife and Crale's friends, but Amyas was a loyal friend and was not disposed to give up his old friends at the bidding of his wife. After a few years he and I were on the same old terms and I was a frequent visitor at Alderbury. I may add that I stood godfather to the little girl, Carla. This proves, I think, that Amyas considered me his best friend, and it gives me authority to speak for a man who can no longer speak for himself.

TO COME to the actual events of which I have been asked to write, I arrived down at Alderbury (so I see by an old diary) five days before the crime. That is, on September 13th. I was conscious at once of a certain tension in the atmosphere. There was also staying in the house Miss Elsa Greer, whom Amyas was painting at the time.

It was the first time I had seen Miss Greer in the flesh, but I had been aware of her existence for some time. Amyas had raved about her to me a month previously. He had met, he said, a marvelous girl. He talked about her so enthusiastically that I said to him jokingly, "Be careful, old boy, or you'll be losing your head again." He told me not to be a bloody fool. He was painting the girl; he'd no personal interest in her. I said, "Tell that to the marines! I've heard you say that before." He

(Continued on page 44)

One-Night Tour

By Joe Bookman

Play and ride on—no sleep, no girls, no fun. That's all there is on a tour of one-night stands, except the music. But that's sweet and hot and always good

BOBBY BYRNE, a youthful trombonist and band leader, pointed to a huge red National Trailways bus. "That," he said, "is where we will eat, dress, live and amuse ourselves for six weeks. We'll also try to sleep. I can't sleep in busses." He shrugged his shoulders. "If a swing band could make out playing location jobs in hotels or theaters all the time it would be swell. It's hitting the road, five or six months every year, that beats you down to the socks."

The bus, a mastodon of automobiles, was parked by the back entrance of the Saylor's Lake Pavilion, near Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, in the Pocono Mountains. "Of course," continued Maestro Byrne, smiling sadly, "we have to make time on this job. The reason we will have to stick pretty close to the bus is that we're booked for one long jump after another. I guess we can consider ourselves lucky we have no really inhuman jumps on the program. The union recently passed a law saying *no* band can travel more than 400 miles a day between engagements. Too many accidents on the road."

He didn't go into details, but I remembered that Hal Kemp had been killed in California a year ago while racing to a ballroom. In recent months serious accidents had happened to the bands of Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Jack Teagarden, Sammy Kaye. In 1939 there were 61 accidents to musicians on the road; in 1940 there were 78; in 1941 over 100. I had joined Byrne and his orchestra at Saylor's Lake to see exactly why the one-night tour is considered about the most dangerously unpleasant job in the entertainment industry today. I traveled with the band about a week, and we covered 1,491 miles, through Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts.

The pattern of a musician's life on the road is simple: play, and ride on. No time for leisurely eating or sleeping, no shower baths. In and out of a town before you can have suits pressed or shirts laundered. You don't stop long enough to date a girl. You have to make time on this job. You have to stick pretty close to the bus. This is the pattern of your days and nights: you sit on a narrow, wobbly bandstand *(this isn't the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York, brother)* and you blow into a trumpet or pound a drum for five hours and after that you stick pretty close to the bus for maybe ten hours and then you sit on another narrow, wobbly bandstand and blow into a trumpet or pound a drum for another five hours. And you don't get tired. You smile all the time and play hot. You must never forget you're making rhythms for the kids. You're entertainment, the only flesh-and-blood entertainment thousands of rural communities experience since minstrel shows and vaudeville disappeared. You have to be young and strong and bursting with rhythm and very much in love with the freedom and independence that comes with being a good jazz musician to be able to stand this life, and to enjoy this pattern.

The Byrne band began its tour at Saylor's Lake, and when the bus pulled in it found another orchestra bus parked near the pavilion. Inside, arguing with the promoter, Andy Perry, was another well-known maestro named Russ Morgan. (A chap who hires traveling "name" bands is always called a promoter in the trade even if he owns six ballrooms.) Morgan was red-faced and angry.

"Listen," he cried, "it says here in my contract that I'm due to play here, Wednesday, tonight. What gives here, anyhow?"

Promoter Perry swallowed and stammered. "We expected you Saturday, Russ. I spent two hundred bucks advertising you for Saturday, Russ. I got posters in Allentown, Stroudsburg, Bethlehem, Easton. You think I like this mix-up?"

"My contract says I'm supposed to play here Wednesday," said Perry.

"They can't do this to me," moaned Perry. "I got no band for Saturday."

"On Saturday I will hit Cincinnati," said Morgan.

Byrne took me aside. "You see," he whispered, "everything happens on the one-nighters. Hotel jobs—fine. Theater jobs—great. One-nighters—trouble. I got a contract calling for *me* to play here tonight. Anyway, they have my band advertised." Byrne stealthily signaled to his musicians, who had already donned their gray flannel uniforms in the bus en route from Atlantic City, and, while Morgan was arguing with Perry, Byrne's men took the stand and started playing. Eventually, Morgan took himself and contract off, calling curses down on his booking office. Morgan has good cause to dislike one-night tours. He has been on the road for fourteen months, and during this time his first child was born, and the father has never been in New York and still doesn't know what his 11-month-old offspring looks like. . . .

From 8 till 2 A.M., Byrne and his fifteen musicians were on the stand playing hot and fast and loud. At 11:30 they got a thirty-minute rest period. During the intermission I asked Les Reis, whose father was one of the founders of the Reis underwear empire, why top-notch musicians run all the nervous and physical risks of a barnstorming expedition. Reis, the road manager of the band, explained it this way: "A location job is like a storekeeper buying merchandise, and a one-night tour is selling it. We just finished 12 weeks at the Hotel Pennsylvania, but we didn't make a nickel. Actually, it *cost* us about $400 a week to play the Pennsylvania. We received $1,750 a week from the hotel. We paid out $1,550 in salaries to the sidemen and vocalists. We spent another $600 every week—commissions to our booking agent, arranger's and copyist's salaries, office rent, press agent and so forth. We know it's a good investment, however. At the Pennsylvania, we had an NBC wire—we did four nation-wide broadcasts a week, we built up a demand for Bobby Byrne. Now, we're going out to cash in on this demand. On this tour we will receive as much as $1,200 for a single night—almost as much as we received in New York for a whole week!"

Promptly at 2 in the morning, the band played its closing theme, a fragment of Danny Boy, and Joe Slater, a husky Negro who has been playing nursemaid to bands since he was with the Mills brothers, awoke from where he had been sleeping beside the bandstand on a drum case. The musicians deftly folded their instruments and plodded downstairs. Joe started "breaking down." The music stands were pressed flat. The $20,000 worth of arrangements gently placed in small valises, no bigger than overnight bags. Soon, there was nobody left on the stand but Slater, smashing baggage, and Maestro Byrne, playing a chord progression on the piano, while Dick Skinner, guitarist and arranger, wearily listened. Bobby wanted Skinner to incorporate the progression into a new arrangement. Slater noisily wedged the music stands into boxes, the bass drum and snare drums and cymbals and the other traps into their cases. In less than an hour, the band was packed, and Slater, without any other help, began to lug the boxes downstairs and place them in the bus.

Downstairs, the musicians were impatiently waiting by the door of the bus. The bus was closed and the shades drawn. Dorothy Claire, the girl vocalist, was changing out of her evening gown, a glittering costume of yellow and brown, with lace and rhinestones. On a one-night tour the bus is everybody's dressing room. Miss Claire changed in ten minutes. Then, while she went outside, the musicians clambered up and changed out of their uniforms.

Dorothy is a tiny, blond girl, whose face is lively and whose voice tingles. Off duty, she wore blue slacks and a blue striped sweatshirt. She told me she had left the hospital only a week before. An appendicitis operation. "My doctor would kill me," she chuckled, "if he knew I was jumping around the country on an ol' bus. I'm supposed to be in bed, con-va-lesc-ing." She wrinkled her uptilted button nose. "I can't sit still, not when the music plays my song and I should be singing it. I can't be resting and listening to somebody else sing my song on the radio. I can't sit still." She didn't. She sang every night, slept on the bus, ate with the boys, never complained once.

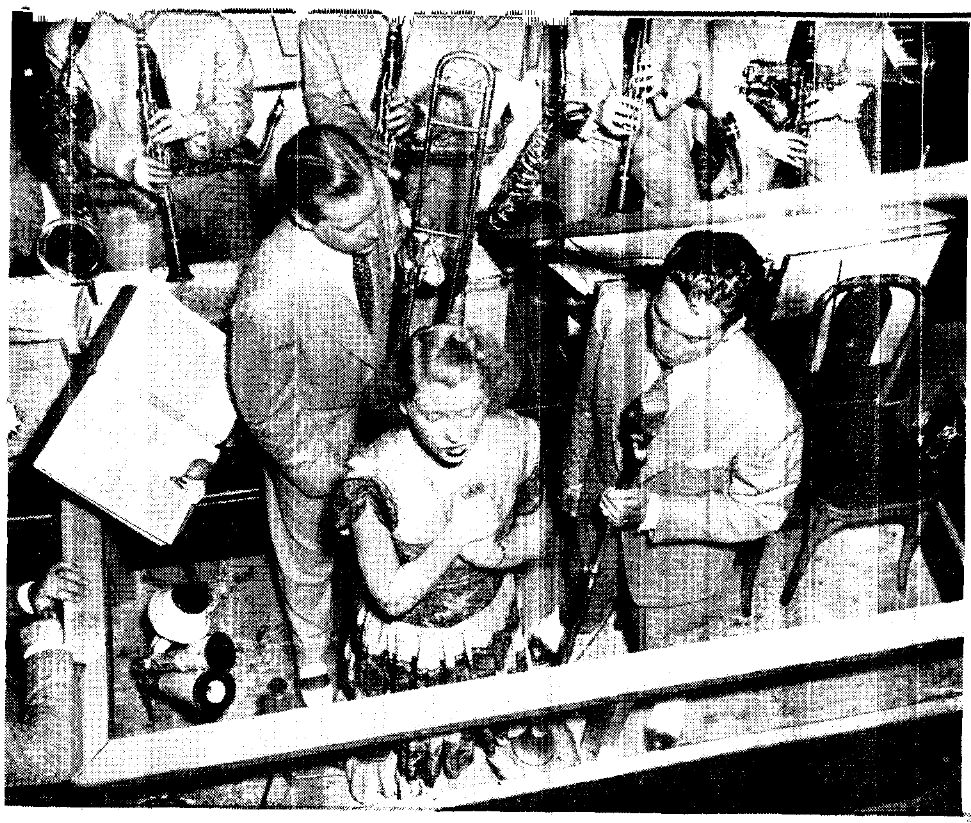
A little after 3:30, the band was ready to roll. Reis was the last to enter the bus and he carefully counted off, to make sure nobody had been left behind. It was a ritual he never omitted. Then he told the driver to push off. Driver Cliff Hamilton, forty-eight, who has been driving chartered busses for musicians for 20 years, shifted the gears into first and we rolled off through the Poconos.

(Continued on page 42)

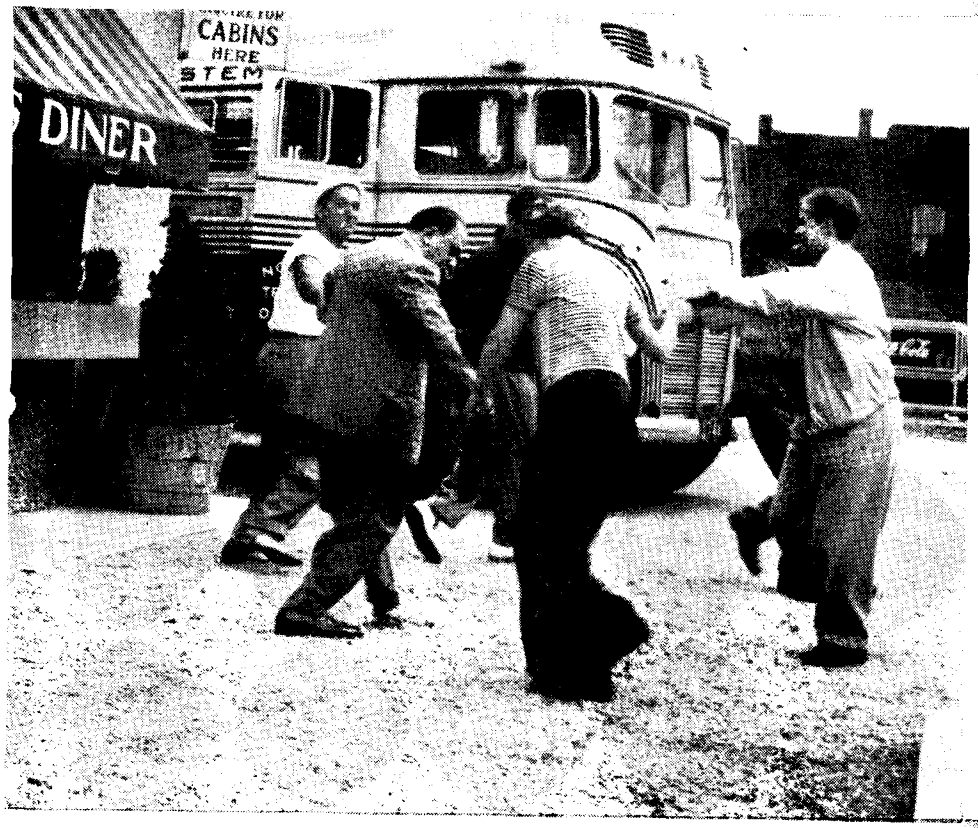
Jerry Yelverton doubles on clarinet and and likes to study religions in his spare

Some of the bandsmen prefer sleeping on the gage piled at the rear of the bus. Below, Drur Dick Farrell, who works hard and always loc

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

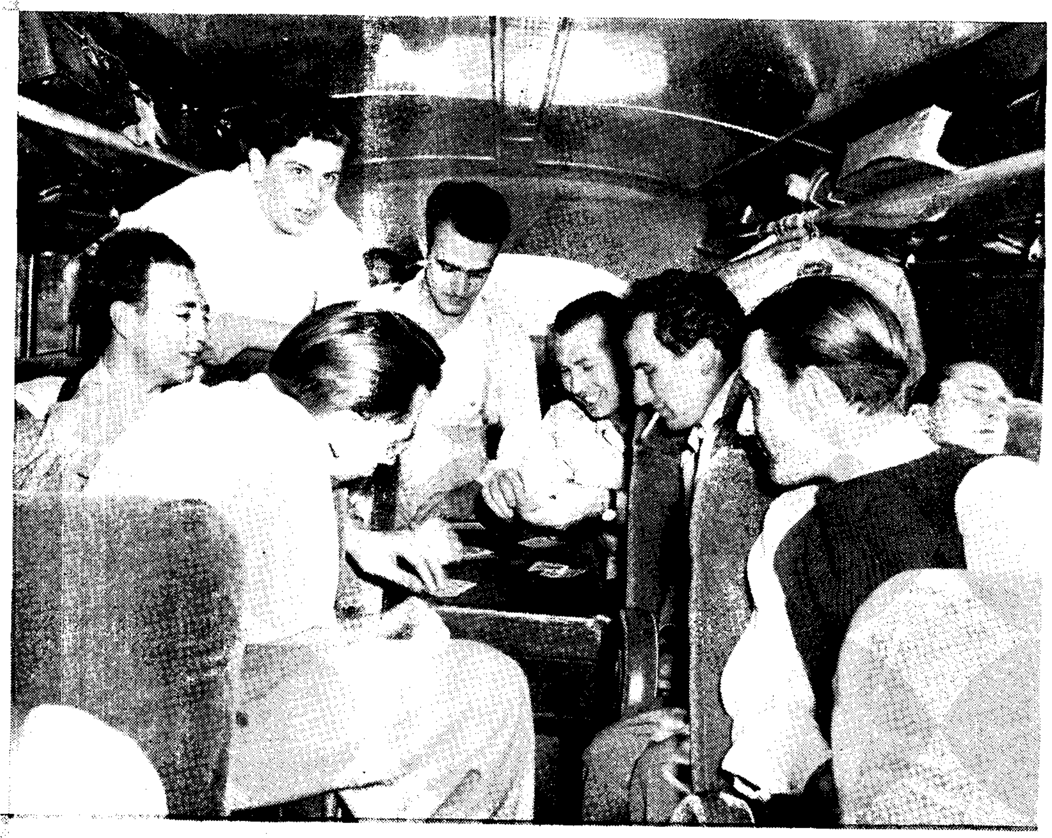


On the Potomac River excursion trip, Leader Bobby Byrne, Vocalists Dorothy Claire and Jimmy Palmer are jammed into the inadequate space before the bandstand

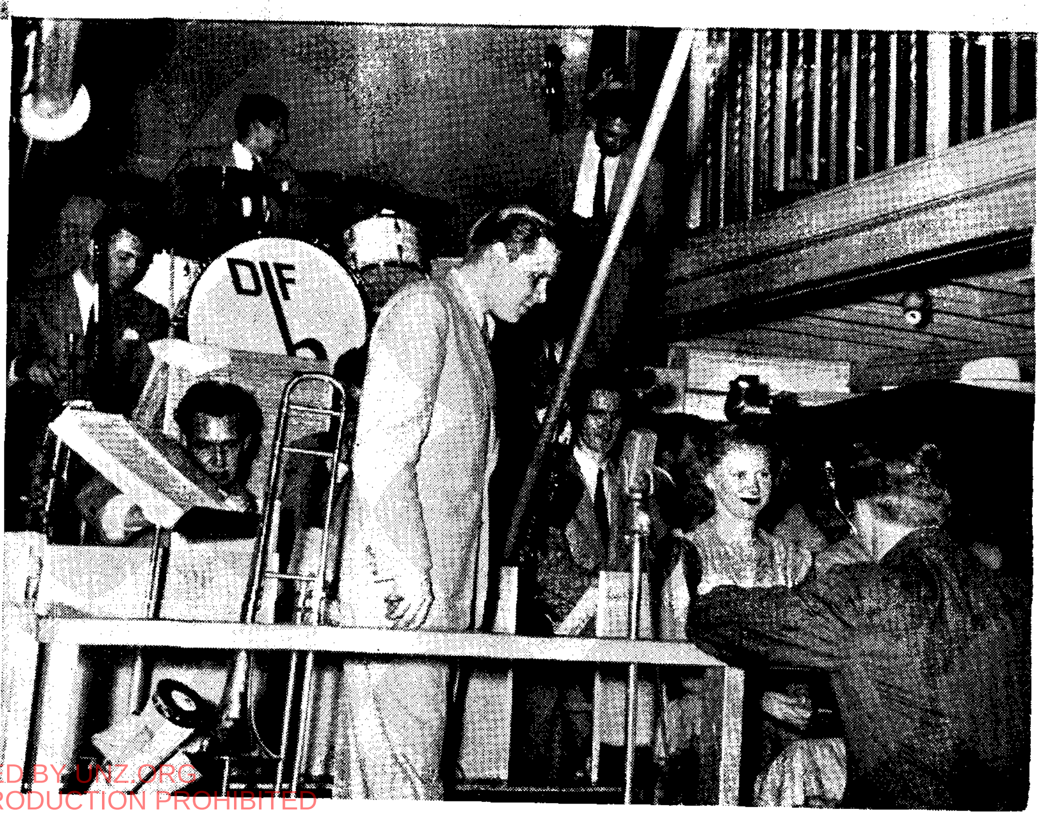


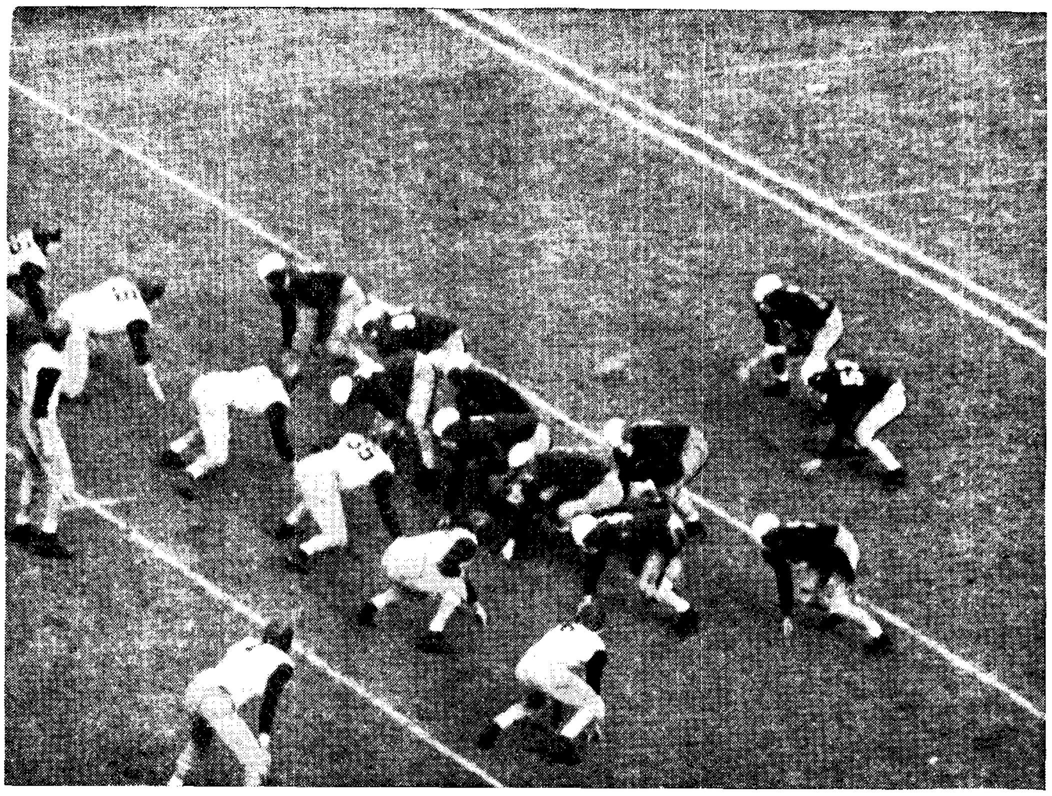
A corny record in a roadside diner's juke box precipitated this impromptu reel after lunch. Below, the band indulges in a little good-natured clowning while getting dressed for their engagement on the Potomac River trip

Sports clothes are the rule for traveling on the bus. The valet is Joe Slater, a veteran of the one-night stand, who handles trunks, clothes and instruments

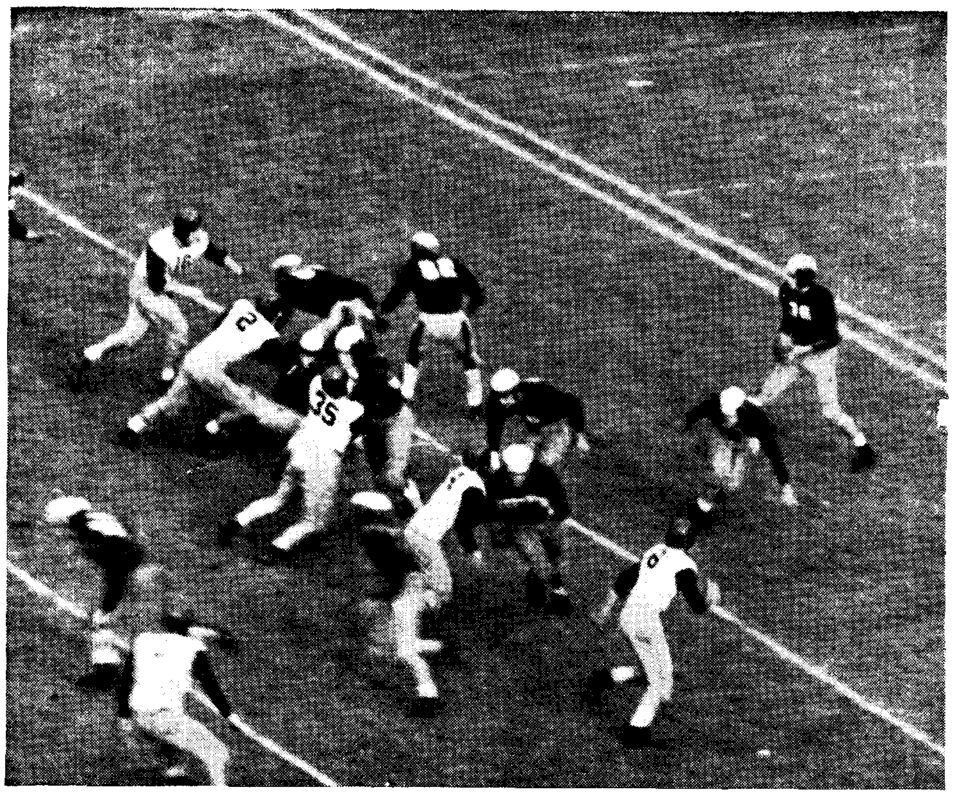


Shop talk and stud poker while away the long miles. Stakes are sometimes fairly high. Below, a dancer comes over to chat with Miss Claire. Dancers on the boat trip were largely Washington clerks, noisy, boisterous and quarrelsome




MOVIETONE NEWS

Defensive quarterbacking at its best: Murphy of Cornell is back in punt formation; Frick of Penn (lower left) remembers that Murphy is not a punter


Frick has decided the impending play will be a pass and signals for a pass de fense. The ball has been snapped, above, and Murphy is fading back to pas

Rational Defense

By Benny Friedman as told to Bill Davidson

When you see a team on defense call signals and shift to meet the impending play, you're seeing football's newest wrinkle—defensive quarterbacking. It's the thing that will account for some of the season's best upsets

THERE is nothing more pathetic than a football coach on a Saturday night. As he tosses about in bed, huge tackles make terrifying faces at him from all corners of the room; ponderous guards pounce on him with unrestrained, sadistic glee; strange, ferocious football teams run an endless succession of end-around plays over his prostrate body; and grinning fullbacks pick up his head and casually boot it down the field.

But all this cannot compare with the nightmares the same football coach is now forced to undergo on Saturday *afternoons*. These nightmares will generally fall into the following category:

The coach's team lines up for what should be the infallible touchdown play under the circumstances. Each man has his block assignment. The play is worked out to the minutest detail. It is pigskin perfection.

But what happens?

Just as the quarterback is calling the signals for this play, the defensive quarterback stands up, and *he* begins to call signals too. Immediately there is a startling series of movements on the part of the defense. Then all is still.

The play begins, and the offensive left end goes down to take out the defensive right halfback. But alas, there is *no* defensive right halfback to take out! The offensive left tackle lunges at the defensive right tackle. But he encounters nothingness! The offensive left guard crashes over to take out the defensive right guard. But the defensive right guard, too, has departed for parts unknown! In fact, the entire play is a horrible succession of little men who weren't there. That is, in all except one place! For the offensive wing back comes crashing into the hole off guard and finds his way violently contested by several ferocious gentlemen, who were supposed to be yards away or blocked out of the picture.

How did the aforesaid ferocious gentlemen get where they were?

The answer is an amazing new wrinkle in football—quarterbacking on the defense!

For years the offense ran rampant with innovations like the forward pass and the quick-opening Warner and Rockne systems. Always the defense had to devise new means of neutralizing the offense. First came the six-man line, then the five-man line, and finally other, more complicated developments. *The culmination of all these developments was quarterbacking on the defense.*

Quarterbacking on the defense means exactly what it says. Each team has a defensive field general who analyzes the opponents' offensive formations, calls a signal, and shifts his team into defensive formations to confuse and thwart the expected thrust. This is without doubt one of the most revolutionary and most effective ideas ever to hit the game of football.

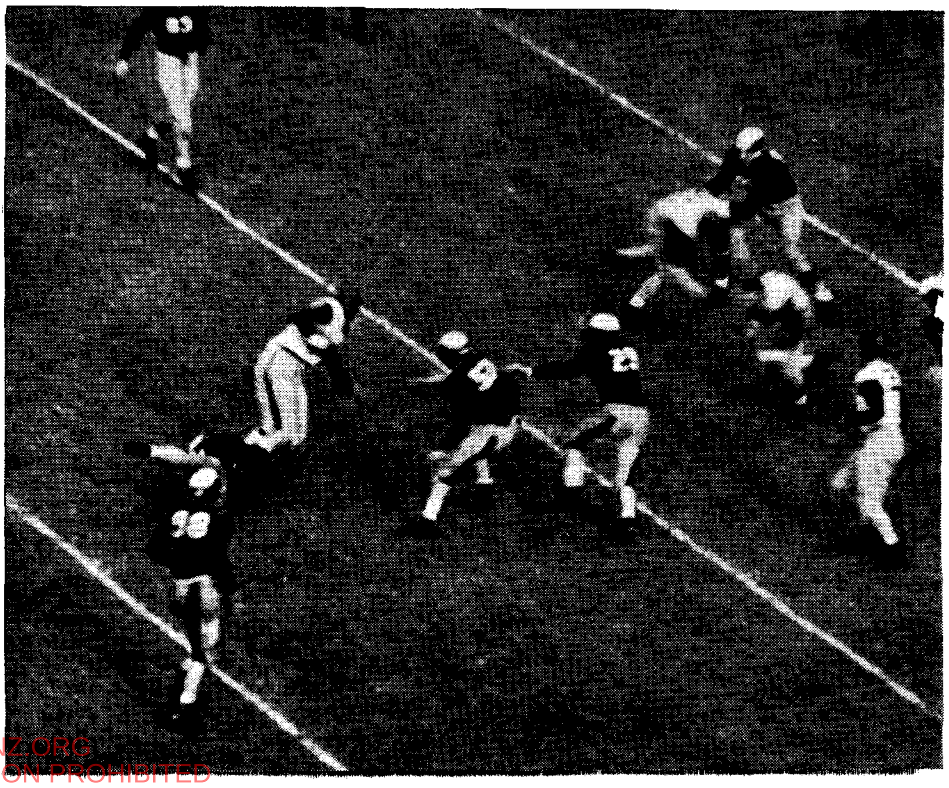
In last year's Penn-Cornell classic, for instance, the outcome of the game hinged on a single brilliant piece of defensive quarterbacking. Cornell had taken the ball at the start of the game, and with irresistible power had crashed over for two touchdowns. The score was 13 to 0. Cornell once again had possession of the ball on their own 10-yard line. Penn was crushed and demoralized.

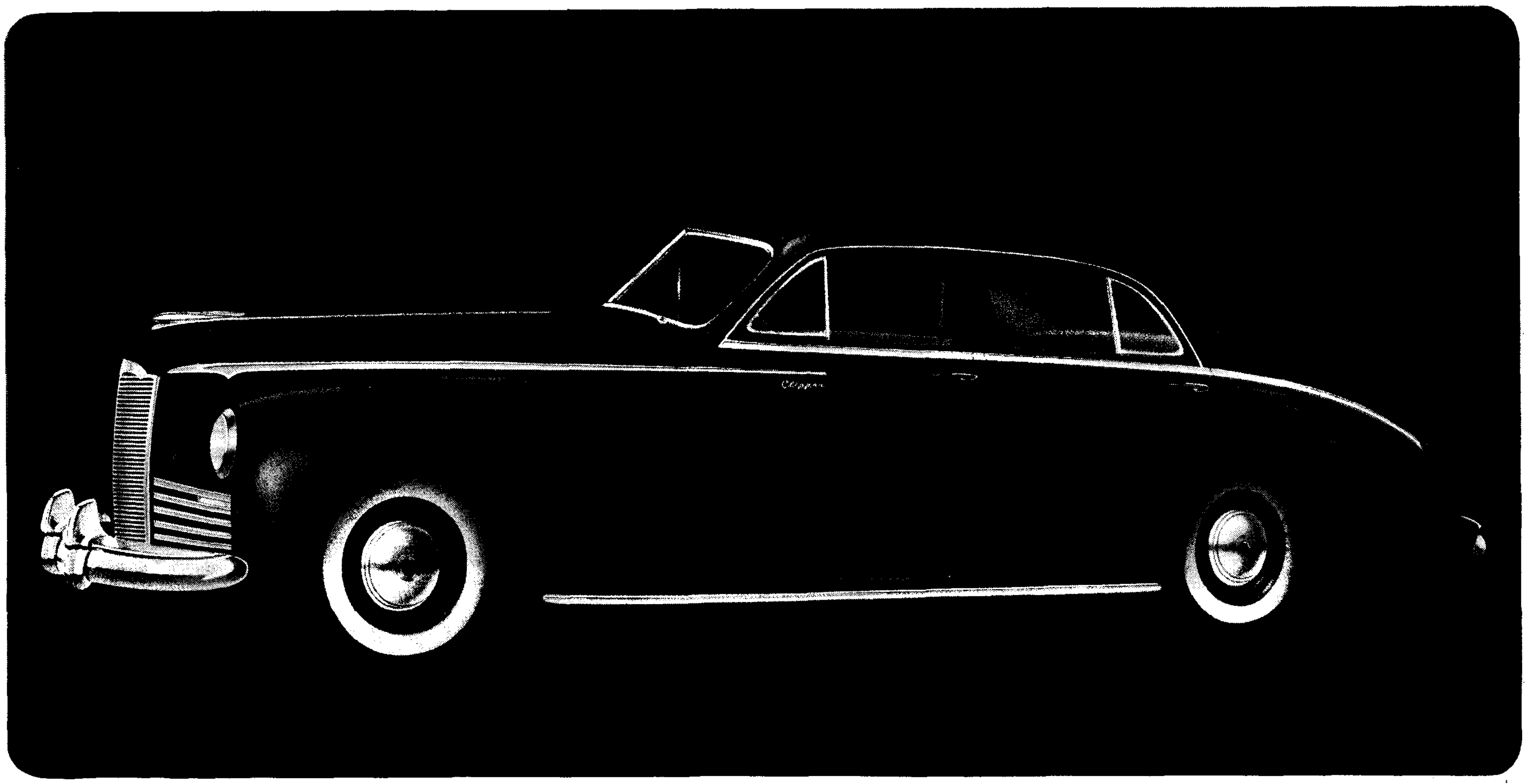
It was then that Walt Matuszczak, the great Cornell quarterback, gambled and lost! On second down, when all the rules of the textbook said that he should have

(Continued on page 61)

Frick has moved back from behind the line of scrimmage. His correct diagnosis has enabled him to get into position to intercept the pass from Murphy

Penn is back in the game as Frick begins the march that resulted in a touchdown. Penn was behind, 13 to 0, when this play began, and eventually won, 22-20





One of two distinguished new versions of Clipper styling for 1942 — the smart Packard Clipper Touring Sedan. Both Clipper Six and Eight *(only $55 difference)* are available as either Special or Custom models.

How Clipper beauty pays off . . . in more miles per gallon!

LOOKING AHEAD?

SKIPPER THE CLIPPER

THOSE LONG, LOW, RACY LINES you admire so much do more than delight your eye.

They're also there because (among other benefits) they enable the Clipper to cut through the wind with phenomenally low resistance — *hence save you gas.*

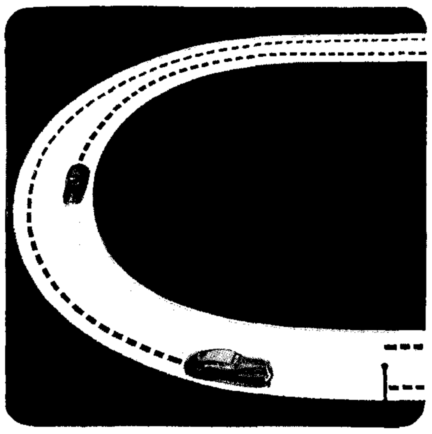
Proving Ground tests provide exact figures on this new economy. For example: last year's Packard was a marvel of thrift (an economy champion, in fact). Yet, tested against the new Clipper, it lost out. The Clipper was not only better—but 12% to 18% better on gasoline mileage!

Yet the Clipper offers something even more important to the car buyer of today. *It is built to meet the times!*

These are times that put a new high premium on *quality*. Quality that pays out in *extra miles, extra years, extra value.*

So, if you want a car that's a "long haul" husky — combined with the fuel economy so important today — Skipper the Clipper! There's one waiting for you at your Packard dealer's. **ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE**

1942 PACKARD CLIPPER



MEET THE NEW CHAMPION! — 1941 Packard was *thrifty*. But actual test shows how Clipper design steps up economy. Same amount of gas was put into both cars. True-scale diagram shows Clipper's margin.

FLIGHT-LINED FOR ECONOMY—Precision meters prove that Clipper streamlining cuts wind resistance; results in important gasoline economies! The 1942 Clipper delivers up to *18% more miles* per gallon!

Flash!
NEW LOWER CLIPPER PRICES FOR 1942

BRINGING SENSATIONAL CLIPPER STYLING to every Packard line permits lower Clipper prices. Even the 1942 Clipper 8 is substantially lower priced than '41 Clipper 8 —same power—same room—same comfort.

ELECTROMATIC DRIVE
SIMPLIFIED DRIVING WITH NO JERK · NO SLIP · NO CREEP

SLICE YOUR GAS BILL FURTHER . . . and enjoy automatic driving at its best . . . with Packard Electromatic Drive! Lets engine run slower . . . saves gas, oil, and engine wear. More than repays its extra cost.

"You'll learn a lot, my dear, that isn't in the books!"

Little Beulah was a bit nervous about her first day in school.

"Do you mean, Mommy," she anxiously asked Elsie, the Borden Cow, "that I've got to worry about passing examinations *outside* of school?"

"Indeed you have, my dear," smiled Elsie. "We Borden cows also must be able to pass the strict examinations of Borden's eagle-eyed experts. They'll flunk you like *that,* the minute the milk you'll some day produce for Borden's is anything less than tip-top."

"Then what's the use of going to school at all?" Beulah demanded, discouraged.

EVERYONE LOVES BORDEN'S MILK!
Borden's

Elsie explained: "So you'll learn many other important things. Like the total population of all the communities that depend upon us for pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk*—and the host of grand products made from that milk. On the other hand, you should learn some Arithmetic . . ."

"I can count up to ten already," interrupted Beulah.

"You must do better than that," Elsie replied: "there are more than twenty delightful varieties in the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses.* One of the most popular examples is creamy-hearted, golden-crusted *Liederkranz*—as 100% American as canvasback duck."

RIPE, RICH LIEDERKRANZ IS MOOVELOUS!
LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE

"Cousin Millie says we have to study something called Art," said Beulah.

"Yes," agreed Elsie. "And you'll be glad to know that in *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* we Borden cows contribute handsomely to another kind of Art—the fine Art of Cookery. Through it, we help to make wonderful cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes."

FOR CREAMED DISHES AND SOUPS, TRY BORDEN'S EVAPORATED!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

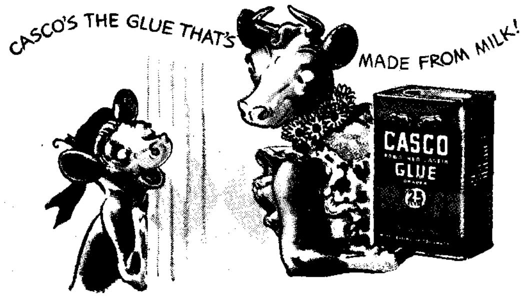
"Later on," said Beulah, rather worried, "we get something else called jog—jogger—"

"Geography," prompted Elsie. "You know—everything about the map. You'll learn, for instance, that all over the map mouths water at the sight of *Borden's Ice Cream.* It's pure, smooth, luscious as can be because it's made from the grandest milk and cream — Borden's."

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS CREAMIER, SMOOTHER!

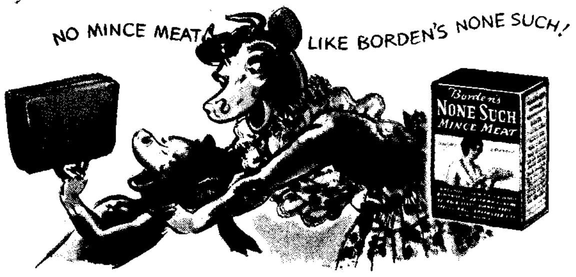
"Do most folks know all the marvelous things that are made from Borden's milk?" Beulah wanted to know.

"I doubt it," Elsie answered. "I don't suppose that many realize that *casein* extracted from milk actually makes *Casco Glue*—a glue with a bull-dog grip for big jobs like mending furniture or for delicate work like ship modeling."


CASCO'S THE GLUE THAT'S MADE FROM MILK!
CASCO
GLUE

"That should make folks want to *stick* to everything that's Borden's!" said Beulah slyly.

"It certainly should, darling!" laughed Elsie. "Even to the Borden products that don't happen to come from milk. Like *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*—the heart and soul of the spiciest, juiciest pies in the world. Borden care makes sure that None Such is just as pure and wholesome as everything else bearing the Borden name."


NO MINCE MEAT LIKE BORDEN'S NONE SUCH!
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

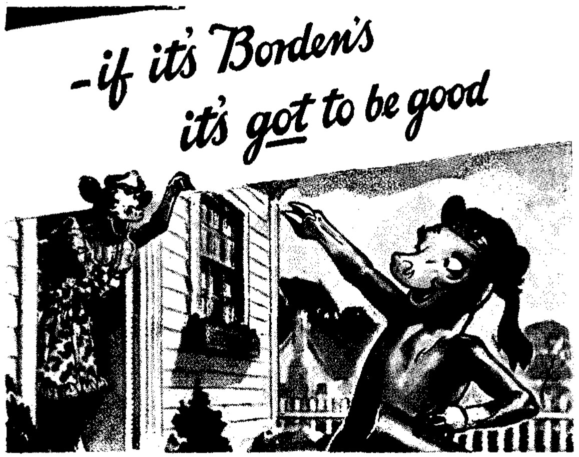
Beulah was so pleased with her little joke that she decided to try another. "Gee, Mommy, you sound like a whole Borden of Education!"

"That's about enough out of you, young lady," said Elsie. "Off to school with you. And just try to remember this one lesson: *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'* "

* * *

More than 27,000 Borden employees work in partnership with 47,000 owner-stockholders, to provide the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home.

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good



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The Truth Shall Make You Free

Continued from page 17

better unfair attack than autocratic repression. . . . Honesty and competence require no shield of secrecy."

Mr. Wilson remarked that he did not know just how good a reporter he would make, but I could count on him to furnish all possible information as to plans, purposes and policies. The people were entitled to know what was in their President's thought. Not only was it a grave mistake to let public opinion guess and grope, but nothing could be more fatal than to have the nation believe that the Chief Executive was trying to play a lone hand. In a national emergency the Constitution authorized a grant of dictatorial power to the President, but that was far from implying that the President was entitled to act like a dictator.

President Wilson had found that the Presidents who got into hot water were those with the habit of flat statement, failing to accompany conclusions with the facts on which those conclusions were based, and announcing decisions without clarifying reasons. A prudent executive, in his opinion, should always be at pains to take every forward step out in the open and in full view of the people.

A Record for All to Read

This policy, Mr. Wilson insisted, had been his guide throughout the entire neutrality period. From the very first, he confessed quite frankly, it had been his fear that America would be drawn in, for our isolation was a myth and had always been a myth. Freedom of the seas, America's right to sail the ocean lanes on peaceful errands without let or hindrance, was vital to our existence, and always had been. Before George Washington's remarks about our "distant and detached position" had ceased to echo, we engaged in three wars with transatlantic peoples. Jefferson, who warned against "entangling alliances," soon reached the day when he was willing to marry the British fleet and nation.

Out of this fear of America's involvement, therefore, he had tried to "build up a record," one that would stand for all time as proof of America's devotion to peace. Overruling the tremors of the State Department, he had insisted on the immediate publication of every diplomatic note. In nothing had he been sly or secret, and if there was a man, woman or child in the United States who did not know what he had done, and exactly why, it was because he did not choose to read.

In this connection, there was a point that he thought worthy of emphasis. All of the belligerents, insolently and repeatedly, had ridden roughshod over international law as related to America's rights, although British violations concerned property only, while German aggressions were against human life. The war was to be stated plainly as our war, waged in defense of vital rights, and not any chivalrous rush to England's rescue or the repayment of an ancient debt to France.

There was no doubt in his mind that America was engaged in a war of self-defense. But what he meant to do was to go far beyond that assertion, striking a high note that would differentiate the struggle from all other struggles. He declared that even a war of self-defense fell short of full justification unless waged with high resolve to change the evil conditions that made war inevitable. Taking a copy of the war message from his desk, he read the paragraph about "the universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free." A "war to end war," in his opinion, was a battle cry that would go straight to the hearts of our own people and all other peoples, even if laughed at by old-school statesmen still thinking in terms of "balances of power."

"Making the world safe for democracy" was something to be preached as a great truth, and not regarded as any empty phrase. In every speech, every public paper, he intended to make plain his belief that there was not room on the same earth for autocratic, militaristic governments, dedicated to conquest, and free, representative governments based on the consent of the governed.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea to preach the "religion of democracy?" Was it not a mistake to assume that the representative form of government was self-justifying, and something that needed no argument? Was it not a blunder of magnitude to believe that the twenty-first birthday brought an instant and full understanding of democracy to young men and women? He himself had always deplored the manner in which our schools skipped over the essentials of American history, ignoring fundamentals in favor of dates. But it was that way with everything. So little in our education was related to life. Children were taught how many inches there were in a foot, and how many feet in a yard, but when asked to tell how high a table stood above the floor, the guesses ranged all the way from one inch to one mile.

A Campaign of Education

My propaganda, he trusted, would always be based on the original meaning of the word: "the propagation of faith." And that faith, of course, must be a "war to end war." As the President visioned the things to be done, his face lighted until it fairly shone. Our own people given a clearer understanding of what America really meant, particularly citizens of foreign birth or descent. Few things, he said, stood more plainly than that the melting pot was not melting, and had not melted for a good many years. Looking on democracy as an automatic device was not the least of our tragic blunders.

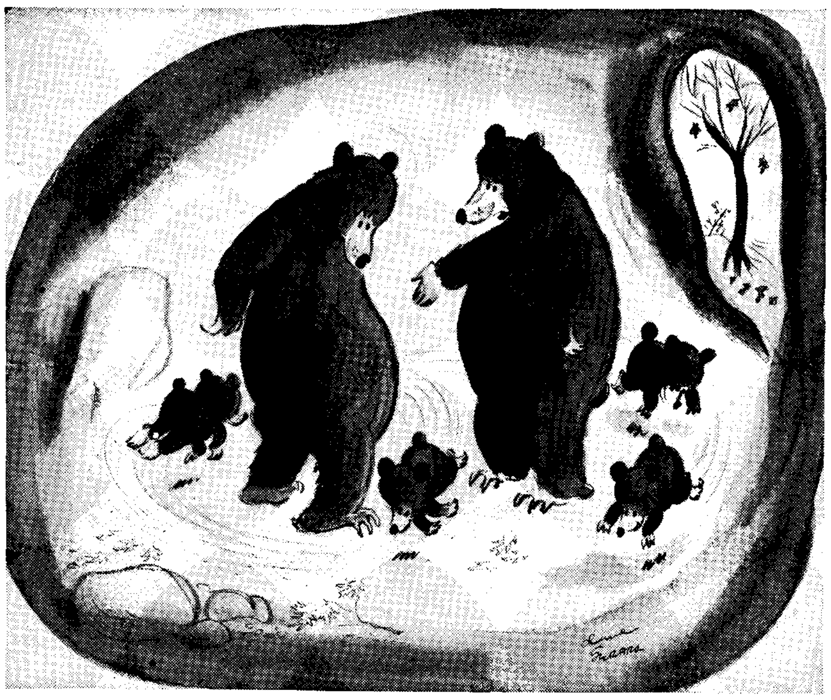
And there were the neutral nations to be fired with enthusiasm for a new and nobler world order. And the Central Powers too, for he did not believe, and could not bring himself to believe, that the peoples of Germany and Austria-Hungary were infatuated with the Kaiser's dream of world-wide dominion. Surely I could find ways and means of getting our war aims and peace terms into the enemy countries.

Above all, he stressed the importance of intensive campaigns in England, France, Italy and Russia. It was necessary, of course, to convince these war-weary peoples that American aid was on the way, but, confidentially, he wanted more than that. Although not a fact to be broadcast, the war was not a war for democracy when it started in 1914, and it was up to the United States to make it one.

As I rose to leave, the President put his hand on my shoulder and gave several parting admonitions. I was to emphasize the committee as an *information service*, for the Germans had grimed propaganda until the word stood for corruption and deceit. I was to send no dollar on a secret errand or try to camouflage a single activity. Above all, I must guard against appeals to hate, for while a wave of national fury might whip a people on, froth and dregs were bound to be the ultimate result.

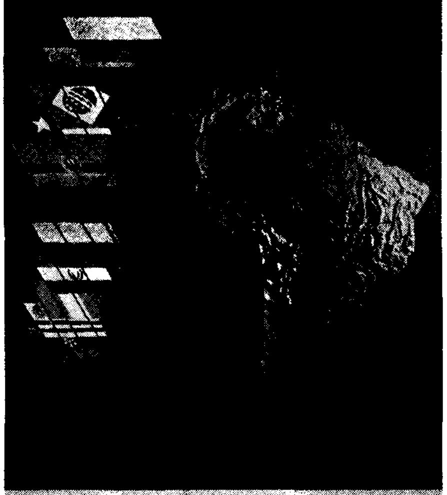
I was to watch out at all times against arousing false hopes, and in this connection he mentioned smilingly that there were many high-powered salesmen among the great industrialists brought to Washington for war work. He himself had to be continually on guard against overheated optimists. Not bearing this caution in mind plunged me into sore trouble at a later date, for like a fool I took the word of an effervescent official on plane-production figures.

Following out the President's suggestions, the Committee on Public In-



"You see what you can do with them. It was nearly December before I got them to bed last year!" DAVE GERARD

LONGINES
the most honored watch
in South America



IN SOUTH AMERICA Longines Watches are known and esteemed in all the capitals of our 10 sister republics. Leading jewelers there, as here, have sold Longines Watches for upwards of 50 years. Longines Watches enjoy leadership, as well, in the six countries of the Isthmus, in Mexico, and in the island republics of the Caribbean. Truly, throughout the world, no other name on a watch means so much as . . . *Longines.*

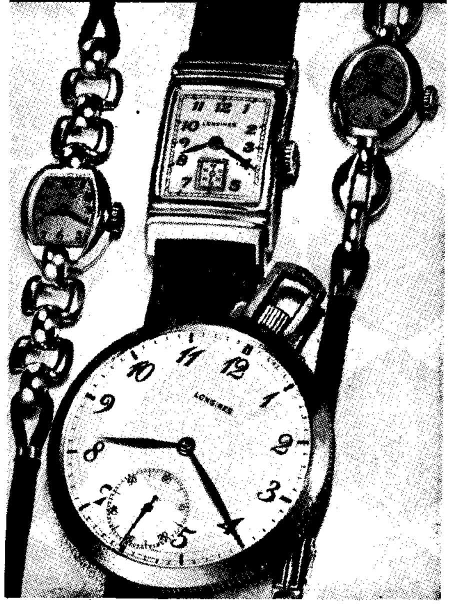
Longines
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Wherever there is an appreciation of things fine and beautiful, you will find Longines Watches held in the highest esteem. Over the years, they have proven themselves uniformly dependable, accurate, and long-lasting. Their excellence and elegance have been recognized by 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals, and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece.

Longines jewelers now show the 75th Anniversary Longines Watches priced $40 upward; also a companion watch of distinctive merit in the medium price field, the Wittnauer Watch, priced from $24.75;—products of

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH CO., INC.
New York, Montreal, Geneva

LONGINES
75th Anniversary Watches
75TH ANNIVERSARY SERIES, $75 EACH



formation, as a first step, put trained reporters in the War Department, the Navy and every other agency connected with the war machine, and every day saw an honest, unvarnished report of progress given to the people.

Today, by way of contrast with 1917, the Army and the Navy each runs its own press bureau, each with its own policy, and every other agency even remotely connected with the war machine has its own high-powered, heavily staffed publicity division. The public-relations branch of the Office of Emergency Management, according to the Congressional Record, employs 249 persons, and is requesting an appropriation of $750,000 for the fiscal year 1942. The Office of Government Reports has a working force of 527, and asks $1,444,333 for 1942. Government press agents, as a matter of fact, already outnumber the nation's readers, and each new agency adds to the locust swarm. The Committee on Public Information's news division, covering every war-making branch, cost $76,000 for the two years of its existence.

When it came to the real battle—the battle against ignorance, apathy and disaffection at home—Woodrow Wilson was the commander in chief, as the President always must be. Cabinet officers and bureau heads may thunder until they are blue in the face, but the man in the White House is the one great voice. Going about the country today, one finds public opinion confused and bewildered. If freedom of the seas is again a great American tradition for which we are ready to fight and die, then why not repeal the Neutrality Act that specifically surrendered all of our rights in the ocean lanes? Hitlerism is to be cast down and out, and there must be no talk of a negotiated peace, but people are asked to believe that this does not necessarily mean war.

Control from the Top

Woodrow Wilson permitted no such confusions and bewilderments. True to his promise, he made every speech, every state paper, an explanation and an argument rather than a collection of flat statements. What he did, in fact, was to brief the case for us. It was this case—the clearest exposition ever made of America's aims and ideals—that the committee took to the people through the medium of the spoken word, the written word, motion pictures, lantern slides, posters, billboards, expositions, donated advertising space in newspapers and magazines, etc., etc. Here again there was unification and one central control, backed up by the President. Some of the sharpest letters written by him went to bureaus and boards that attempted to set up "shows" of their own.

Going into detail with respect to one committee activity, exactly thirty-three foreign-language groups were organized. Through national councils, broken down to states and cities, we could reach every individual in every group in twenty-four hours, and a continuous educational program burned away much of the bitterness bred by years of neglect. Aside from their contribution to national unity, all thirty-three constituted a valuable approach to neutral and enemy countries. Our German bureau, under the direction of Franz Sigel, son of that famous exile who offered his sword to Lincoln, prepared the literature that played no small part in smashing German morale. It was also our Roman Legion that enabled Italy to make a "comeback" after the Caporetto disaster. Had this great work been continued after the war, we would not be faced with the necessity of doing it all over again.

In the fight for national unity, Woodrow Wilson was our tower of strength, not only in what he said but in what he did. Agreeing with me that dissatisfied, disaffected groups should not be left to "stew in their own juice," he never failed to make time for the dissidents that I took to the White House with almost daily regularity. Labor leaders, farm leaders, radicals, conservatives, representatives of foreign-language elements—he saw them all and talked to them all with perfect and engaging frankness.

The Non-Partisan League in the Northwest was largely responsible for the outcry about a "rich man's war," but after an hour with the President no body of men was more loyal, although the Democratic and Republican "machines" did their utmost to hound them into disloyalty. When ex-Congressman Charles A. Lindbergh, for example, accepted a post with the War Industries Board, the political hue and cry became so furious that Bernard Baruch felt forced to withdraw the appointment.

The American Moral Offensive

Along with the fight for a united, enthusiastic public opinion at home, the Committee on Public Information sent Woodrow Wilson's statements by cable to all parts of the world, translated them into every tongue, and had them printed by the millions on foreign presses. These were *moral offensives* that had the force of armies. In nothing did he fail us. His Fourteen Points, for example, were outlined as a result of my request for some particularized statement of war aims and peace terms that we could use as placard paragraphs in newspapers, on billboards, in motion-picture houses, and scatter around over the enemy countries.

In setting forth our current approach to South America, Central America and Mexico there is now in Washington an Office for the Co-ordination of Cultural and Commercial Relations among the American Republics. This office spent $3,332,000 in 1941, and for the coming fiscal year has asked a direct appropriation of $7,331,000, and the right to contract for an additional $3,000,000. Quite a tidy sum, especially when compared to the expenditures of the poor old Committee on Public Information. Our world-wide activities for a full two years cost the taxpayers less than four and a half million.

The Office for the Co-ordination of Cultural and Commercial Relations among the American Republics, to be sure, works in fields that the committee never dreamed of entering. For example, art, literature, music, drama and the dance. The prose and poetry of Latin America is to be translated into English, likewise scientific articles and books, and there is also to be an exchange of composers. Other activities include motion pictures, radio and news services as propaganda media; $200,000 for a market analysis of Latin America; $300,000 for the interchange of newspaper editors and radio commentators; $100,000 for the promotion of athletic competition; $750,000 for commercial relations; $150,000 for legal relations; $357,000 for a Pan-American Institute to be a center for higher studies of Latin America; $250,000 for the promotion of travel, etc., etc.

The Committee on Public Information asked the Intelligence units of the Army and the Navy for a report on German propaganda in Latin America, but the office has allotted $100,000 to a Princeton professor for this work. Rather mysteriously, Colonel William J. Donovan also figures in the setup, having been designated by somebody to report on "mass psychology" both at home and abroad.

Under specific orders from President Wilson, the committee's approach to

Old Gold CIGARETTES
P. Lorillard Company
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

They're telling it to the Marines. That something new means "Welcome, friend!" And don't forget—a friendly cigarette has also added something NEW!

Something NEW* has been added!

*IT'S LATAKIA—prized Eastern Mediterranean tobacco whose very flavorful leaves, added like a "seasoning," now make Old Gold's famous blend even more pleasant in flavor and fragrance. Ample supplies of Latakia are aging in Old Gold's American warehouses.

Carl Moebus, Lynbrook, L. I. "You can tell, right away, something new has been added to Old Golds. Latakia leaf gives an enjoyable new flavor."

Mrs. Haley Fiske, society woman, New York, says: "That added touch of Latakia gives Old Golds just the flavor I've been looking for!"

Same familiar pack—but NEW Old Golds!
P. Lorillard Company—America's oldest tobacco merchants—Established 1760.

our sister republics was simple and direct. The things to be done had to be done quickly, and there was no time for "long pull" stuff. What those countries wanted to know then, and what they want to know now, concerned America's resources and America's aims. Could we win and what would victory mean? Instead of prattling about "cultural relations" and sending famous motion-picture actors on good-will missions, we went straight to the governments with a plain statement of purpose:

"It is desired to establish offices for the distribution of a wireless, cable and mail news service to the press; for the exhibition of motion pictures expressive of America's purposes and energies, for the assignment of speakers, for pamphlet distribution, and for other similar open activities. There will be no item or pamphlet that we will not be willing to submit to the inspection of qualified officials, for our purpose is not the coercion of public opinion, but the information of public opinion that there may be a better understanding between the two countries. We desire to do these things openly, not only because it is the national policy to avoid secrecy, but because we wish to do nothing contrary to the wishes of your government or violative of the neutrality that we respect. It is not the idea of the United States to conduct propaganda in neutral countries in the sense of attacking the motives and methods of the enemy, or in the nature of argument designed to compel or to persuade certain courses of conduct. Our activities will be aboveboard, confined always to a very frank exposition of America's war aims, the nation's ideals and future hopes."

Then, as today, the task was a difficult one, for we were at once the best-known and least-known people in the world. All of the news that went out from our borders, particularly to Latin America, was concerned with our violences, follies and unrests, and the Germans took advantage of this situation with vigor and skill. The United States was painted as a fat, loblolly nation of dollar grabbers, lacking both the courage and equipment to wage a successful war; our strikes were treated in the utmost detail to prove a system of involuntary servitude; pictures were drawn of arrogant wealth on the one hand and abject poverty on the other; our war with Mexico was played up as a brutal rape, and our struggle with Spain as the effort of our financial masters to launch a campaign of imperialism; and lynchings were exaggerated until it was made to appear that trees were used for no other purpose. Many newspapers had either been bought outright or subsidized; German publications ran from pamphlets to expensive books and albums, and German agents thought nothing of paying thousands for a hole-in-the-wall motion-picture house.

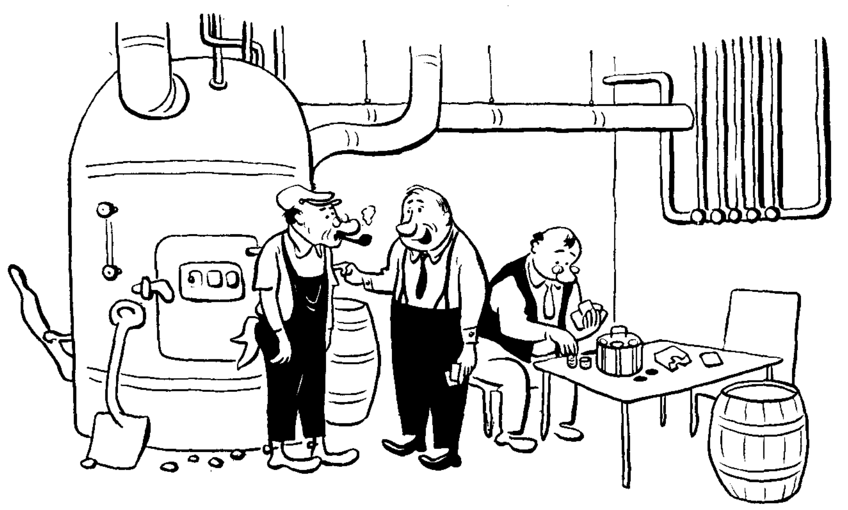
We made no attempt to enter into any such competition, but went about our business as though the Germans did not exist. First and foremost, for Latins are *realists*, we stressed America's enormous resources, both in men and money, and gave our war progress in detail, making it clear that the United States would not and could not lose. In addition, however, we tried to paint a true picture of the United States so that Latin Americans might know us and understand us: Our schools, homes, hospitals and playgrounds; election days with baby buggies in front of the polls; our industry and our agriculture; our free press, free speech and free assembly; how our government functions, and stories of ideals as well as material achievement. And what happened? We won hands down.

It Can Happen Again

Hitler, in Mein Kampf, warns against "pitching propaganda on any idealistic note," insisting that "the caution in avoiding too high spiritual assumptions cannot be too great." That is why our information service beat German propaganda, for, from first to last, we obeyed Woodrow Wilson's injunction to stress *ideals*. Just as the United States was unified into one great triumphant whole, so did we win the active support or the friendship of every neutral nation, stiffen the resistance of the Allies, and shatter the foundations of German morale.

From the moment that the guns ceased firing on Armistice Day, a whole world stood eager and waiting for rebirth. The train that bore President Wilson from Brest to Paris passed through a lane of men, women and children, cheering through their tears; in Italy, mothers lifted their babies for his blessing, and throughout Europe, even in the Central Powers, there was the dawn of hope for a new and better world. True, it was a hope that blacked-out in betrayal and despair, but it blazed for two full years.

What was done then can be done again, but only if there is the same honesty and courage; the honesty that will give people a sense of partnership, and the courage to declare high determinations that hold the promise of a finer, fairer tomorrow. Nor is it something that needs to wait on a war message, for it can start right now, both here at home and everywhere else in the Western Hemisphere.



"Now turn off the steam in Callahan's apartment and maybe his wife will send him down to see what's wrong"

COLIN ALLEN

The General Joins the "Regulars"

MY DAD, THE GENERAL, is a man of few words and strong determination. "When you get into trouble," says he, "face the enemy and fight it out." And here he is—praising, for my innocence, the merits of a good, strong, old-fashioned *purge.*

BUT I, TOO, had something to say about that. "You and your pitched battles with constipation! Did it ever occur to you to find and correct the *cause* of the trouble? You come down to breakfast; I want to show you something."

"NOW, WHAT'S THIS MIRACLE?" says he. "No miracle at all," says I; "just a crisp, toasty breakfast cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble is the kind that's due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN will really correct the cause of it. But you should eat it every day and drink plenty of water."

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

"HEY!" SAYS DAD. "Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If a breakfast food as delicious as this can make you 'join the regulars,' I'm signing up for the duration." And, bless your life, he did!

Join the "Regulars" with
Kellogg's All-Bran

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK
COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

COOL SHAVES

block out All-American Shaving Terrors!

"Coach," groans Broncho, "Line-plungers bounce off me accordion-pleated. I'm an iron man for 60 minutes. But one scrimmage with my razor and I'm ready for the oxygen-tent. Shaving stings and burns double-cross me every time."

"Broncho," I says, "you're being mouse-trapped. Your shaving system's as out of date as moleskins. Each time you use that cream, you're sticking your face out for stings and terrors. Change to Ingram's quick-action, *cooling* cream!"

"Ingram's lather-formation, Broncho, is modern — *cooling* — to condition your skin for shaving while it softens up your whiskers. It foams up like a team-cheer —a billowy White Wave of lather to smooth your razor's advance!"

"Coach," Broncho exults, "Ingram's is the perfect facial defense against razor burn! My blade glides along as smooth as an end-sweep in practice! And that cooling lather's as invigorating as a cold shower! My face feels grand!"

Thousands of men have found Ingram's the answer to the shaver's prayer — for Ingram's de luxe lather is more than a fast whisker-wilter. It's a facial refresher too! No lotions or tonics needed! Ingram's leaves your skin smooth and cool — younger-looking and more attractive — and the effect lasts for hours! Change to Ingram's cool, cool cream—today!

INGRAM'S

SHAVING CREAM

CONCENTRATED FOR ECONOMY—IN TUBE OR JAR

Pied Piper

Continued from page 12

three years previously and had been very short of breath. But the spring flowers in the French Jura were as beautiful as anything in Switzerland, and from the high ground up above Les Rousses you can see Mont Blanc. He wanted passionately to get where he could see mountains. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," he said, "from whence cometh my help." That's how he felt about it.

And that's why he went to France.

He left London on the morning of April the 10th, the very morning that the news came through that Germany had invaded Denmark and Norway. He read the news in his paper in the train on the way to Dover, and it left him cold. A month previously he would have been frantic over it, jumping from wireless bulletin to newspaper and back to the wireless again. Now it passed him by as something that hardly concerned him any more.

He spent a day and a night in Paris.

HE WENT on next day toward the Jura. He was still feeling a little shaky after the fatigue of the crossing, so that day he only went as far as Dijon.

Normally that journey takes about three hours, but the railways were in a bad state of disorganization. They told him that it was because of troop movements. The *Rapide* was an hour late in leaving Paris, and it lost another two hours on the way. It was nearly dinner-time when he reached Dijon, and he was very thankful that he had decided to stop there. He had his bags carried to a little hotel just opposite the station, and they gave him a very good dinner in the restaurant. Then he took a cup of coffee and a Cointreau in the café and went up to bed at about half past nine, not too tired to sleep well.

He was really feeling very well next day, better than he had felt for a long time past. He walked up through the town to the Hôtel de Ville and found Dijon just as he remembered it from his last visit, about eighteen months before. There was the shop where they had bought their berets, and he smiled again to see the name: *Au Pauvre Diable.* And there was the shop where John had bought himself a pair of skis, but he didn't linger there for very long.

He had his lunch at the hotel and took the afternoon train on into the Jura; he found that the local trains were running better than the main-line ones. He changed at Andelot and took the branch line up into the hills.

The train stopped for half an hour at Morez, and then went on to Saint-Claude. It got there just at dusk. He had sent a telegram from Dijon to the Hôtel de la Haute Montagne at Cidoton asking them to send a car down for him, because it's eleven miles and you can't always get a car in Saint-Claude. The hotel car was there to meet him, a ten-year-old one driven by the concierge, who was a diamond cutter when he wasn't working at the hotel. But Howard only found that out afterward; the man had come to the hotel since his last visit.

He took the old man's bags and put them in the back of the car, and they drove to Cidoton.

The Hôtel de la Haute Montagne is an old coaching house. It has about fifteen bedrooms, and in the season it's a skiing center. Cidoton is a tiny hamlet—fifteen or twenty cottages, no more. The hotel is the only house of any size in the place; the hills sweep down to it all around, fine slopes of pasture dotted here and there with pinewoods. It's very quiet and peaceful in Cidoton.

It was dark when they drew up at the hotel. Howard went slowly up the stone steps to the door, the concierge following behind him with the bags. The old man pushed open the heavy oak door and went into the hall. By his side, the door leading into the lounge flew open, and there was Madame Lucard, buxom and cheerful as she had been the year before, with the children round her and the maids grinning over her shoulder. Lucard himself was away with the *Chasseurs Alpins.*

They gave him a vociferous French welcome. He had not thought to find himself so well remembered, but it's not very common for English people to go deep into the Jura. They chattered at him nineteen to the dozen: Was he well? Had he made a good crossing of the *Manche?* He had stopped in Paris? And in Dijon also? That was good. It was very tiring to travel in this war. He had brought a fishing rod with him this time, instead of skis? That was good. He would take a little glass of Pernod with Madame?

And then, *Monsieur votre fils,* he was well too?

Well, they had to know. He turned away from her blindly. "Madame," he said, "my son is dead. He was killed flying above Heligoland Bight."

Howard settled down at Cidoton quite comfortably. He was a good mixer and the farmers accepted him into their company, and talked freely to him of the matters of their daily life. It may be that the loss of his son helped to break the ice.

He did not find them noticeably enthusiastic for the war.

He was not happy for the first fortnight, but he was probably happier than he would have been in London.

PRESENTLY, when the sun grew stronger, the snow went away. There was the sound of tinkling water everywhere, and bare grass showed where there had been white slopes. Then flowers began to appear and his walks had a new interest. As the snow passed, his bad dreams passed with it; the green flowering fields held no memories for him. He grew much more settled as the spring drew on.

Mrs. Cavanagh helped him, too.

He had been worried and annoyed to find an Englishwoman staying in the hotel, so far from the tourist track. He had not come to France to speak English or to think in English. For the first week he sedulously avoided her, together with her two children. He did not have to meet them.

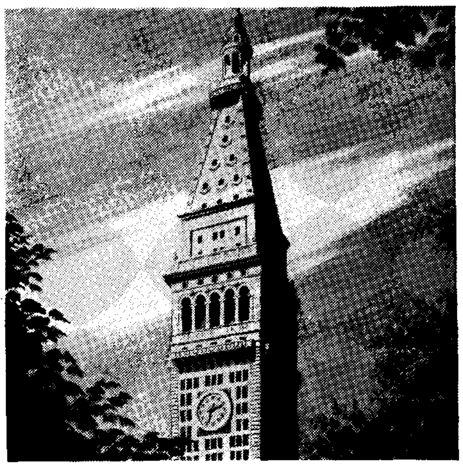
Cavanagh, they told him, was an official in the League of Nations at Geneva, not more than twenty miles away as the crow flies. He was evidently fearful of an invasion of Switzerland by the Germans, and had prudently sent his wife and children into Allied France. They had been at Cidoton for a month; each week end he motored across the border to visit them. Howard saw him the first Saturday that he was there—a sandy-haired, worried-looking man of forty-five or so.

The following week end Howard had a short talk with him. To the old solicitor, Cavanagh appeared to be oddly unpractical. He was devoted to the League of Nations.

About the war, he said: "The only failure that can be laid to the account of the League is its failure to inspire the nations with faith in its ideals. And that means propaganda. And propaganda costs money. If the nations had

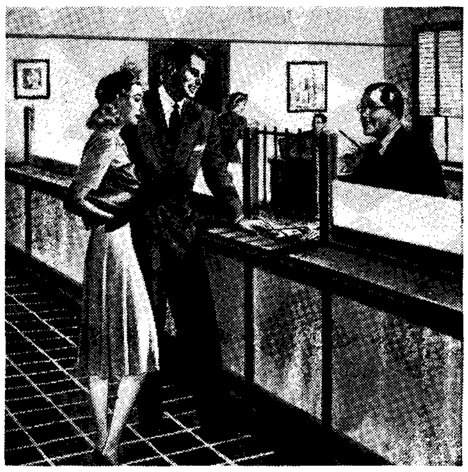
What an Agency System looks like

1. **Metropolitan Life Insurance Company** has nearly 29,000,000 policyholders in the United States and Canada. To serve these policyholders in their own localities requires a highly efficient system. The one which experience has shown to be the most effective and economical is known as the Agency System.



2. **This is the** Tower of Metropolitan's Home Office building in New York City. The headquarters for Metropolitan's Agency System are located in this building. In addition, there are two Head Offices, one in Ottawa, Canada, and the other in San Francisco.

3. **To facilitate** its field activities, Metropolitan has divided the United States and Canada into 10 geographical Territories. Each is headed by a Superintendent of Agencies who has supervision over field service to policyholders, the conservation of existing life insurance and the production of new business in his territory.



4. **This shows a typical District Office,** often called the hub of the Agency System. Territories are divided into Districts, each in charge of a manager who, in addition to his other duties, supervises the work of the agents. The District Office, with its manager, assistant managers, agents and office clerks, might be called a "service station" for policyholders in their own localities.

5. **Scenes such as this** educational meeting for Metropolitan field-men are common in District Offices. Field Training Instructors, who assist in this educational work to improve Metropolitan's service, operate from the Home and Head Offices, but in the field they work under the Superintendent of Agencies of the Territory to which they are assigned.

6. **The assistant managers** in each District, besides their office work, help to train the agents to serve existing policyholders, analyze insurance needs and sell insurance to fill those needs. They are almost constantly in the Field and try to visit, with the agents, as many policyholders as possible in the District at least once a year.

7. **Districts are divided** into smaller areas known as Debits, each in charge of an agent. He is responsible for service to the policyholders living in his Debit. The size of a Debit, as well as of a District, is the result of what experience has shown to be the most efficient operating unit in the light of local conditions.

8. **Metropolitan** has, in the United States and Canada, about 19,000 agents, 2,500 assistant managers and 850 managers, as well as 5,700 office clerks. Through them the Company maintains direct and constant contact with policyholders . . . one of the chief means of seeing that Metropolitan policyholders are served faithfully and well.

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This is Number 43 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

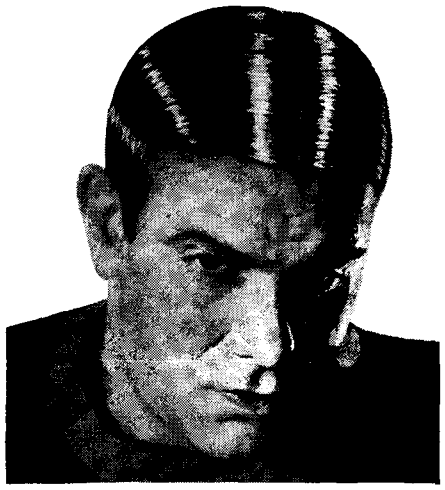
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

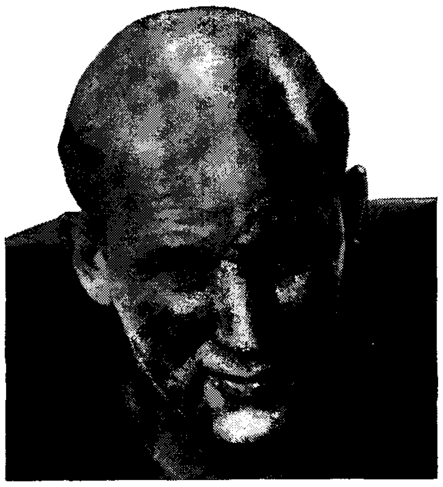
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

HEAD-WORK WINS ~~G~~DAME

"FUZZY" scored on the field, but he couldn't "score" with Betty. Constant water-soaking had washed the natural oils out of his hair, left it dry, wild, unruly. KREML could keep his hair *neatly* groomed, remove loose dandruff scales, relieve that itchy scalp.



"SLICKER" completed three passes, yet Betty completely passed him up. The unsightly goo he plasters on his hair clogs vital scalp pores, gives him a "gigolo" look. KREML would leave his hair lustrous, soft, *and* greaseless.



"CURLY" shines in the backfield... but so does the top of his head. Too much water and grease "threw his hair for a loss." KREML—when used in time—checks excessive falling hair, helps maintain a proper oil balance.

THE WINNER! He doesn't make many touchdowns, but his KREML-groomed hair "goes over" big with Betty. The daily use of KREML and massage brings out the *natural* best in hair. Let KREML put *your* hair on the "winning side."

Ladies! Kreml keeps coiffures lovely, lustrous. Conditions your hair both *before* and *after* permanents.

Hair-care Combination: Kreml Hair Tonic *and* gentle Kreml Shampoo (made from an 80% olive oil base) that cleanses thoroughly, leaves your hair more manageable. *Get BOTH at your favorite drug counter.*

DON'T USE WATER USE
KREML
REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

spent upon the League one tenth of what they have spent in armaments, there would have been no war."

After half an hour of this, old Howard came to the conclusion that Mr. Cavanagh was a tedious fellow. He bore with him from a natural politeness, and because the man was evidently genuine, but he made his escape as soon as he decently could. The extent of his sincerity was not made plain to Howard till the day he met Mrs. Cavanagh in the woods, and walked a mile back to the hotel with her.

He found her a devoted echo of her man. "Eustace would never leave the League," she said. "Even if the Germans were to enter Switzerland, he'd never leave Geneva. There's still such great work to be done."

The old man looked at her over his spectacles. "But would the Germans let him go on doing it if they got into Switzerland?"

"Why, of course they would," she said. "The League is international. I know, of course, that Germany is no longer a member of the League. But she appreciates our nonpolitical activities. The League prides itself that it could function equally well in any country, or under any government. If it could not do that, it couldn't be said to be truly international, could it?"

"No," said Howard, "I suppose it couldn't."

THEY walked on for a few steps in silence. "But if Geneva really were invaded by the Germans," he said at last, "would your husband stay there?"

"Of course. It would be very disloyal if he didn't." She paused, and then she said, "That's why he sent me out here with the children, into France."

She explained to him that they had no ties in England. For ten years they had lived in Geneva; both children had been born there. In that time they had seldom returned to England, even on holiday.

He left her at the entrance to the hotel, but next day at luncheon she smiled at him when he came into the room, and asked him if he had enjoyed his walk.

"I went as far as the Pointe des Neiges," he said courteously. "It was delightful up there this morning, quite delightful."

After that they often passed a word or two together, and he fell into the habit of sitting with her for a quarter of an hour each evening after dinner in the salon, drinking a cup of coffee. He got to know the children too.

There were two of them. Ronald was a dark-haired little boy of eight, whose toy train littered the floor of the salon with its tin lines. He was mechanical, and would stand fascinated at the garage door while the concierge labored to induce ten-year-old spark plugs to fire the mixture in the ten-year-old car. Old Howard came up behind him once.

"Could you drive a car like that?" he asked gently.

"*Mais oui—c'est facile, ça.*" French came more easily to this little boy than English. "You climb up in the seat and steer with the wheel."

"But could you start it?"

"You just push the button, *et elle va.* That's the 'lectric starter." He pointed to the knob.

"That's right. But it would be a very big car for you to manage."

The child said, "Big cars are easier to drive than little ones. Have you got a car?"

Howard shook his head. "Not now. I used to have one."

"What sort was it?"

The old man looked down helplessly. "I really forget," he said.

Ronald looked up at him, incredulous. "Don't you *remember?*"

But Howard couldn't.

The other child was Sheila, just five years old. Her drawings littered the floor of the salon; for the moment her life was filled with a passion for colored chalks. Once as Howard came downstairs he found her sitting in a heap upon the landing at a turn of the staircase, drawing industriously on the flyleaf of a book. The first tread of the flight served as a desk.

He stooped down by her. "What are you drawing?"

She did not answer.

"Won't you show me?" he said. And then, "The chalks are lovely colors."

He knelt down rheumatically upon one knee. "It looks like a lady."

She looked up at him. "Lady with a dog," she said.

"Where's the dog?" He looked at the smudged pastel streaks.

She was silent. "Shall I draw the dog, walking behind on a lead?" he said.

She nodded vigorously. Howard bent to his task, his knees aching. But his hand had lost whatever cunning it might once have had, and his dog became a pig.

Sheila said, "Ladies don't take pigs for a walk."

His ready wit had not deserted the solicitor.

"This one did," he said. "This is the little pig that went to market."

The child pondered this. "Draw the little pig that stayed home," she said, "and the little piggy eating roast beef." But Howard's knees would stand no more of it. He stumbled to his feet. "I'll do that for you tomorrow."

It was only at that stage he realized that his picture of the lady leading a pig embellished the flyleaf of A Child's Life of Jesus.

He got to know the children slightly after that and passed the time of day with them whenever he met them alone. He used to sit and watch them playing in the garden underneath the pine trees sometimes, mysterious games that he would have liked to have known about, that touched dim chords of memory sixty years back.

As the sun grew warmer and the grass drier he took to sitting out in the garden after luncheon for half an hour, in a deck chair. He listened to the news from time to time in a detached manner, without great interest. Presently fishing would begin; the snow was gone from the low levels and the mountain streams were running less violently each day.

THE retreat from Brussels did not interest him much; it had all happened before. He got his first great shock when Leopold, King of the Belgians, laid down his arms upon the 29th of May. That had not happened in the last war, and it upset him.

But on that day nothing could upset him for very long. He was going fishing for the first time next morning, and the evening was occupied in sorting out his gear, soaking his casts and selecting flies. He walked six miles next day and caught three blue trout. He got back tired and happy at about six o'clock, had dinner, and went up immediately to bed. In that way he missed the first radio broadcasts of the evacuation of Dunkirk.

Next day he was jerked finally from his complacence. He sat by the radio in the *estaminet* for most of the day, distressed and worried. The gallant retreat from the beaches stirred him as nothing had for months; for the first time he began to feel a desire to return to England. He knew that if he went, there would be nothing for him to do, but he wanted to be back. Cidoton irked him with its rustic indifference to the war.

By June the 4th the last forces had

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An interesting new booklet on wine serving is available now. Your copy will be mailed free, if you will write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The Board represents every wine grower in California.

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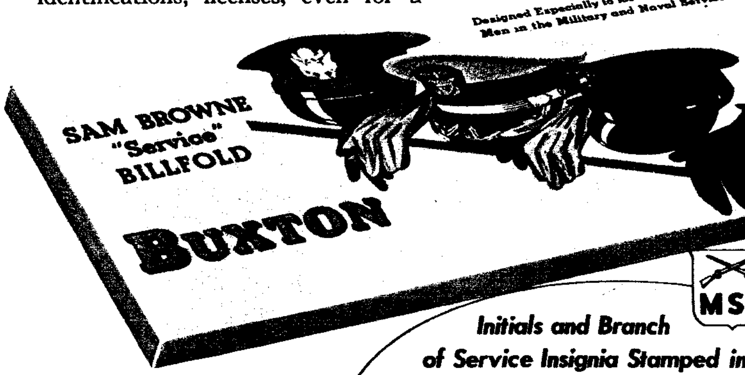
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left Dunkirk, Paris had had its one and only air raid, and Howard had made up his mind. He admitted as much that night to Mrs. Cavanagh.

"I don't like the look of things at all," he said. "Not at all. I think I shall go home. At a time like this, a man's place is in his own country."

She looked at him, startled. "But surely, you're not afraid that the Germans will come here, Mr. Howard?"

"No," he said, "they won't get much farther than they are now. But at the same time, I think I shall go home." He paused, and then he said a little wistfully, "I might be able to get into the A.R.P."

She knitted on quietly. "I shall miss having you to talk to in the evenings," she said. "The children will miss you, too."

"It has been a great pleasure to have known them," he said. "I shall miss them."

ON THE ninth of June, Cavanagh appeared, having driven unexpectedly from Geneva in his little car. He seemed more worried and distrait than usual, and vanished into the bedroom with his wife. The children were sent out to play in the garden.

An hour later he tapped upon the door of Howard's bedroom. The old man had been reading in a chair and had dropped asleep, the book idle on his lap. He woke at the second tap, settled his spectacles, and said, "Come in."

He stared with surprise at his visitor, and got up. "This is a great pleasure," he said formally. "But what brings you out here in the middle of the week? Have you got a holiday?"

Cavanagh seemed a little dashed. "I've taken a day off," he said after a moment. "May I come in?"

"By all means." The old man bustled round and cleared a heap of books from the only other chair in the room. Then he offered his guest a cigarette. "Won't you sit down?"

The other sat down diffidently. "What do you think of the war?" he asked.

Howard said, "I think it very serious. I don't like the news at all."

"Nor do I. I hear you're going home."

"Yes, I'm going back to England. I feel that at a time like this my place is there."

There was a short silence. Then Cavanagh said, "In Geneva we think that Switzerland will be invaded."

There was a pause. Then Howard said, "If that happened, what would you do?"

The little sandy-haired man from Geneva got up and walked over to the window. He stood for a moment looking out over the meadows and the pinewoods. Then he turned back into the room. "I should have to stay in Geneva," he said. "I've got my work to do."

"Would that be very—wise?"

"No," said Cavanagh frankly. "But it's what I have made up my mind to do."

He came back and sat down again. "I've been talking it over with Felicity," he said. "I've got to stay there. Even in German occupation there would still be work for us to do. It's not going to be pleasant. It's not going to be profitable. But it's going to be worth doing."

"Would the Germans allow the League to function at all?"

"We have positive assurances that they will."

"What does your wife think about it?" asked Howard.

"She thinks that it's the proper thing to do. She wants to come back to Geneva with me."

"Oh . . ."

The other turned to him. "It's really about that that I looked in to see you," he said. "We were thinking—Felicity was wondering . . . if you could possibly take the children back to England with you, when you go?"

He went on hurriedly, before Howard could speak: "It's only just to take them to my sister's house in Oxford, up on Boars Hill. As a matter of fact, I could send her a telegram and she could meet you at Southampton with the car, and drive them straight to Oxford. It's asking an awful lot, I'm afraid. If you feel you couldn't manage it . . . we'll understand."

Howard stared at him. "My dear chap," he said, "I shall be only too glad to do anything I can to help."

"Then you'll take them?"

"Of course I will, if that's what you want me to do."

Cavanagh went away to tell his wife, leaving the old man in a flutter. He had planned to stay in Dijon and in Paris for a night as he had done on the way out; it now seemed to him that it would be wiser if he were to travel straight through to Calais. Actually it meant no changes in his arrangements to do that, because he had booked no rooms and taken no tickets. The changes were in his plans; he had to get accustomed to the new idea.

Could he manage the two children by himself, or would it be wiser to engage a village girl from Cidoton to travel with them as far as Calais to act as a nursemaid? He did not know if a girl could be found to come with them. Perhaps Madame Lucard would know somebody . . .

It was only later that he realized that Calais was in German hands, and that his best route across the Channel would be by way of St. Malo to Southampton.

He came down presently, and met Felicity Cavanagh in the salon. She caught his hand. "It's so very, very kind of you to do this for us," she said. It seemed to him that she had been crying a little.

"Not in the least," he said. "I shall enjoy having them as traveling companions."

She smiled. "I've just told them. They're simply thrilled. They're terribly excited to be going home with you." It was the first time that he had heard her speak of England as home.

He broached the matter of a girl to her, and they went together to see Madame Lucard. But Cidoton proved to be incapable of producing anybody willing to go with them to St. Malo, or even as far as Paris. "It doesn't matter in the least," said Howard. "After all, we shall be home in twenty-four hours. I'm sure we shall get on famously together."

THE leave-taking, the next morning, was short and awkward. Howard had said everything that there was to say to the Cavanaghs, and the children were eager to climb into the car. It meant nothing to them that they were leaving their mother, possibly for years; the delicious prospect of a long drive to Saint-Claude and a day and a night in a real train with a steam engine filled their minds. Their father and mother kissed them, awkward and red-faced, but the meaning of the parting escaped the children altogether. Howard stood by, embarrassed.

Mrs. Cavanagh muttered, "Goodby, my darlings," and turned away.

Ronald said, "May I sit by the driver?"

Sheila said, "I want to sit by the driver, too."

Howard stepped forward. "You're both going to sit behind with me." He bundled them into the back of the car. Then he turned back to their mother. "They're very happy," he said gently. "That's the main thing, after all."

He got into the car; it moved off down the road, and that miserable business was all over.

(To be continued next week)

Child Prodigy

Continued from page 19

conscience and then dialed a number with a practiced flourish.

"Ed? Jim Marlowe. Ten on Sunshine Lady's nose in the sixth. That's right." . . .

Sweet Marjorie had saved a booth and was waiting, her blue eyes shining. She squeezed his hand and brushed her shoulder against his.

"Do you know what I did last night?" she asked breathlessly.

"What?" *Tell her,* he cautioned himself. *Don't start right out being a heel.*

"I worked out our budget!" Triumphantly, she produced a new notebook. "Everything's in it!"

It was all there in black and white. Food. Insurance. Car installments. Clothes. Doctor. Savings. Incidentals. . . .

"And we'll have six dollars a week for spending money!" She was so ecstatic she didn't see him wince. "I'm so happy! Everyone likes you. Even Roger. And Mother . . ." she broke off, blushing.

Jim looked up at her, sheepishly. "What'd *she* say?"

Marjorie's long lashes brushed her flaming cheeks. "She said it was about time some good, red blood was coming into the family."

AFTER dinner that night, while Marjorie helped her mother with the dishes, Happy Jim maneuvered Roger upstairs. The recriminations which had made his afternoon a living hell were gone. In his vest pocket was a seventy-five-dollar engagement ring: Sunshine Lady had romped home, paying fifteen-sixty for two. There was no reason for a man to feel guilty over a good, sound investment like that.

The child prodigy's desk was littered with work sheets and the racing form was worn with use. Roger snapped on the light, blinked a moment and then, absorbed, sat down and picked up his pencil. Jim tapped him on the shoulder.

"You re wasting your time, Roger." He snapped a form sheet from his pocket. "Here. Here's *tomorrow's* program."

Roger paused to polish his glasses. "Just before you came," he said, "I did work out the other races. And you know what?"

"What?" Happy Jim waited confidently.

"The horses that were supposed to win the fifth and seventh races didn't. But I'm developing a formula. These racing forms aren't really complete."

Happy Jim wet his lips. "You can find a formula that will work *every* time?"

Roger blinked. "Of course. You can do anything with mathematics."

Jim sat down on the bed. "Go right ahead. Don't mind me. I'll just sit around quietly and watch."

"You don't understand," the boy said. "This would take a couple of months at least—even if I had the time to give to it, which I don't. I was just playing with the idea, today."

"Playing with it?" Jim sat bolt upright on the edge of the bed. "Roger, you wouldn't *play* with a thing like this!"

Roger yawned. He rubbed his head. "I'm tired. I think I'll go to bed."

"Jim?"

It was Sweet Marjorie, halfway up the stairs.

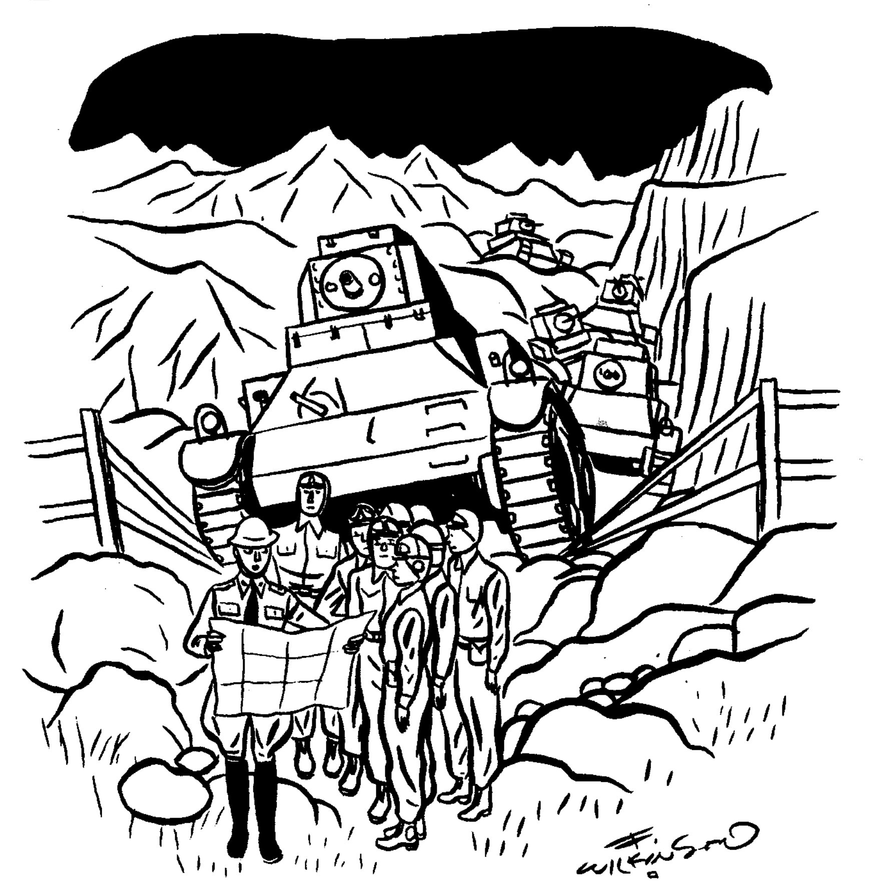
Jim moved to the hall door, then turned and eyed Roger sternly. "Better work that formula out, kid," he said, and turned to meet Marjorie.

It wasn't until they were parked on the bluff overlooking Devil's Gate Dam that Jim produced the ring. Marjorie gasped and looked up at him, incredulously.

"But Jim, darling! The budget!"

He pressed his finger against her lips. "Fortunately, the budget didn't take into consideration my investments."

Perplexity etched a delicate frown



"Better take it easy, men, there's a nasty stretch of paved highway ahead!"

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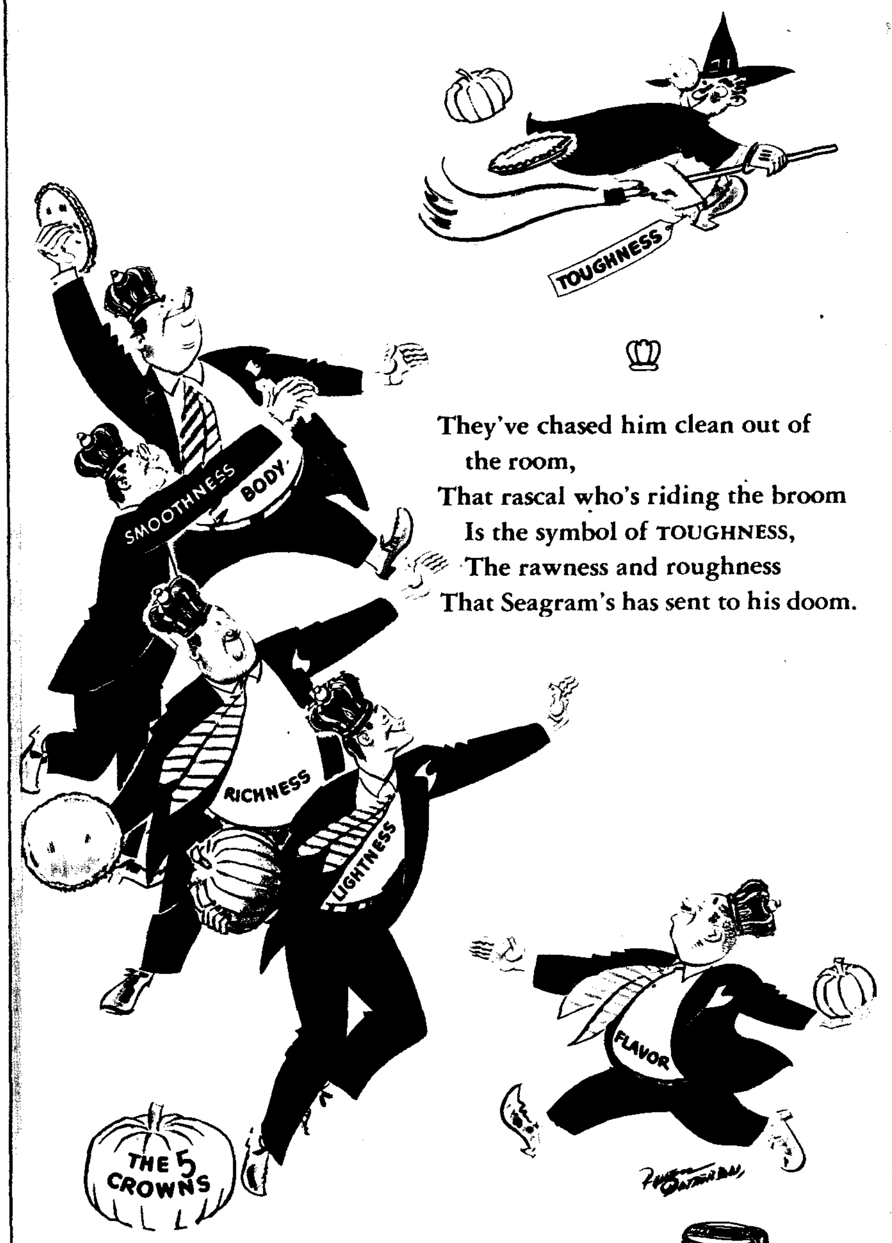

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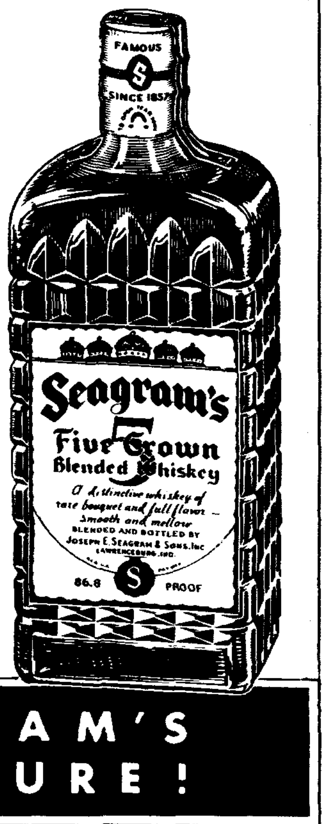

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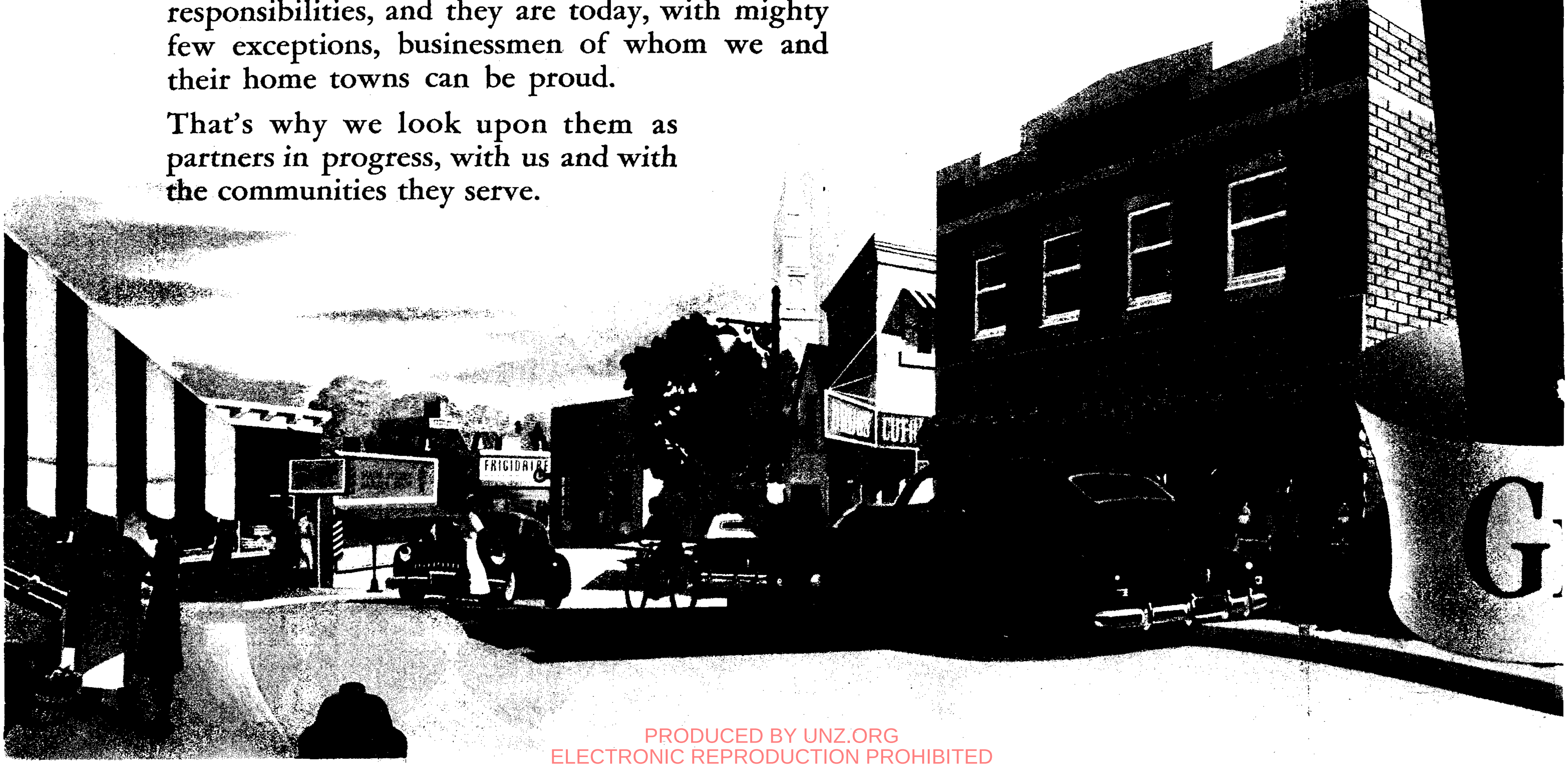

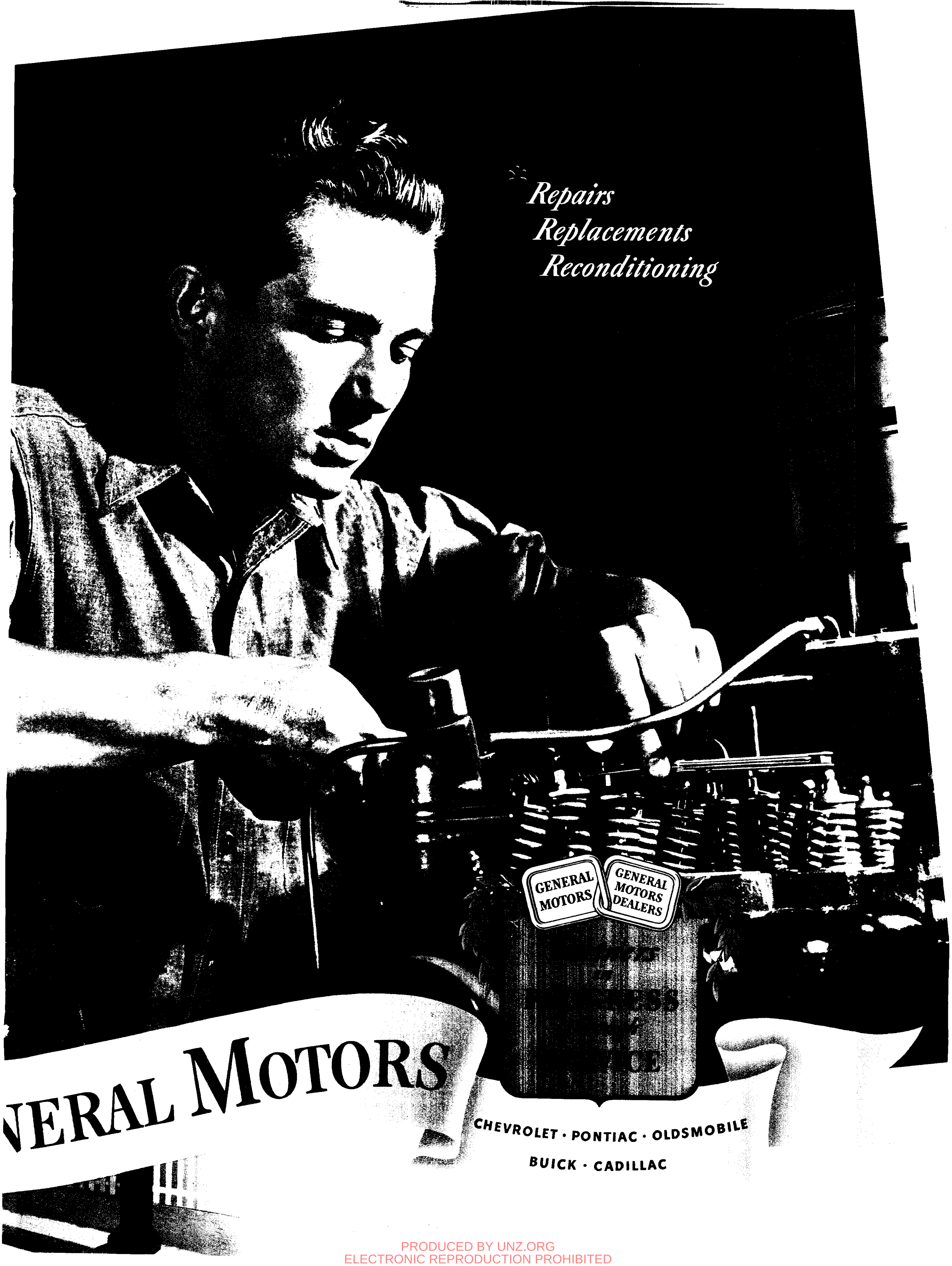
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between her eyes. "Investments? What investments?"

"For a number of years I have been contributing to an institution which is just now beginning to pay dividends," he said, giving Truth a reckless handling.

The diamond sparkled in the moonlight. When she looked up there was adoration in her glistening eyes. "It's so lovely, Jim!"

Tears came to his own eyes as he stroked her shining hair. *Shall I give it up. Shall I turn over a new leaf for Marjorie?*

He had almost convinced himself that he should make the sacrifice by the time he phoned in his story of a Los Angeles murder trial the next noon. The switchboard operator, however, informed him that little Roger Curtis had called, leaving a list of horses for Happy Jim. Was she to give them to his bookmaker?

While the girl held the wire, he had it out with himself. Gambling was out—definitely—but to miss taking advantage of a safe, scientific method of making money would be sheer idiocy.

"Give 'em to Ed," he said.

When he dragged in that evening, weary with life and disgusted with justice, the telephone girl greeted him with the astonishing news that his bookmaker owed him one hundred forty-one dollars and sixty cents.

His heart was light and gay when he parked before the Curtis dwelling that evening. He took the front steps in a single stride and gave the doorbell the old one-two. Roger opened the door and stood in the hall, blinking nervously. Jim handed him his hat and stepped inside.

"How's every little thing?"

"Very bad." Roger shifted his feet uneasily. "I don't think you'd better come in, tonight."

"You don't mean that Marjorie knows?"

Roger nodded, avoiding Jim's look. "I asked a professor some questions and he got in touch with Mother and she mentioned it at the dinner table and . . ."

Happy Jim wet his lips. "Where are they all?"

"The folks went to a movie. Marjorie's in there," Roger jerked his head toward the living room, "reading a book—upside down."

"NOW that you're here," came Marjorie's vibrant voice, "you might as well come in. I've something to say to you!"

There was quite a bit of it. She mentioned honor and deceit, and gambling, and the budget—*if* there was going to be a budget—the leading astray of children and the misapplication of talent—oh, a number of things. When she was through Happy Jim bent down and kissed her. The time had come to make her understand.

"I haven't failed you, Sweet Marjorie. With Roger doing the doping, this isn't gambling. It's a business. An upright, honest, out-of-doors business. Filled with thrills and excitement—the Sport of Kings . . ."

The blue eyes grew sardonic.

Happy Jim dropped his arm around Roger's thin shoulders in a brotherly embrace.

"For the first time in the history of this magnificent sport, a wager on the outcome of a race has ceased to be a gamble and become an investment." He beamed down at Roger. "See it as I do, Sweet Marjorie. Because of your brother's genius, a two-dollar investment becomes a refrigerator, or a gas stove, or a davenport—or a bassinet!" Passion crept into Jim's voice. "Is it fair to ourselves—is it fair to—to posterity," he cried, "if we turn our backs on a sure thing because of some old-fashioned moral principle?"

There was considerably more—he had never talked so brilliantly. During the course of the speech, Marjorie's eyes softened. He knelt beside her and, finally, gently asked:

"Sweet Marjorie: have you ever *seen* a horse race?" When she shook her blond head, Jim went on, swiftly, softly. "You are much too fine a person to condemn a sport you have never seen," he said. "Tomorrow, you and Roger and I shall go out and watch them run. Tomorrow you will feel what I feel. . . ."

Her lovely lips raised to meet his: she melted against him.

Love is the only way you could possibly explain it.

THEY pushed through the gates of Santa Anita with fifteen thousand other people and when Marjorie, her arm in Jim's, stepped from the clubhouse to the sheltered veranda, she gasped. Across the track, the sun-soaked infield glowed with flowers. Beyond the backstretch the rolling hillside was covered with scrub oaks, beneath which cattle placidly grazed. Farther in the distance, the blue-tinted Sierra Madres lifted gracefully up into a cloudless sky.

"Oh!" she whispered. "It's beautiful!"

Now, definitely, was the moment. Happy Jim explained that since they were here they would wager as other people did. At the end of the day, Marjorie would agree with him that doing it his way, with Roger's help, it was not gambling but an exciting, yet stable business venture.

She was wonderful. "The smooth way you put it makes it sound as innocuous as a gumdrop. If it *is* a business," she added with sly humor, "I'll expect you to win, every time."

He dampened his lips over the sharpness of the proposition. "No margin for error?"

"No margin for error."

A red-coated bugler sent his clear notes into the balmy air. Jim eyed the horses filing onto the track.

"As long as this first race is for maiden three-year-olds and only three furlongs," he suggested, "maybe we'd better skip it?"

Roger blinked at his work sheets. "Why, nothing but Clearup can possibly win."

"Besides," Marjorie smiled at Jim, "business is business."

He grinned and went off to place his bet. The barrier was sprung just after he received his ticket and by the time he had reached the veranda, the race was over. Roger was pop-eyed.

"He won!" he shouted as Jim came up. "*Way* ahead!"

Happy Jim beamed at Marjorie. "That was the refrigerator," he said. "What would you like from the next race, a stove?"

Weatherby, a horse with an exceptionally long neck, which he didn't need because he won handily, delivered the stove. The third race was won by Even Baby, but since he was an odds-on favorite it was the place horse, Merry Mary, which brought in the money for the davenport. Flyaway, in the fourth, came through with a dining-room set and enough extra for a T-cushion club chair. Jim came back from the windows after the fifth race and put a staggering roll of bills into Marjorie's shaking hands.

"There, Sweet Marjorie, is the bedroom set. Like it?"

She stared at the money and bit her lips. "It isn't right!"

He gently put his hand on her shoulder. "A nice, clean business," he said. "Now, let's go and watch the horses being saddled for the next race. Who do we have to win that, Roger, my cooky?"

Roger's bright eyes ran lovingly over his figures. "Powerful Katrinka," he answered and fell into step behind them.

While they were standing at the paddock rail, Happy Jim felt a wild surge of excitement. "Marjorie," he cried, "we've been wasting time. We've been small potatoes! Let us put the stove and the refrigerator and the bedroom set and the dining-room set—let's put it all on the next race and get the house!"

Sweet Marjorie was mesmerized. She was oblivious to everything but Happy Jim.

"All right," her red lips said. "Oh, Jim!"

Roger had moved away. He was crouched below the top rail, his bright eyes flicking nervously back and forth between the long neck on Ebony Marvel and the handsome, powerful legs belonging to Whirling Dynamo. The horses moved out of the paddock on their parade to the track. Roger followed them, wetting his lips anxiously. Happy Jim caught him by the shoulder.

"Who is it again that's going to win the house for Sweet Marjorie?"

Roger hesitated. "Whirling Dynamo," he finally said.

Happy Jim blew a kiss to Marjorie. "You see," he cried. "As simple as that!"

WHIRLING DYNAMO ran an excellent race. He was off first, his great legs beating down the challenge of a thundering gray as they went into the backstretch. He led Ebony Marvel by a good half length when they plunged into the last turn. But Powerful Katrinka sneaked through on the inside and crossed the finish line three lengths in the lead and going away.

Happy Jim stared at the results on the totalizator board. He turned to Roger. "We didn't win."

Roger shook his head. He ripped his work sheets into tiny pieces and let them dribble through his fingers like snow.

"Something wrong with the system?" Jim asked.

Roger looked up, a broken, heartsick wonder boy. "The human element," he gasped. "I talked myself out of it. I let Whirling Dynamo's legs get the better of my *figures!*" The horror in his thin voice was impressive.

Happy Jim took the bony shoulders in both hands. "But we can work out the *true* formula, Roger. We can work it out with the human element included and we'll *never* lose another race!"

But Roger only shook his head. "No," he said bitterly. "I'm through!"

"Jim."

For a moment he had forgotten Sweet Marjorie. He turned to see her ashen face lifted up to him, the Bermuda eyes glistening pools, her lips quivering.

"The furniture . . . my new stove . . ."

Perspiration stood out on Jim's brow. "Darling—all we lost was the first twenty dollars. Don't you see that, Sweet Marjorie? All we lost was . . ."

"Was my house." She choked up and two tears slipped down her pale cheeks.

Happy Jim slipped his hands under her arms. "But, darling," he said, "we almost made it. Even the best of businesses sometimes go sour. Just think: when Roger works out the real formula—with the human element included . . ."

"No." Roger, at his elbow, spoke up with piping vigor. "I'm all through! I'm going back to the model of the structure of the atom. I don't know what I've been thinking about!"

"Roger, my cooky . . ."

Roger's eyes suddenly gleamed balefully. "I'm not your cooky," he said. "You've been wasting my time. I've been getting behind in my homework!"

Sweet Marjorie spoke up swiftly: "But, Roger, honey—you've got to help us get back the house!"

Roger moved irritably away from her. "I don't have to," he cried. "I don't have to do anything! It isn't scientific!" The boy's disgust with the whole affair was patent.

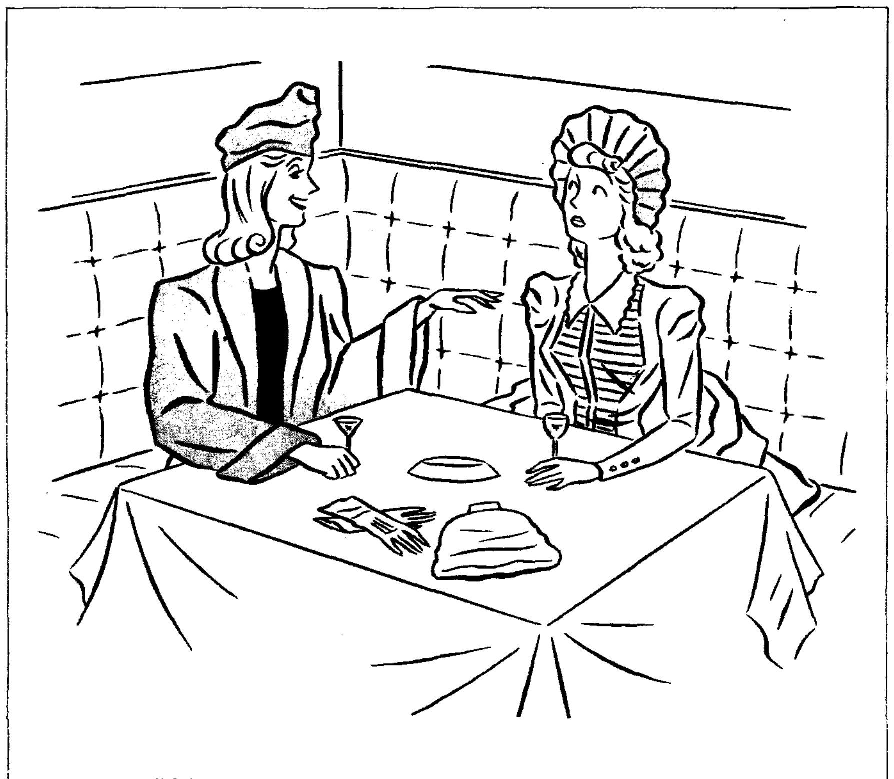
"You wouldn't even help your own sister?" Jim chided.

Roger glared scornfully at Happy Jim. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "You can add, can't you?"

THE Pasadena Call's librarian dumped the books on Jim's desk.

"There you are, Happy Jim. Trigonometry. Solid Geometry. The Psychology of the Individual." The man leaned against the desk and leered. "Funny collection for a guy to be takin' on his honeymoon."

Happy Jim gathered the books into his arms. He scowled up at the librarian. "Anything a fourteen-year-old kid can do, Happy Jim Marlowe can also do—and don't you forget it!" He stood up suddenly and bent belligerently over the desk. "And what difference does it make to *you* what I do on my honeymoon?"



"Of course I wouldn't talk about her unless I could say something good—and, boy, is this good!"

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TODAY, as you've probably read in newspapers and magazines, there's a *new idea*—of what to do to meet special strain. A *scientific idea* of how to build up increased vitality—the idea that people under special strain need *special food*—in addition to the normal diet—*to be at their best!*

All this may be news to the public, but it is old to Ovaltine. For more than 20 years, Ovaltine has pioneered in preaching the need of special supplementary food, for those who want to be really fit.

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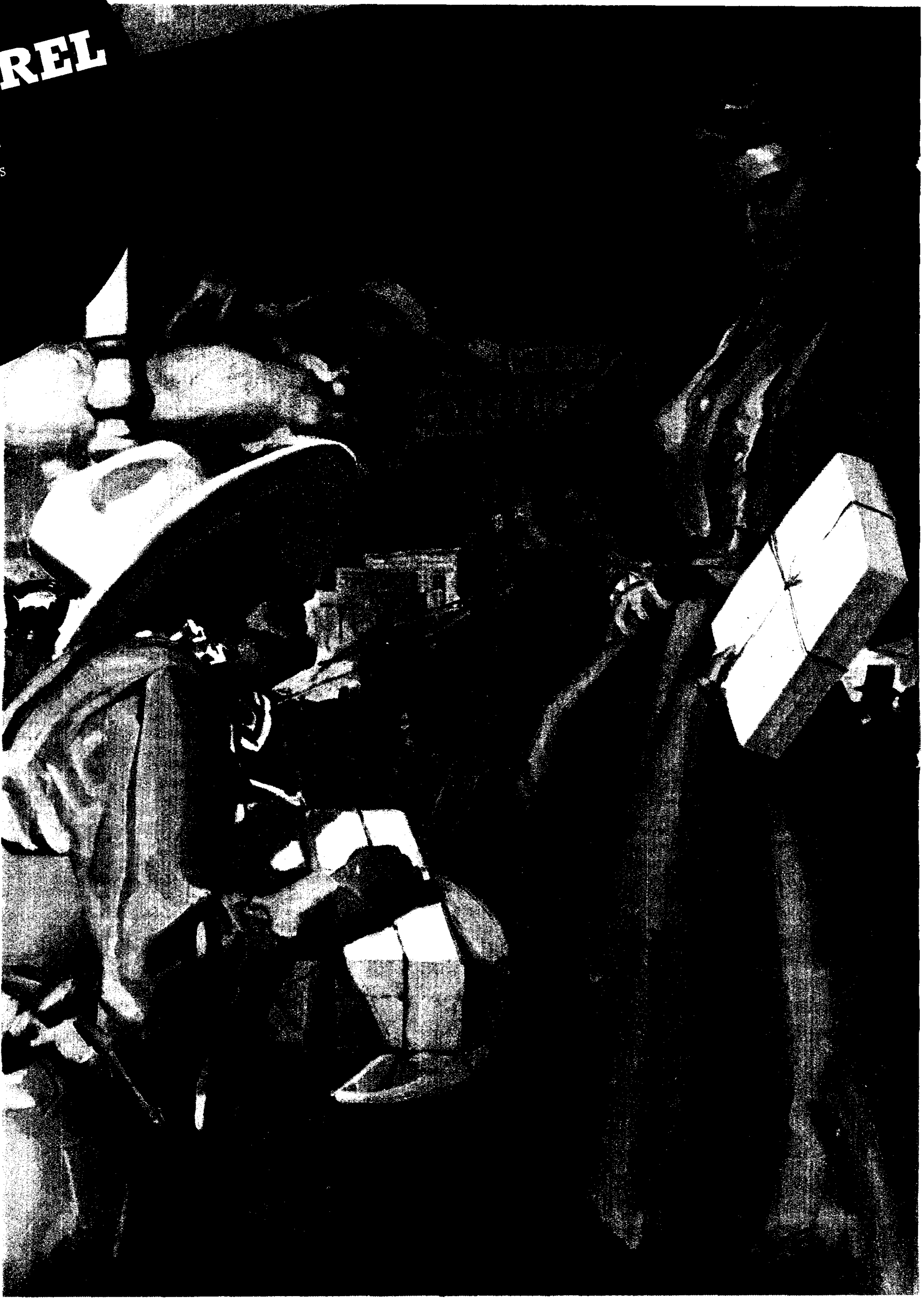
THE QUARREL

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



Van Horn turned to the girl and said: "Where do I carry this for you?" The liveliness had gone from her face and she watched him with the deepest and most solemn attention

Before the day was out two men would meet, and one of them would die. She would go to the dance that night if the right one lived to escort her

JIM VAN HORN left his ranch in the Yellow Hills before daylight Saturday, reaching Two Dance by ten in the morning. Even then the town had begun to fill with cattlemen and riders from the roundabout country. Homesteaders' wagons were parked under the courthouse cottonwoods, and a sign on the Oddfellows Hall said, "Dance Tonight," and a traveling dentist had set up his portable chair at the corner of Arapaho and Custer streets. Slats McGinn and Charley Engleman were standing in front of Donlake's store; he wigwagged at them and turned into Menefee's stable to leave his horse.

As he came out afoot he noticed Drake Purple riding full tilt down the street, but he thought nothing of it until Purple yelled at him and charged through the stable's archway. Van Horn avoided being run down by a quick side jump and a slow irritation stirred in him as he crossed the street and joined McGinn and Engleman. Both these men laid their usual cheerful insults upon him, as old friends will do, and he parried in kind and the three had about decided on a drink when Purple crossed from Menefee's. Slats McGinn happened to be speaking, but Purple, who never bothered about manners, broke in with his stiff, blunt voice:

"You're all a dry-looking lot."

"That subject," rejoined McGinn, "has been discussed and shortly the complaint will be taken in hand."

"In order to give this crowd some reputation for honesty," said Purple in his pushing way, "I'll string along." He meanwhile took time to fabricate himself a cigarette. He was a short, heavy figure stained half-black by the sun, with meaty, weather-cracked lips and heavy white teeth and a pair of stone-colored eyes, which even in the man's lightest moments were strong with bold self-will. He said to Van Horn, "Haven't seen much of you."

"Been working over near the reservation all summer."

"Bring back any Indian beef?"

"Couldn't steal a thing," said Van Horn, smiling.

Drake Purple swiped the cigarette with his tongue. "Now that you have lied like a gentleman, let's go get the drink."

There was a malice in Purple always close to the surface; he had no gift in getting along with other people and his record was one of sudden quarrels and long-continued contentions. From most men the remark would have gone unnoticed, but from this rough-tongued owner of the Broken Bell outfit it was something that jarred the indolent ease of the others, producing immediate reserve. Van Horn ceased to smile; he gave Drake Purple a straight, searching glance and he obviously took a good deal of care with his reply, finally saying, "As for honesty, you would scarcely be a competent judge, Drake."

He had framed his remark to suit the other man's humor; if Purple had intended to crowd him, he would crowd back. Purple could take it or he could leave it, and meanwhile he continued to watch Purple with an inexpressive reserve. He had his answer soon enough: A red stain moved up Drake Purple's neck and spread into the mahogany darkness of his skin. The muscles of his jaws bunched and he drew in a breath of wind and he seemed on the verge of expressing it; but instead he cast a furious glance at the three men before him, dashed his cigarette to the ground and wheeled away.

Neither McGinn nor Charley Engleman commented on the scene. It was Van Horn's quarrel and therefore the general etiquette of the situation indicated that they remain silent. It might blow over or it might be serious. Meanwhile, Van Horn thoughtfully watched Purple move up the street and pause by Orv Ghent, who was a rider of questionable morals, and at last go into Corbin's saloon. Van Horn shrugged his

(Continued on page 66)

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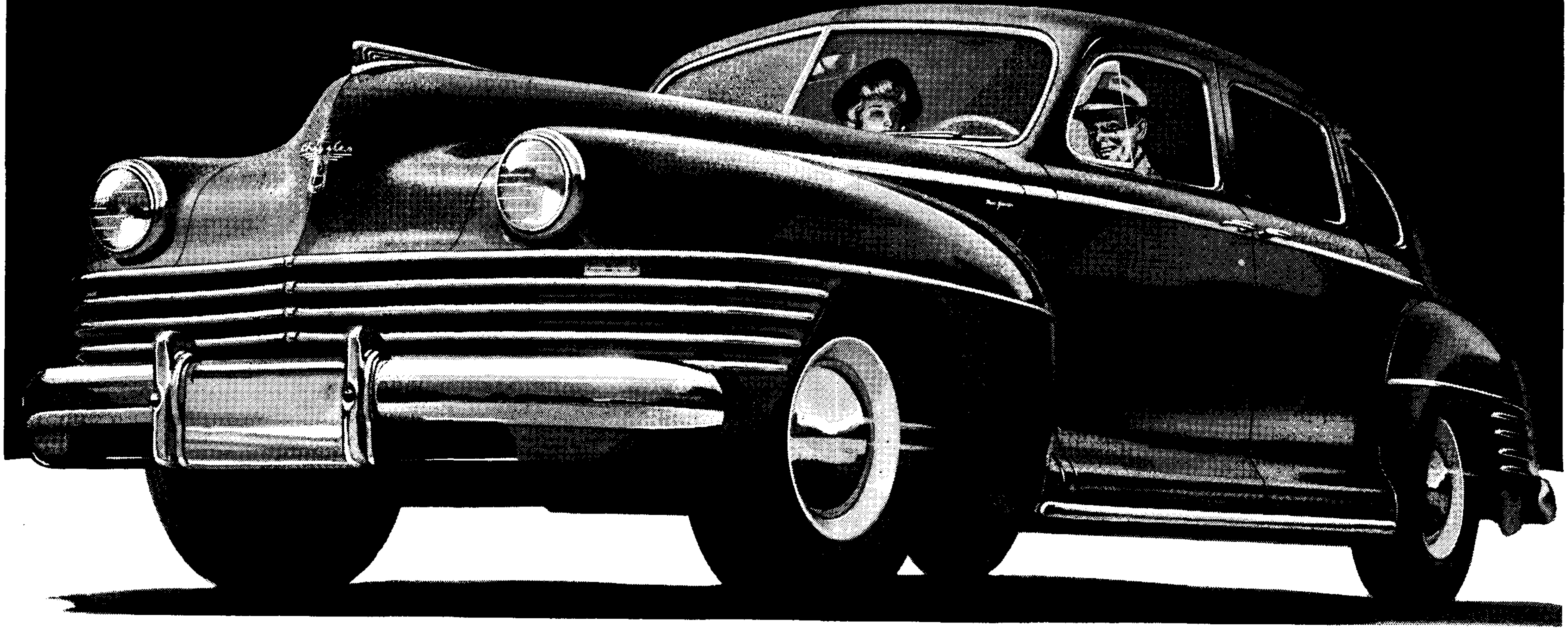

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One-Night Tour

Continued from page 22

Three hundred and seventy-five miles to make tonight and tomorrow. To Norfolk, Virginia. The bus careened around curves, snapping your neck awake if you tried to sleep. It swung in and out of traffic, passing slower vehicles. Time to make. The men sat in the bus talking slowly and in murmuring tones. They were too worn for laughing or shouting. All the laughing and shouting was in the instruments. . . . Dorothy Claire had a make-up kit on her lap. She was slapping cold cream on her face, wiping make-up off with tissues.

Palmer and Dick Farrell, the drummer, talked about some girls they knew in Norfolk, Virginia. Johnny Martell, one of the best solo trumpeters in the business, rubbed unguent on his upper lip where a small sore had developed; lip sores are the occupational disease of a trumpeter. Byrne, given a double seat for himself according to the leader's prerogative, placed a blinder over his eyes. Then he twisted himself into an S and tried to sleep. Bob MacDonald, third trumpeter, sat in a back seat and looked quite depressed. Abe Siegel, bassist, yelled for an aspirin. The bus roared louder as it turned out of a mountain road and merged into Route 113 . . . "This is the last one-nighter for me," mused MacDonald aloud. "I'll be in the Army pretty quickly. I hope they put me into one of those Army dance bands. What'll happen to me if I can't practice? I used to hate one-nighters like hell, but now it feels good, even staying up in a bus all night feels fine. I wish this tour could go on forever. Suppose they don't let me touch a horn for two years?"

It's All Okay with Tony

Tony Faso, second trumpet and the youngest member of the band, leaned across the aisle and slapped MacDonald on the shoulder. "Solid, solid," he said happily. For Faso, a seventeen-year-old boy from Brooklyn, it was the first one-night tour, the first job with a big band. Faso used to play in a parochial brass band at the Church of Our Lady of Hope in Brooklyn. A few months ago he was "discovered" when he sat in on a Sunday-afternoon jam session at the Hickory House on 52d Street. Tony has the drive, hoarse vibrato and imagination of the born swingster. He plays every note on his trumpet as if he had only one more note to play. He is loud and raucous and his notes drive into your body like hypodermic needles.

Tony had never been away from Brooklyn before. He was thrilled by everything on the trip, the tobacco plants growing in Carolina, the hot rolls served at breakfast, the barefoot farm kids. "It's a big country," he says, staring out of the window as the bus rolled toward Philadelphia. Miss Claire, finished with her toilet, tied a bandanna around her head and tried to compose herself for sleep. MacDonald joined Palmer and Farrell in the discussion about girls. Byrne sat up abruptly and said, "Where are we? Why can't I learn to sleep on busses?" Nobody laughed. In the back of the bus, Siegel, Matthews, Skinner, Usifer and Martell started gossiping about music. In the night, when the bus lights are out, all you can do is talk. Who is playing with whom, so-and-so is in bad with Local 802, too bad about Gray Gordon's band busting up, did you hear Benny Goodman's got a new drummer, who, big Sid Catlett, they say Mildred Bailey's new record is solid. Gradually, the conversation drowsed. One by one, the heads sank down, bodies tried to relax, they tried to loosen tense muscles, numbed fingers, paralyzed lips. As soon as they sank away, the bus made a sharp turn or the glaring headlights of another bus shone through the windshield and they abruptly awoke. They smoked many cigarettes instead of sleeping. One or two of the boys tried to make a bed of the pile of luggage in the rear. They all tried to sleep. Except Tony Faso. Faso stared out of the window, full of wonderment. MacDonald tried to sleep, but couldn't. He stared out of the window, but in a different way, morosely. Palmer and Farrell continued to talk about girls.

Theosophy on the Side

The bus slowed down, easing through Philadelphia at a paltry 60 miles per hour. I sat down next to Gerald Yelverton, who plays second sax and hot clarinet. Yelverton, who is from Montgomery, Georgia, is a slender lad with intense blue eyes and a slow, thoughtful manner of speaking. He doesn't drink, smoke, or go with girls. During the entire tour he sat immovable in his seat and read religious books. He was studying a work on Theosophy by Mrs. Annie Besant. Yelverton discusses the higher realms of being with the facility of a divinity student.

Toward morning several of the boys started a poker game, for nickel-and-dime stakes. They planted a suitcase in the aisle, and propped a saxophone case on the suitcase. Seven of the boys joined the game. The others talked. Musicians really talk the way they're supposed to, they talk their own brand of the Richard English language. When they see a pretty girl they shout, "Dig the chick." When they liked a Tommy Dorsey recording of Yes, Indeed, they heard in a roadside juke box they said, "It kicks a long distance." Anything good is "solid." Anything old and worn out is "beat."

The poker game continued till nine when the bus arrived at Salisbury, Maryland. "Ten minutes for breakfast," Reis announced. They returned before the time was up and stood around the bus restlessly. The driver and Reis argued about mileage and tolls. Reis wanted the driver to escape a toll bridge because tolls are paid by the band. The bus started rolling.

We reached Cape Charles, Virginia, after noon and boarded the ferry for Norfolk. On the ferry, I asked Byrne, who is only twenty-three and has been a professional musician for eight years and a maestro for two, how musicians stand the tribulations of such a tour. Bobby is a handsome, clean-cut boy, who looks very clear-eyed and innocent, and who plays a full, warm, quivering style of trombone that is second only to Tommy Dorsey's (and Tommy is fourteen years older). Bobby said, "I got a tough musical education. I guess every musician has the same type of upbringing. This is no job for softies."

Bobby received his physical hardening at the hands of his father, Clarence Byrne, former U. S. Army bandmaster who is now head of the music department at Cass Technical High School in Detroit. A believer in stern military discipline, even where music is concerned, Mr. Byrne put Bobby to learning the piano at two, and had him mastering the flute, piccolo and harp before he was six. When he started blowing a trombone, Bobby's arms were so short he could only reach fifth position on the slide. (There are seven positions.)

This was Bobby's program when he

was a kid: up at 6 A. M. and practice till 6:30. Breakfast till 7:30. Practice from 7:30 till 10:30. Half-hour to rest. Practice from 11 to noon. Lunch. From 12:30 till 3:30 he attended Cass, and, for a change, studied music in one of his father's classes. Practice from 4 to 6:30. Dinner till 7:30. Rest till 8. From 8 to 9:30 he returned to Cass and rehearsed with the school orchestra. While Bobby was learning the trombone, men like Goodman, Dorsey, Miller were already making jazz history in the nineteen-twenties. Byrne is the first of the new generation of swingmen, who have grown up since 1933. At sixteen, Bobby was already good enough to take Tommy Dorsey's place when Tommy left the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra and Jimmy took over. At twenty-one Bobby stepped out with his own group.

When the band arrived at Norfolk, the boys looked hot and weary. It was already 4 P. M. and by the time they checked into a hotel it was after 5, because the bus cruised all over Norfolk looking for a hotel with room for 16 musicians, two singers, one road manager. All the big hotels were packed—Norfolk is a boom town.

Music is All That Matters

The band reached the New Casino ballroom at Virginia Beach toward 9 P. M. The musicians felt discouraged when they saw the bandstand—a small, square stand, on which they had to squeeze themselves uncomfortably. The Casino was a few steps from the ocean, and the damp air made it impossible to tune the instruments. The piano was hopeless, said Pianist Louie Carter. Drummer Farrell said his pet peeve is playing near water: "The damp soaks into the skins and you can't keep a drum in tune." The microphone was impossible—it gave the singers a severe shock when they accidentally touched it with lips or nose while crooning in. An emergency call went out to Joe Slater to lug out the band's own mike and p.a. system from the bus. Quickly, Joe began to set up a new mike, amplifier and loudspeaker. Under these conditions the boys played spiritlessly for several hours.

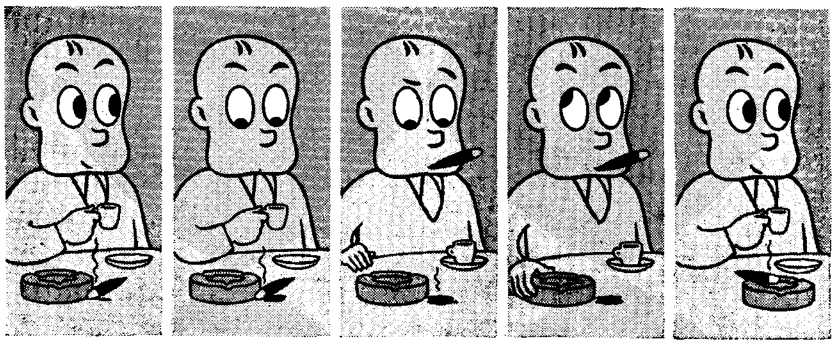
But it was amazing how, after a few hours of playing, the piston-pounding rhythms acted like a tonic and the brass section came alive and sloughed off its weariness and began to play as ecstatically as if it had had a week's rest. In fact, toward the shank end of the evening when all the dancers suddenly stopped moving and circled around one couple, a curly-headed youngster grinning from ear to ear who was whirling about with a loose-limbed, serious girl, the band caught the spirit and refused to bring Sometimes I'm Happy to an end. The shaggers kept on gyrating, inventing variations of hops and skips and torso undulations, and the band played chorus after chorus of Sometimes I'm Happy—28 choruses in all, a matter of some 35 minutes. They forgot warped strings and sea-damp drums; they just played for the sheer tingle of it. You had to see it in order to believe that boys without sleep could get all that music out of their worn bodies.

They returned to the hotel in Norfolk at 4:30 in the morning, and Reis paid the men their salaries in his room. They snatched two hours of sleep and were up at 8. Play, and ride on. One hundred and seventy miles to Wilson, North Carolina, for the annual Coronation Ball of Wilson's famous Tobacco Exposition and Festival, which celebrates the resumption of tobacco auctions. The band played in the New Planter's Warehouse—86,500 square feet, and by 11 P. M. every foot was packed with the sons and daughters of the tobacco aristocracy—everybody from Durham to the eastern seaboard was on hand, nearly 10,000 strong. Mayor Bill Daniels, who likes swing, sat near the bandstand so he could enjoy the rhythms at close quarters. At one point, he became so moved that he came up to Bobby and suggested several request numbers.

Then without any warning, the lights went out! The band played in pitch-darkness for ten minutes. Then, presto! the lights came on. Then, another blackout. This time Bobby fished out a searchlight and flashed it on the singers when they took a chorus. After the fourth black-out, however, the lights came on and stayed on. They played till 3 A. M.

Play, and ride on. Two hundred and fifty miles to Washington, D. C., where the band played for two cruises on the S. S. Potomac along the Potomac River. One cruise went from 8:45 till midnight, and the other from 12:30 till 3:30. Now, even the dancers on the floor could see the bandsmen were tired, eyes bleary and red-rimmed. You could see that if you looked, but if you just listened and danced you couldn't have told the difference. On the S. S. Potomac, which was hot and stifling and crowded with 2,200 slightly hysterical jitterbugs, was the worst bandstand of all; it was no more than ten feet wide and the men and instruments were literally wedged in. Abe Siegel, who had been barnstorming with the big bands for close to ten years, vowed this was the worst bandstand he had ever encountered. But they played on, and the jitterbugs danced. For six solid hours they played, and by the time they were ready to leave they were ready to drop.

They were on the road again at dawn, en route to Bridgeport. Dorothy Claire rubbed cold cream into her cheeks. Road Manager Reis figured out mileage. Two saxophonists and three brass men organized a poker game. Yelverton gently cleaned his clarinet with a handkerchief, and then he read a pamphlet. Siegel read Down Beat. Tony Faso was staring out of the window, wide-eyed at the passing landscape; he was thinking his own thoughts and smiling a little to himself, smiling proudly. Farrell and Palmer talked about some girls they knew in Boston. Nobody slept. By some miracle it seems that you can get by without sleep on a one-night tour.



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Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 21

said, "This time it's different," to which I answered somewhat cynically, "It always is!" Amyas then looked quite worried and anxious. He said, "You don't understand. She's just a girl. Not much more than a child." He added that she had very modern views and was absolutely free from old-fashioned prejudices. He said, "She's honest and natural and absolutely fearless!"

I thought to myself, though I didn't say so, that Amyas had certainly got it badly this time. A few weeks later I heard comments from other people. It was said that the "Greer girl was absolutely infatuated." Somebody else said that it was a bit thick of Amyas, considering how young the girl was, whereupon somebody else snickered and said that Elsa Greer knew her way about all right.

There was a question as to what Crale's wife thought about it, and the significant reply that she must be used to that sort of thing by now, to which someone demurred by saying they'd heard that she was jealous as hell and led Crale such an impossible life that any man would be justified in having a fling from time to time.

I mention all this because I think it is important that the state of affairs before I got down there should be fully realized.

I was interested to see the girl. She was remarkably good-looking and very attractive, and I was, I must admit, maliciously amused to note that Caroline was cutting up very rough indeed.

Amyas Crale himself was less lighthearted than usual. Though to anyone who did not know him well, his manner would have appeared much as usual. I, who knew him so intimately, noted at once various signs of strain, uncertain temper, fits of moody abstraction, general irritability of manner.

Although he was always inclined to be moody when painting, the picture he was at work upon did not account entirely for the strain he showed. He was pleased to see me and said as soon as we were alone, "Thank goodness you've turned up, Phil. Living in a house with four women is enough to send any man clean off his chump. Between them all, they'll send me into a lunatic asylum."

IT WAS certainly an uncomfortable atmosphere. Caroline, as I said, was obviously cutting up rough about the whole thing. In a polite, well-bred way, she was ruder to Elsa than one would believe possible—without a single actually offensive word. Elsa herself was openly and flagrantly rude to Caroline. She was top dog and she knew it, and no scruples of good breeding restrained her from overt bad manners.

The result was that Crale spent most of his time scrapping with the girl Angela when he wasn't painting. They were usually on affectionate terms, though they teased and fought a good deal. But on this occasion there was an edge in everything Amyas said or did, and the two of them really lost their tempers with each other. The fourth member of the party was the governess. "A sour-faced hag," Amyas called her. "She hates me like poison. Sits there with her lips set together, disapproving of me without stopping."

It was then that he said: "Damn all women! If a man is to have any peace he must steer clear of women!"

"You oughtn't to have married," I said. "You're the sort of man who ought to have kept clear of domestic ties."

He replied that it was too late to talk about that now. He added that no doubt Caroline would be only too glad to get rid of him. That was the first indication I had that something unusual was in the wind.

I said: "What's all this? Is this business with the lovely Elsa serious then?" He said with a sort of groan: "She *is* lovely, isn't she? Sometimes I wish I'd never seen her."

I said: "Look here, old boy, you must take a hold on yourself. You don't want to get tied up with any more women." He looked at me and laughed. He said: "It's all very well for you to talk. I can't let women alone—simply can't do it—and if I could they wouldn't let me alone!" Then he shrugged those great shoulders of his, grinned at me and said: "Oh, well, it will all pan out in the end, I expect. And you must admit the picture is good!"

He was referring to the portrait he was doing of Elsa, and, although I had very little technical knowledge of painting, even I could see that it was going to be a work of especial power.

While he was painting, Amyas was a different man. Although he would growl, groan, frown, swear extravagantly and sometimes hurl his brushes away, he was really intensely happy.

It was only when he came back to the house for meals that the hostile atmosphere between the women got him down. That hostility came to a head on September 17th. We had had an embarrassing lunch. Elsa had been particularly—really, I think *insolent* is the only word for it! She had ignored Caroline pointedly, persistently addressing the conversation to Amyas as though he and she were alone in the room. Caroline had talked lightly and gaily to the rest of us, cleverly contriving so that several perfectly innocent-sounding remarks should have a sting. She hadn't Elsa Greer's scornful honesty—with Caroline everything was oblique, suggested rather than said.

Things came to a head after lunch in the drawing room just as we were finishing coffee. I had commented on a carved head in highly polished beechwood—a very curious thing—and Caroline said, "That is the work of a young Norwegian sculptor. Amyas and I admire his work very much. We hope to go and see him next summer." That calm assumption of possession was too much for Elsa. She was never one to let a challenge pass. She waited a minute or two and then she spoke in her clear, rather overemphasized voice.

She said: "This would be a lovely room if it were properly fixed. It's got far too much furniture in it. When I'm living here I shall take all the rubbish out and just leave one or two good pieces. And I shall have copper-colored curtains, I think—so that the setting sun will just catch them through that big western window." She turned to me and said, "Don't you think that would be rather lovely?"

I DIDN'T have time to answer. Caroline spoke and her voice was soft and silky and what I can only describe as dangerous. She said, "Are you thinking of buying this place, Elsa?"

Elsa said, "It won't be necessary for me to buy it."

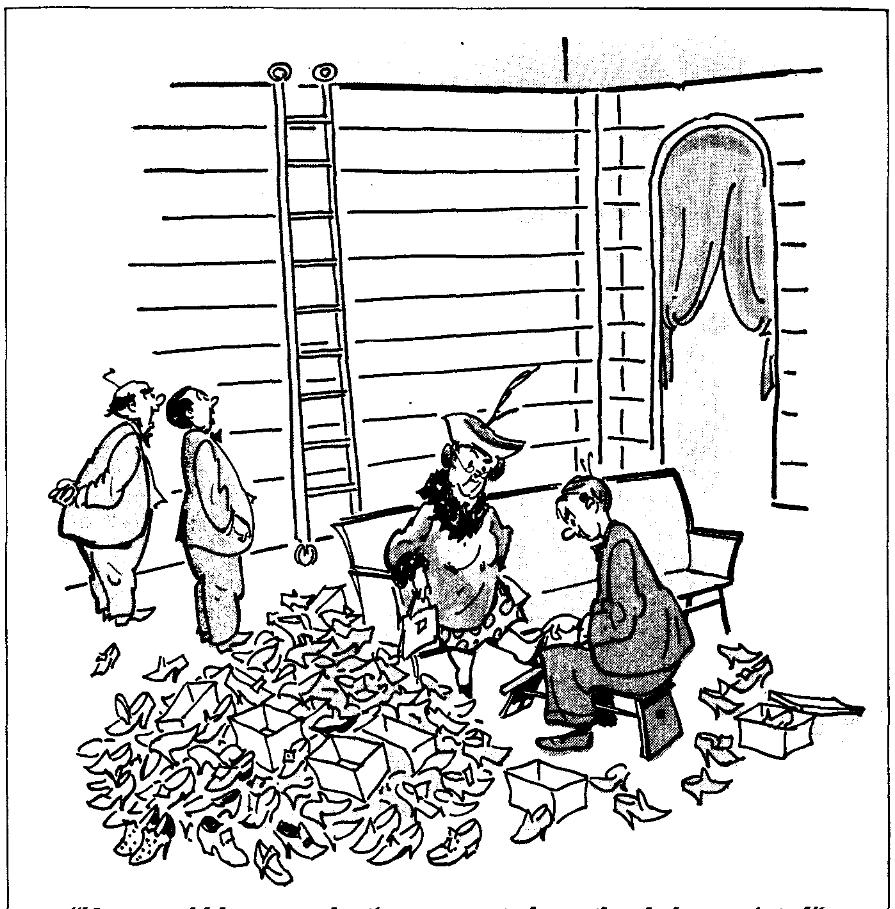
Caroline said, "What do you mean?" And there was no softness in her voice now. It was hard and metallic. Elsa laughed. She said, "Must we pretend? Come now, Caroline, you know very well what I mean!"

Caroline said, "I've no idea."

Elsa said to that: "Don't be such an ostrich. It's no good pretending you don't see and know all about it. Amyas and I care for each other. This isn't your home. It's his. And after we're married I shall live here with him!"

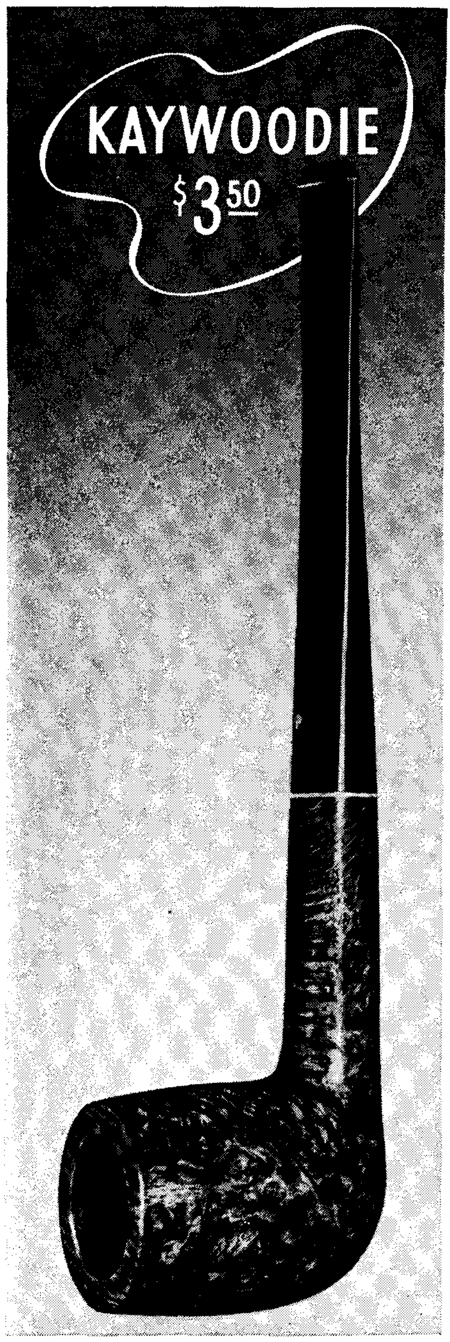
Caroline said, "I think you're crazy."

Elsa said: "Oh, no, I'm not, my dear, and you know it. It would be much simpler if we were honest with each other. Amyas and I love each other;



"Now would be as good a time as any to have the shelves painted"

REAMER KELLER



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Here you see a giant imported briar burl cut in cross section to show the "prime cut" segment from which Kaywoodie pipes are made. Only this prime cut produces pipes with the sweet-smoking qualities of Kaywoodie pipes.

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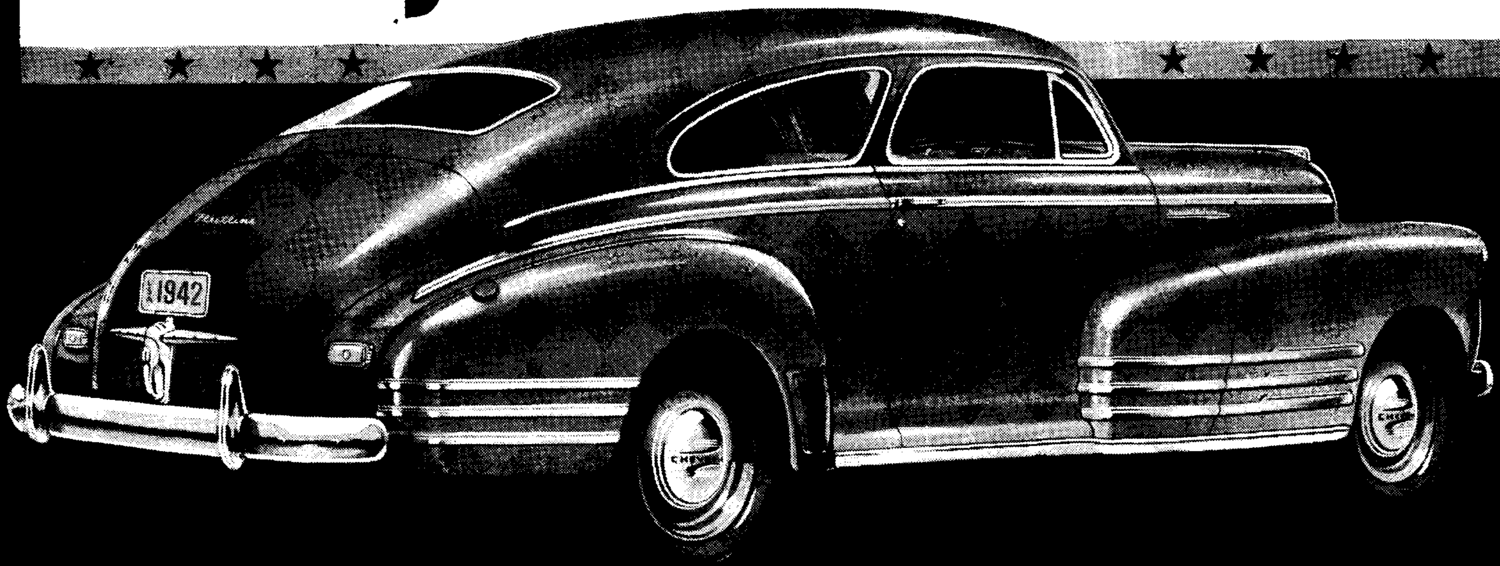

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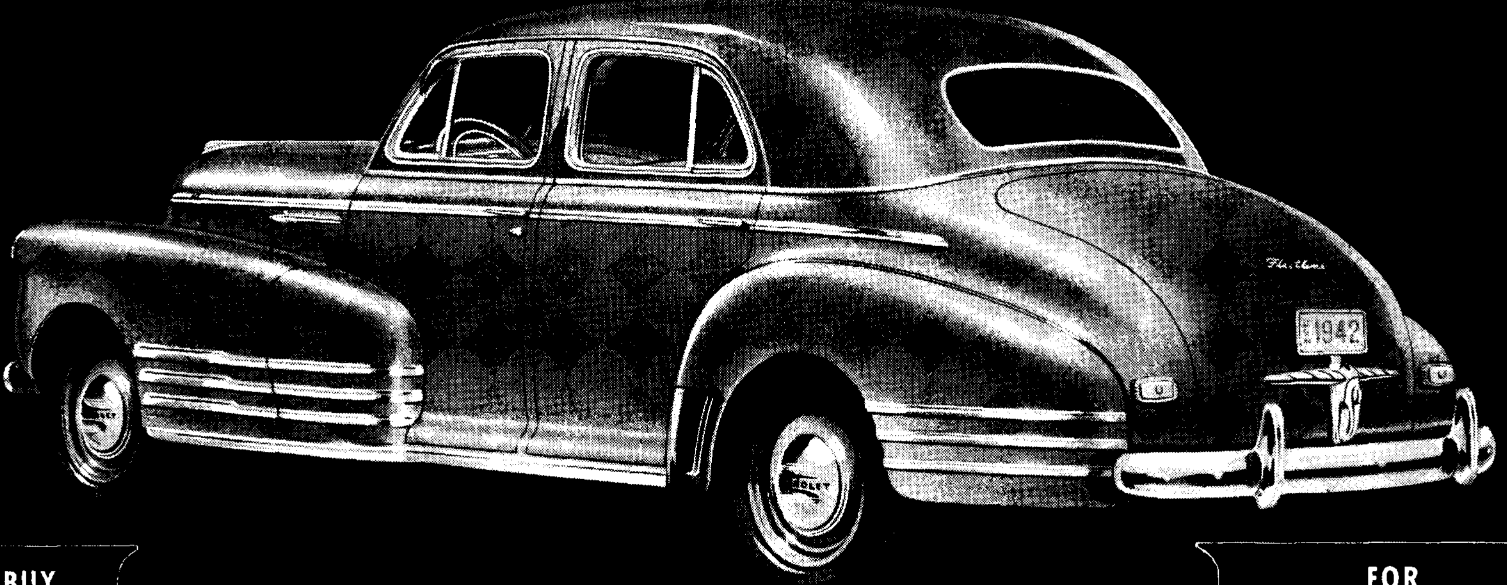
CHEVROLET
Fleetline
AEROSEDAN



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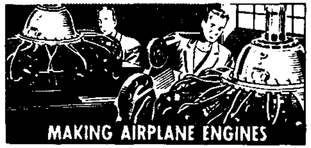

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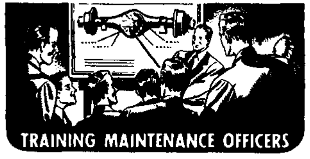

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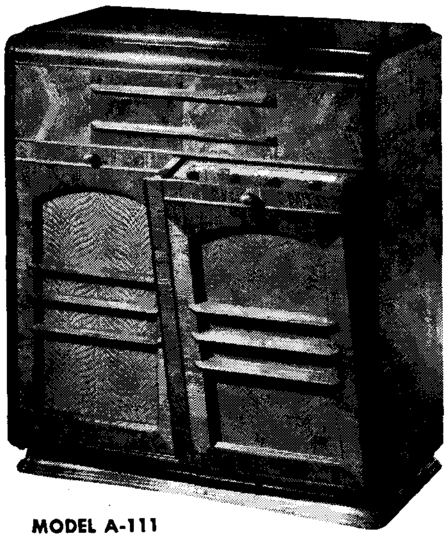

MODEL A-111

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Wilcox-Gay Corp. • Charlotte, Mich.

you've seen that clearly enough. There's *only one decent thing for you to do.* You've got to give him his freedom."

Caroline said, "I don't believe a word of what you are saying."

But her voice was unconvincing. Elsa had got under her guard all right.

And at that minute Amyas Crale came into the room and Elsa said with a laugh, "If you don't believe me, ask him."

And Caroline said, "I will."

She didn't pause at all. She said, "Amyas, Elsa says you want to marry her. Is this true?"

Poor old Amyas. I felt sorry for him. It makes a man feel a fool to have a scene of that kind forced upon him. He went crimson and started blustering. He turned on Elsa and asked her why the devil she couldn't have held her tongue.

Caroline said, "Then it *is* true?"

He didn't say anything, just stood there passing his finger round inside the neck of his shirt. He used to do that as a kid when he got into a jam of any kind. He said—and he tried to make the words sound dignified and authoritative—and of course couldn't manage it, poor devil:

"I don't want to discuss it."

Caroline said, "But we're going to discuss it!"

Elsa chipped in and said, "I think it's *only fair to* Caroline that she should be told."

"Is it true, Amyas?" Caroline said very quietly.

He looked a bit ashamed of himself. Men do when women pin them down in a corner.

She said, "Answer me, please. I've got to know."

He flung up his head then, rather the way a bull does in the bull ring. He snapped out, "It's true enough, but I don't want to discuss it now."

And he turned and strode out of the room. I went after him. I didn't want to be left with the women. I caught up with him on the terrace. He was swearing. I never knew a man to swear more heartily. Then he raved:

"Why couldn't she hold her tongue? Why the devil couldn't she hold her tongue? Now the fat's in the fire. And I've got to finish that picture—do you hear, Phil? It's the best thing I've done. The best thing I've ever done in my *life.* And a couple of fool women want to muck it up between them!"

Then he calmed down a little and said women had no sense of proportion.

I couldn't help smiling a little. I said, "Well, dash it all, old boy, you have brought this on yourself."

"Don't I know it?" he said, and groaned. Then he added: "But you must admit, Phil, that a man couldn't be blamed for losing his head about her. Even Caroline ought to understand that."

I ASKED him what would happen if Caroline got her back up and refused to give him a divorce.

But by now he had gone off into a fit of abstraction. I repeated the remark and he said absently: "Caroline would never be vindictive. You don't understand, old boy."

"There's the child," I pointed out.

He took me by the arm. "Phil, old boy, you mean well, but don't go on croaking like a raven. I can manage my affairs. Everything will turn out all right. You'll see if it doesn't."

That was Amyas *all over—an* absolutely unjustified optimist. He said now, cheerfully, "To hell with the whole pack of them!"

I don't know whether we would have said anything more, but a few minutes later Caroline swept out on the terrace. She had a hat on—a queer, flopping, dark brown hat, rather attractive.

She said in an absolutely ordinary, everyday voice: "Take off that paint-stained coat, Amyas. We're going over to Meredith's to tea—don't you remember?"

He stared, stammered a bit as he said: "Oh, I'd forgotten. Yes, of c-c-course we are."

"Then," she said, "go and try and make yourself look less like a rag-and-bone man."

Although her voice was quite natural, she didn't look at him. She moved over toward a bed of dahlias and began picking off some of the overblown flowers.

Amyas turned around slowly and went into the house.

Caroline talked to me. She talked a good deal. About the chances of the weather lasting. And whether there might be mackerel about and, if so, Amyas and Angela and I might like to go fishing. She was really amazing. I've got to hand it to her.

But I think, myself, that that showed the sort of woman she was. She had enormous strength of will and complete command over herself. I don't know whether she'd made up her mind to kill him then, but I shouldn't be surprised. And she was capable of making her plans carefully and unemotionally, with an absolutely clear and ruthless mind.

Caroline Crale was a very dangerous woman. I ought to have realized then *that she wasn't prepared to take this* thing lying down. But, like a fool, I thought that she had made up her mind to accept the inevitable—or else possibly she thought that if she carried on exactly as usual Amyas might change his mind.

Presently the others came out. Elsa looking defiant, but at the same time triumphant. Caroline took no notice of her. Angela really saved the situation. She came out arguing with Miss Williams that she wasn't going to change her skirt for anyone. It was quite all right—good enough for darling old Meredith, anyway—*he* never noticed anything.

We got off at last. Caroline walked with Angela. And I walked with Amyas. And Elsa walked by herself, smiling.

I didn't admire her myself—too violent a type—but I have to admit that she looked incredibly beautiful that *afternoon. Women do when they've got* what they want.

I can't remember the events of that afternoon clearly at all. It's all blurred. I remember old Merry coming out to meet us. I think we walked around the garden first. I remember having a long discussion with Angela about the training of terriers for ratting. She ate an incredible lot of apples, too, and tried to persuade me to do so too.

When we got back to the house, tea was going on under the big cedar tree. Merry, I remember, was looking very upset. I suppose either Caroline or Amyas had told him something. He was looking doubtfully at Caroline, and then he stared at Elsa. The old boy looked thoroughly upset. Of course, Caroline liked to have Meredith on a string more or less—the devoted, platonic friend who would never, never go too far. She was that kind of woman.

AFTER tea Meredith had a hurried word with me. He said, "Look here, Phil, Amyas *can't* do this thing!"

I said, "Make no mistake, he's going to do it."

"He can't leave his wife and child and go off with this girl. He's years older than she is. She can't be more than eighteen."

I *said to him that* Miss Greer was a fully sophisticated twenty. He said: "Anyway, that's under age. She can't know what she's doing."

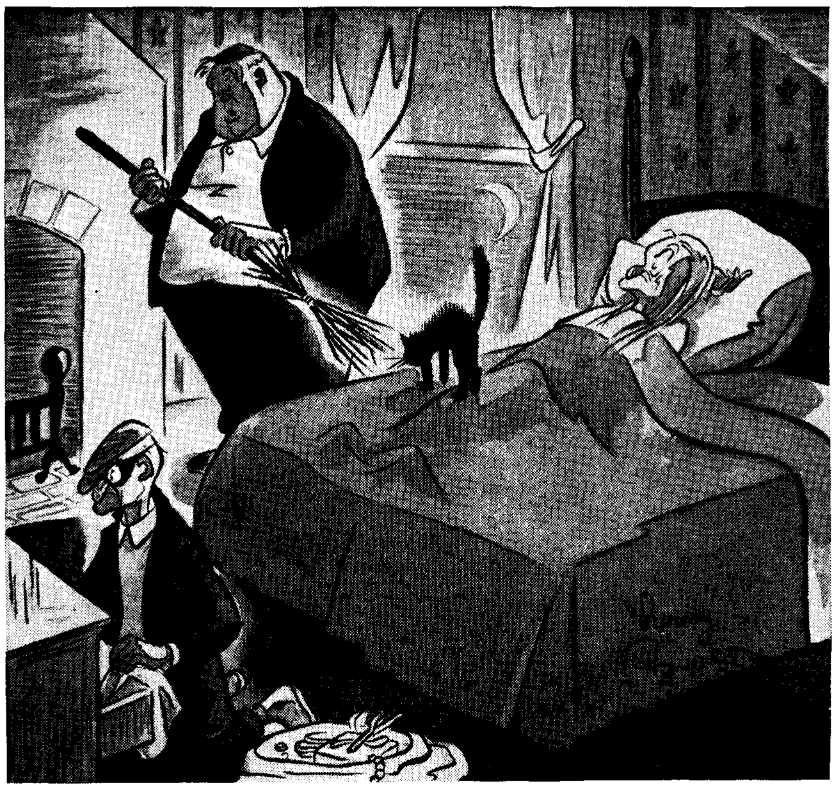
Poor old Meredith. Always the chivalrous pucka sahib.

I said, "Don't worry, old boy. *She* knows what she's doing *and* she likes it!"

That's all we had the chance of saying. I thought to myself that probably Merry felt disturbed at the thought of Caroline's being a deserted wife. Once the divorce was through she might expect her faithful Dobbin to marry her. I had an idea that hopeless devotion was really far more in his line. I must confess that that side of it amused me.

Curiously enough, I remember very little about our visit to Meredith's stink room. He enjoyed showing people his hobby. Personally I always found it

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"I'd feel a lot more at ease if I knew whether she used this for sweepin' or witchin'"

Dextrose helps make Candy . . . a delicious Food

Grandmother—even Mother—can remember when candy was almost a "forbidden" luxury . . . but—

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Today people realize that candy is more than a "confection". It is a veritable bulwark against between-meal fatigue. Even doctors consider candy a desirable requirement of the daily diet. It is a specified item of military rations. Aviators often rely on candy for food-energy on long flights.

The concentrated food-energy of candy is obvious because candy is simply a delicious combination of many highly nutritious foods everyone eats every day—chocolate, milk, butter, corn syrup, dextrose, sucrose, eggs, fruits and nuts. American candy makers skillfully blend these pure foods into various types of candy—for which America spends upwards of $600,000,000 annually.

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Dextrose Adds to Candy's Goodness

An important ingredient of modern candy is corn syrup, which is rich in Dextrose. As a sparkling white crystalline sugar, Dextrose itself adds to the nutritional value of candy, increases its digestibility. In many types of candy Dextrose improves texture, flavor and eating qualities.

Intelligent health-minded people prefer candy products made with Dextrose because they appreciate its great value as the chief quick energy fuel of the body.

By including Dextrose in many of their products, candy makers have joined hands with bottlers of soft drinks, ice cream manufacturers, fruit packers, bakers and other food processors who enrich their foods and beverages with *Nature's* own body sugar, Dextrose.

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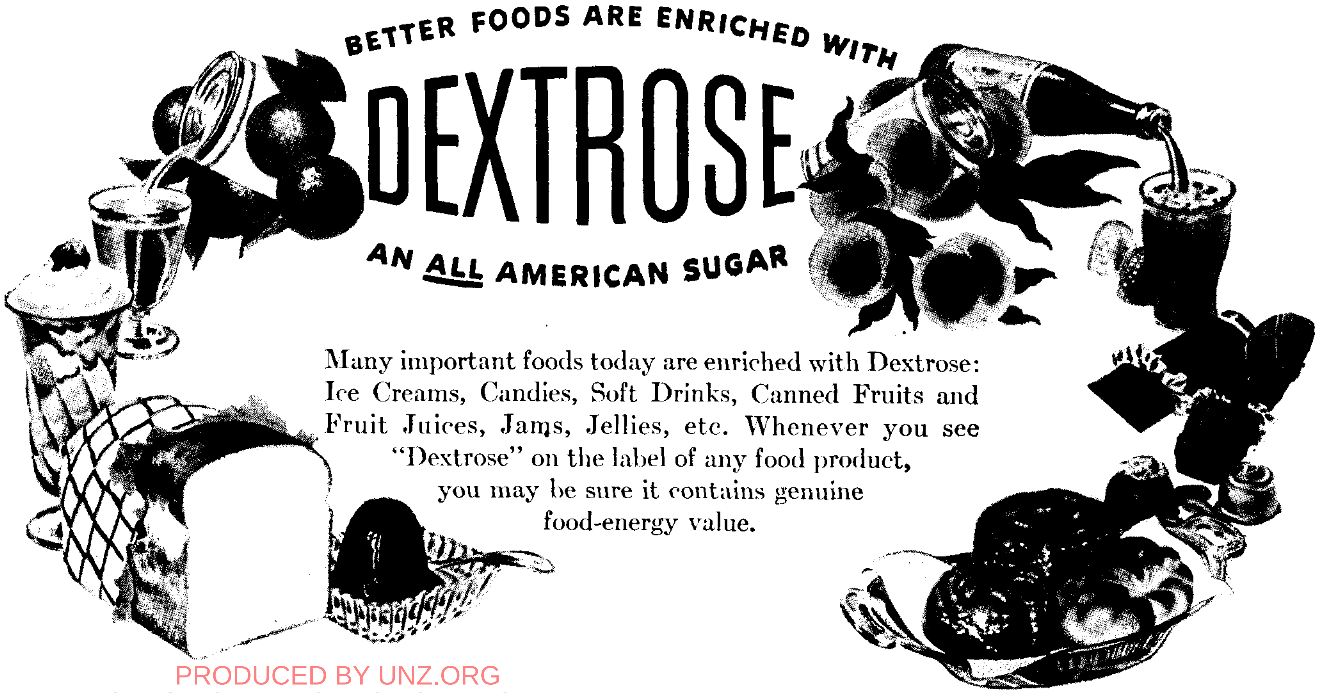


Many important foods today are enriched with Dextrose: Ice Creams, Candies, Soft Drinks, Canned Fruits and Fruit Juices, Jams, Jellies, etc. Whenever you see "Dextrose" on the label of any food product, you may be sure it contains genuine food-energy value.

Old Plugs
INVITE
TROUBLE!
CHAMPION
PATENTED

Ward Off Winter Driving Ills—Help Conserve Gasoline—with new CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Here's quick relief from the paralyzing effects of cold weather on cars using old, worn-out, inferior quality spark plugs, which cause hard starting, sluggish performance, poor gas mileage—new Champion Spark Plugs!

Old plugs—spark plugs that have been in service 10,000 miles or more—invite trouble. Carbon encrusted insulators, burned electrodes and compression leakage rob all spark plugs of their efficiency. This results in hard starting, run-down batteries, poor acceleration and loss of power and speed. Economy of operation disappears.

A new set of Champions will not only ward off these winter driving ills, but in addition give you that imperative *extra* gas mileage required by our national gasoline economy program.

Outstanding among Champions' many patented features is the sensational Sillment seal which banishes troublesome leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* Since leakage in spark plugs causes them to overheat, resulting in pre-ignition, rough, unresponsive and wasteful engine operation, you can see how important it is for you to insist on Champions—the spark plugs champions use.

MODEL	YEAR				
	'37	'38	'39	'40	'41
A. BANT.	C7	J8	H10	H10	H10
			J5	J5	
BUICK	15	J5	10 MM 14 MM		Y4A J5
CADILLAC	8 cyl. J8		Y4A	Y4A	Y4A
	Others 7				
CHEVROLET	J8	J8	J8	J8	Y5
CHRYSLER	Reg. Hds. J8			J9	J9
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10				
DE SOTO	Reg. Hds. J8			J9	J9
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10				

MODEL	YEAR				
	'37	'38	'39	'40	'41
DODGE	Reg. Hds. J8			J9	J9
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10				
FORD	Models A & B, C4				
	Big V8 7	18Mm. 7	All Mdls. H10		H9 Com. or H10
	14 mm. H10				
	60 HP H10	H10			
GRAHAM	7	H10	H10	J10 Com.	
	Superchgd & 95 Ser. H10				

MODEL	YEAR				
	'37	'38	'39	'40	'41
HUDSON	All Reg. Hds. J9				
	All Hi. Hds. H10				
HUPP.		7	7	7	7
LA FAY.	7	7	7	7	
LA SALLE	J8	J8	Y4A	Y4A	
LINCOLN	7	7	7	H10	H9Com or H10
MERCURY			H10	H10	H9Com or H10
NASH	J8	J8	J8	J9	H9Com
OLDS.	J8	J8	J8	J9	J9
PACKARD	Y4	Y4	Y4	Y4	Y4A

MODEL	YEAR				
	'37	'38	'39	'40	'41
PLYMOUTH	Reg. Hds. J8			J9	J9
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10				
PONTIAC	J8	J8	J8	J9	J9
STUDEBAKER	All Reg. Hds. 8			Cham. J8 Comm. 8 Pres. 8	
	Hi. Hds. 7				
TERRAPLANE	All Reg. Hds. J8				
	Hi. Hds. H10				
WILLYS 4, 6 & 8	C7	C7	J8	Reg. Hds. J9 Hi. Hd. H10	
ZEPHYR	All Models H10				H9Com or H10

DEPENDABLE IN ALL WEATHER
WEATHER FORECAST
SNOW COLDER
CHECK SERVICE
SPARK PLUGS
CHAMPION
SPARK

YOUR CAR MAY REQUIRE A HOTTER OR COLDER TYPE THAN NORMALLY RECOMMENDED—IF IN DOUBT CONSULT YOUR DEALER very boring. I suppose I was in there with the rest of them when he gave a dissertation on the efficacy of coniine, but I don't remember it. And I didn't see Caroline pinch the stuff. As I've said, she was a very adroit woman. I do remember Meredith reading aloud the passage from Plato describing Socrates' death. Very boring, I thought it. Classics always did bore me.

There's nothing much more I can remember about that day. Amyas and Angela had a first-class row, I know, and the rest of us rather welcomed it. It avoided other difficulties. Angela rushed off to bed with a final vituperative outburst. She said, A, she'd pay him out. B, she wished he were dead. C, she hoped he'd die of leprosy—it would serve him right. D, she wished a sausage would stick to his nose, like in the fairy story, and never come off. When she'd gone we all laughed—we couldn't help it, it was such a funny mixture.

Caroline went up to bed immediately afterward. Miss Williams disappeared after her pupil. Amyas and Elsa went off together into the garden. It was clear that I wasn't wanted. I went for a stroll by myself. It was a lovely night.

I CAME down late the following morning. There was no one in the dining room. Funny, the things you do remember. I remember the taste of the kidneys and bacon I ate quite well. They were very good kidneys. Deviled.

Afterward I wandered out looking for everybody. I went outside, didn't see anybody, smoked a cigarette, encountered Miss Williams running about looking for Angela, who had played truant as usual when she ought to have been mending a torn frock. I went back into the hall and realized that Amyas and Caroline were having a set-to in the library. They were talking very loud. I heard her say:

"You and your women! I'd like to kill you. Some day I will kill you." Amyas said, "Don't be a fool, Caroline." And she said, "I mean it, Amyas."

Well, I didn't want to overhear any more. I went out again. I wandered along the terrace the other way and came across Elsa.

She was sitting on one of the long seats. The seat was directly under the library window, and the window was open. I should imagine that there wasn't much she had missed of what was going on inside. When she saw me she got up as cool as a cucumber and came toward me. She was smiling.

She took my arm and said, "Isn't it a lovely morning?"

It was a lovely morning for her all right! Rather a cruel girl. No, I think merely honest and lacking in imagination. What she wanted herself was the only thing that she could see.

We'd been standing on the terrace talking for about five minutes when I heard the library door bang and Amyas Crale came out. He was very red in the face.

He caught hold of Elsa unceremoniously by the shoulder. He said: "Come on; time for you to sit. I want to get on with that picture."

She said: "All right. I'll just go up and get a pull-over. There's a chilly wind."

She went into the house.

I wondered if Amyas would say anything to me, but he didn't say much. Just, "These women!"

I said, "Cheer up, old boy!"

Then neither of us said anything till Elsa came out of the house again.

They went off together down to the Battery Garden. I went into the house. Caroline was standing in the hall. I don't think she even noticed me. It was a way of hers at times. She'd seem to go right away—to get inside herself as it were. She just murmured something. Not to me—to herself. I caught the words:

"It's too cruel . . ."

That's what she said. Then she walked past me and upstairs, still without seeming to see me—like a person intent on some inner vision. I think myself (I've no authority for saying this, you understand) that she went up to get the stuff, and that it was then she decided to do what she did do.

And just at that moment the telephone rang. In some houses one would wait for the servants to answer it, but I was so often at Alderbury that I acted more or less as one of the family. I picked up the receiver.

It was my brother Meredith's voice that answered. He was very upset. He explained that he had been into his laboratory and that the coniine bottle was half empty.

I don't need to go again over all the things I know now I ought to have done. The thing was so startling, and I was foolish enough to be taken aback. Meredith was dithering a good bit at the other end. I heard someone on the stairs and I just told him sharply to come over at once.

I myself went down to meet him. In case you don't know the lay of the land, the shortest way from one estate to the other was by rowing across a small creek. I went down the path to where the boats were kept by a small jetty. To do so I passed under the wall of the Battery Garden. I could hear Elsa and Amyas talking together as he painted. They sounded very cheerful and carefree.

Amyas said it was an amazingly hot day (so it was, very hot for September), and Elsa said that sitting where she was, poised on the battlements, there was a cold wind blowing in from the sea. And then she said: "I'm horribly stiff from posing. Can't I have a rest, darling?" And I heard Amyas cry out: "Not on your life! Stick it! You're a tough girl. And this is going good, I tell you." I just heard Elsa say, "Brute," and laugh, as I went out of earshot.

Meredith was just rowing himself across from the other side. I waited for him. He tied up the boat and came up the steps. He was looking very white and worried. He said to me: "Your head's better than mine, Philip. What ought I to do? That stuff's dangerous."

I said, "Are you absolutely sure about this?" Meredith, you see, was always rather a vague kind of chap. Perhaps that's why I didn't take it as seriously as I ought to have done. And he said he was quite sure. The bottle had been full yesterday afternoon.

I SAID, "And you've absolutely *no* idea who pinched it?"

He said none whatever and asked me what *I* thought. Could it have been one of the servants? I said I supposed it might have been, but it seemed unlikely to me. He always kept the door locked, didn't he? Always, he said, and then began a rigmarole about having found the window a few inches open at the bottom. Someone might have got in that way.

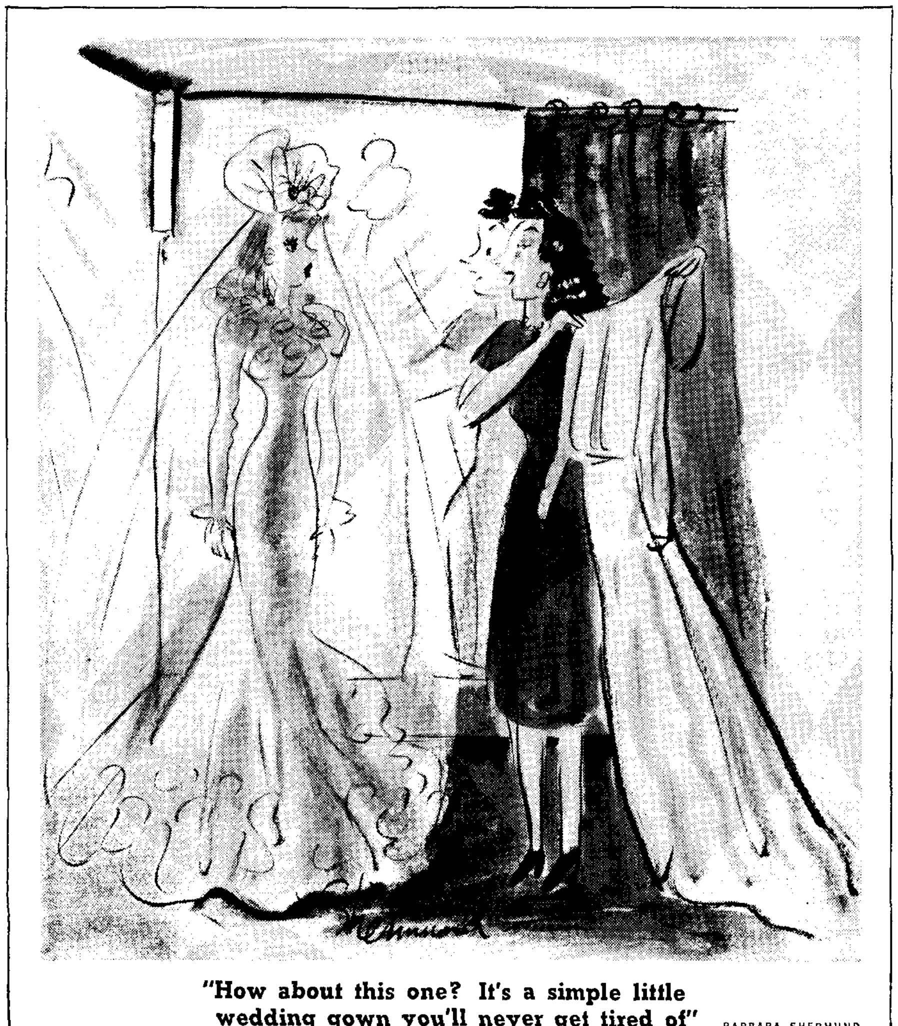
"A chance burglar?" I asked. "It seems to me, Meredith, that there are some very nasty possibilities."

He asked what did I really think? And I said, if he was sure he wasn't making a mistake, that probably Caroline had taken it to poison Elsa with—or that, alternatively, Elsa had taken it to get Caroline out of the way and straighten the path of true love.

Meredith twittered a bit. He said it was absurd and melodramatic and couldn't be true. I said: "Well, the stuff's gone. What's *your* explanation?" He hadn't any, of course. Actually thought just as I did, but didn't want to face the fact.

He said again, "What are we to do?"

I said, stupid fool that I was: "We must think it over carefully. Either you'd better announce your loss, straight out when everybody's there. Or else



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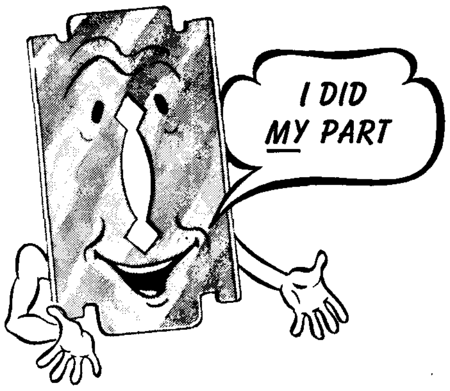

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Most of us men do just that . . . yet to tell the truth, blades today are generally well made. You know, it might be just a matter of getting the *right cream* for your face.

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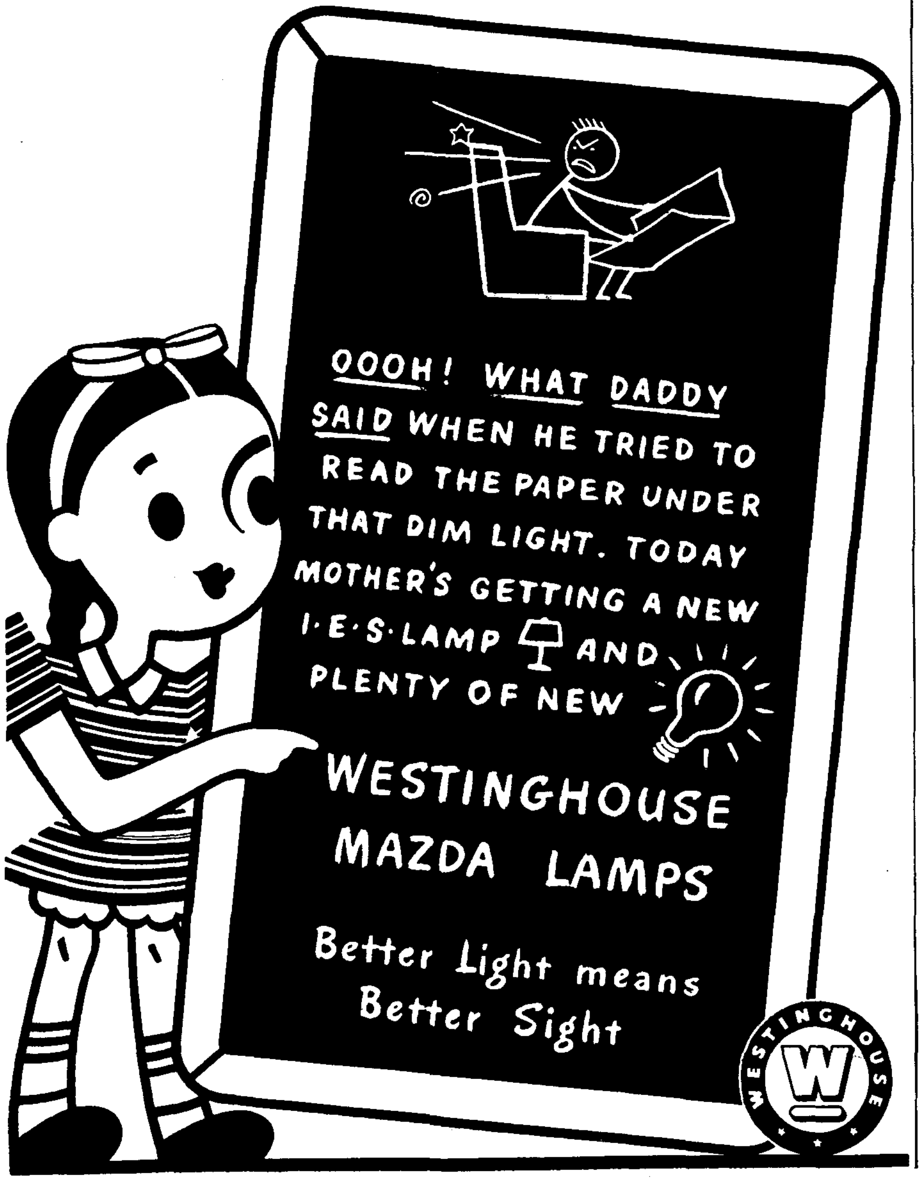
OOOH! WHAT DADDY SAID WHEN HE TRIED TO READ THE PAPER UNDER THAT DIM LIGHT. TODAY MOTHER'S GETTING A NEW I·E·S·LAMP AND PLENTY OF NEW
WESTINGHOUSE MAZDA LAMPS
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W

you'd better get Caroline alone and tax her with it. If you're convinced *she* has nothing to do with it, adopt the same tactics for Elsa." He said: "A girl like that! She couldn't have taken it." I said I wouldn't put it past her.

We were walking up the path to the house as we talked. As we were rounding the Battery Garden again I heard Caroline's voice.

I thought perhaps a three-handed row was going on, but actually it was Angela that they were discussing. Caroline was protesting. She said: "It's very hard on the girl." And Amyas made some impatient rejoinder. Then the door to the garden opened just as we came abreast of it. Amyas looked a little taken aback at seeing us. Caroline was just coming out. She said: "Hullo, Meredith. We've been discussing the question of Angela's going to school. I'm not at all sure it's the right thing for her." Amyas said: "Don't fuss about the girl. She'll be all right. Good riddance."

JUST then Elsa came running down the path from the house. She had some sort of scarlet jumper in her hand. Amyas growled, "Come along! Get back into the pose! I don't want to waste time."

He went back to where his easel was standing. I noticed that he staggered a bit and I wondered if he had been drinking. A man might easily be excused for doing so with all the fuss and the scenes.

He grumbled: "The beer here is red-hot. Why can't we keep some ice down here?"

And Caroline Crale said: "I'll send you down some beer just off the ice."

Amyas grunted out: "Thanks."

Then Caroline shut the door of the Battery Garden and came up with us to the house. We sat down on the terrace and she went into the house. About five minutes later Angela came along with a couple of bottles of beer and some glasses. It was a hot day and we were glad to see it. As we were drinking it Caroline passed us. She was carrying another bottle and said she would take it down to Amyas. Meredith said he'd go, but she was quite firm that she'd go herself. I thought—fool that I was—that it was just her jealousy. She couldn't stand those two being alone down there. That was what had taken her down there once already with the weak pretext of arguing about Angela's departure.

She went off down that zigzag path, and Meredith and I watched her go. We'd still not decided anything, and now Angela clamored that I should come bathing with her. It seemed impossible to get Meredith alone. I just said to him, "After lunch." And he nodded.

Then I went off bathing with Angela. We had a good swim—across the creek and back—and then we lay out on the rocks, sun-bathing. Angela was a bit taciturn, and that suited me. I made up my mind that directly after lunch I'd take Caroline aside and accuse her point-blank of having stolen the stuff. No use letting Meredith do it—he'd be too weak. No, I'd tax her with it outright. After that she'd have to give it back or, even if she didn't, she wouldn't dare use it.

I was pretty sure it must be her on thinking things over. Elsa was far too sensible and hard-boiled a young woman to risk tampering with poisons. She had a hard head and would take care of her own skin. Caroline was made of more dangerous stuff—unbalanced, carried away by impulses and definitely neurotic. And still, you know, at the back of my mind, was the feeling that Meredith *might* have made a mistake. Or some servant might have been poking about in there and spilled the stuff and then not dared to own up. You see, poison seems such a melodramatic thing—you can't believe in it.

Not till it happens.

It was quite late when I looked at my watch, and Angela and I fairly raced up to lunch. They were just sitting down—all but Amyas, who had remained down in the Battery painting. Quite a usual thing for him to do, and privately I thought him very wise to elect to do it today. Lunch was likely to have been an awkward meal.

We had coffee on the terrace. I wish I could remember better how Caroline looked and acted. She didn't seem excited in any way. Quiet and rather sad is my impression. What a devil that woman was!

For it is a devilish thing to do—to poison a man in cold blood. If there had been a revolver about and she'd caught it up and shot him—well, that might have been understandable. But this cold, deliberate, vindictive poisoning . . . and so calm and collected.

She got up and said, in the most natural way possible, that she'd take his coffee to him. And yet she knew—she must have known—that by now she'd find him dead. Miss Williams went with her. I don't remember if that was at Caroline's suggestion or not. I rather think it was.

The two women went off together. Meredith strolled away shortly afterward. I was just making an excuse to go after him when he came running up the path again. His face was gray. He gasped out, "We must get a doctor—quick—Amyas—"

I sprang up. "Is he ill—dying?"

Meredith said, "I'm afraid he's dead. . . ."

We'd forgotten Elsa for a minute. But she let out a sudden cry. It was like the wail of a banshee.

She cried, "Dead? Dead? . . ." And then she ran. I didn't know anyone could move like that—like a deer, like a stricken thing, and like an avenging fury too.

Meredith panted out: "Go after her. I'll telephone. Go after her. You don't know what she'll do."

I DID go after her—and it's as well I did. She might quite easily have killed Caroline. I've never seen such grief and such frenzied hate. All the veneer of refinement and education was stripped off. Deprived of her lover, she was just elemental woman. She'd have clawed Caroline's face, torn her hair, hurled her over the parapet if she could. She thought for some reason or other that Caroline had knifed him. She'd got it all wrong—naturally.

I held her off and then Miss Williams took charge. She was good, I must say. She got Elsa to control herself in under a minute—told her she'd got to be quiet and that we couldn't have this noise and violence going on. She was a tartar, that woman. But she did the trick. Elsa was quiet—just stood there gasping and trembling.

As for Caroline, as far as I was concerned, the mask was right off. She stood there perfectly quiet—you might have said dazed. But she wasn't dazed. It was her eyes gave her away. They were watchful—fully aware and quietly watchful. She'd begun, I suppose, to be afraid. . . .

I went up to her and spoke to her. I said it quite low. I don't think either of the two women overheard. I said, "You damned murderess, you've killed my best friend."

She shrank back. She said, "No—oh, no—he—he did it himself. . . ."

I looked her full in the eyes. I said, "You can tell that story—to the police."

She did, and they didn't believe her.

(End of Philip Blake's Statement)

NARRATIVE OF MEREDITH BLAKE

DEAR M. POIROT:

As I promised you, I have set down in writing an account of all I can remember relating to the tragic events that happened sixteen years ago. First of all, I would like to say that I have thought over carefully all you said to me at our recent meeting. And on reflection I am more convinced than I was before that it is in the highest degree unlikely that Caroline Crale poisoned her husband. It always seemed incongruous, but the absence of any other explanation and her own attitude led me to follow, sheeplike, the opinion of other people, and to say with them—that if she didn't do it, what explanation could there be?

Since seeing you I have reflected very carefully on the alternative solution presented at the time and brought forward by the defense at the trial. That is, that Amyas Crale took his own life. Although from what I knew of him that solution seemed quite fantastic at the time, I now see fit to modify my opinion. To begin with, and highly significant, is the fact that Caroline believed it. If we are now to take it that that charming and gentle lady was unjustly convicted, then her own frequently reiterated belief must carry great weight. She knew Amyas better than anyone else. If *she* thought suicide possible, then suicide *must have been possible in spite of the* skepticism of his friends.

I will advance the theory, therefore, that there was in Amyas Crale some core of conscience, some undercurrent of remorse, and even despair at the excesses to which his temperament led him, of which only his wife was aware. This, I think, is a not impossible supposition. He may have shown that side of himself only to her.

Though it is inconsistent with anything I ever heard him say, yet it is nevertheless a truth that in most men there *is* some unsuspected and inconsistent streak which often comes as a surprise to people who have known them intimately. A respected and austere man is discovered to have had a coarser side to his life hidden. A vulgar money-maker has, perhaps, a secret appreciation of some delicate work of art. Hard and ruthless people have been convicted of unsuspected hidden kindnesses. Generous and jovial men have been shown to have a mean and cruel side to them.

So it may be that in Amyas Crale there ran a strain of morbid self-accusation, and that the more he blustered out his egoism and his right to do as he pleased the more strongly that secret conscience of his worked. It is improbable, on the face of it, but I now believe that it must have been so. And I repeat again, Caroline herself held steadfastly to that view. That, I insist, is significant!

And now to examine *facts,* or rather my memory of facts, in the light of that new belief.

I think that I might with relevance include here a conversation I held with Caroline some weeks before the actual tragedy. It was during Elsa Greer's first visit to Alderbury.

CAROLINE, as I have told you, was aware of my deep affection and friendship for her. I was, therefore, the person in whom she could most easily confide. She had not been looking very happy. Nevertheless, I was surprised when she suddenly asked me one day whether I thought Amyas really cared very much for this girl he had brought down.

I said: "He's interested in painting her. You know what Amyas is."

She shook her head and said, "No, he's in love with her."

"Well—perhaps a little."

"A great deal, I think."

I said: "She is unusually attractive, I admit. And we both know that Amyas is susceptible. But you must know by now, my dear, that Amyas really only cares for one person—and that is you. He has these infatuations, but they don't last. You are the one person to him, and, though he behaves badly, it does not really affect his feeling for you."

She said: "But this time, Merry, I'm afraid. That girl is so—so terribly sincere. She's so young and so intense. I have a feeling that this time it's serious."

I said: "But the very fact that she *is* so young and, as you say, so sincere, will protect her. On the whole, women are fair game to Amyas, but in the case of a girl like this it will be different."

She said, "Yes, that's what I'm afraid of—it will be different."

I said, "But you know, Caroline, you *know* that Amyas is really devoted to you?"

She said to that, "Does one ever know with men?" And then she laughed a little ruefully and said, "I'm a very primitive woman, Merry. I'd like to take a hatchet to that girl."

(To be continued next week)

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

speeds air behaves itself properly without any tricks, but at the speed of sound the air forms sound or compression waves and the pattern of air flow around the airplane changes markedly. When this happens it's called "compressibility burble." For one thing, the airplane's drag goes up and much more horsepower is needed to get the speed desired.

When air flows around a wing it has to move faster than if it went straight because of the detour around the wing. Consequently, at certain places on the wing's surface the air is moving very much faster than the speed of the airplane and so the speed of air flow over the wing will approach the speed of sound long before the airplane does. New wing shapes are being developed that appear promising.

THE transoceanic clipper was off the water, the navigator had just given the pilot the course and, retiring to his desk, he removed his coat and began to busy himself with things. He glanced at his own compass and to his horror it showed the ship was 40 degrees off. He dashed up to the pilot's compartment and found both cockpit compasses exactly on the course he had prescribed. Back to his own he went and still it was 40 degrees off. Compasses just don't act that way without sufficient provocation, particularly since they are thoroughly checked before plane takes off.

For no particular reason he decided to put on his coat and as he removed it from a hook over the desk, his compass promptly swung around to the correct course. Then dawn broke through the fog, for in the pocket was a photoelectric light-exposure meter. It contained powerful magnets. And magnets attract compasses as fish attract cats. Now all exposure meters are kept at least six feet away from compasses.

F. R. N.

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The Case for Innocence

Continued from page 20

Rio to carry on the fight against the powers of aggression and their secret agents.

"Of course," I said, "you have every right. I don't blame you. But I wish you wouldn't. Wait just a little longer—a week about—till Gil's girl is out of danger."

For the first time, confused and impatient, she grimaced. "Oh, Henry, aren't there other doctors here? In this modern city there are hundreds of doctors."

"But none Gil feels he can trust to keep it from the police. After all, two policemen were wounded in the skirmish. It was not her fault. They were wounded by the men who were trying to take Gil, but she and Gil had their guns out and she was seen—clearly—by one of the policemen. Any local doctor in his right mind would have sent Margarida to a hospital. But they couldn't risk a hospital. She wouldn't go."

"I DON'T understand it," Fern said, shaking her head again and again. "People like Gil—and like Margarida—dashing about with guns, hiding out, risking their lives. For what? All I hear is Fascist this and Nazi that, until one would think they were everywhere dogging your footsteps. And yet I have never seen one in the flesh. I have never met one. I don't want this kind of hunted, hounded life I hear about and read about. All I want is you—safe and sound and not under a—a threat. Henry, dear, let's go home. I made reservations for two on the Panair plane."

"You had no right to do that, Fern," I said.

"I had every right, Henry."

"I've not been threatened. No one has threatened me."

"No?"

"No."

She was about to cry and I said, "Now don't, Fern—please don't."

"I can't help it. You *were* threatened. I didn't want to tell you—I just wanted to get you away."

"Fern, what are you talking about?"

She sniffled. "The telephone. On the telephone, this afternoon. A man telephoned. He said, 'Mrs. Wayne?' I said, 'Yes.' And he said, 'Mrs. Wayne, your husband is playing a dangerous game. If you love him and wish him to live, you had better get him out of Rio immediately.' And he hung up."

"Any kind of accent?"

"Oh, Henry, darling, what does it matter? I've just told you your life is in danger and you ask me what kind of accent the man had. I don't know. I don't remember."

"Now don't go all to pieces," I said, putting my arms around her.

"Henry," she sobbed, "I'm afraid—dreadfully afraid. I don't care about ideals or who fights whom—I care about you, only you, and I don't want you to get hurt. Maybe I don't think. Maybe I'm dumb. But I feel and all my feeling is for you and our life together and I'll take that anywhere—in a trailer or cabin or in a tent, in sickness or in health—just so long as something dreadful and malignant doesn't come between us."

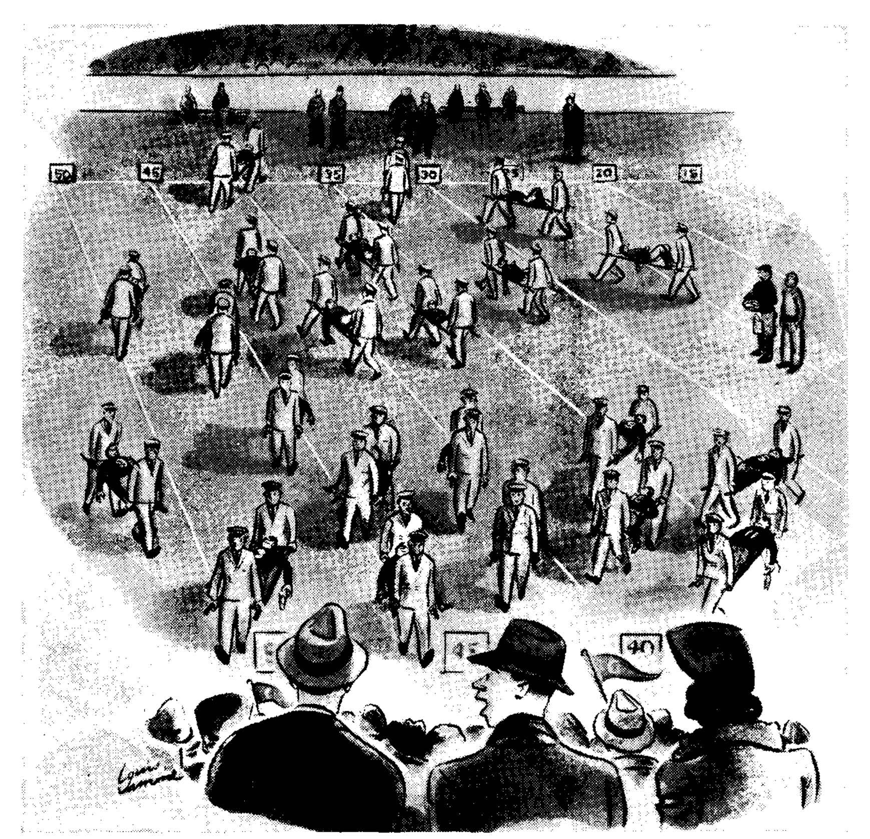
I believed that, though I suppose I should have loved her anyway if less than half of it had been true. She had gone to the schools to which the well-to-do send their daughters and she had been brought up in a safe, gentle and becalmed world that had nothing at all to do with the world at large. She had done the things it had pleased her family to do. In her own world, which is small in the long view but nevertheless large and important to those who live in it, she was sure of herself. Beyond it, even a little bit, she was in deep, troubled waters. Margarida with a gun in her hand fighting it out in the dark angle of a back street was something she simply could not comprehend. She was a natural innocent.

"Will you, Henry—will you go away with me?"

"When I'm sure Margarida can be moved to a safe place."

"Oh, Henry, you're so stubborn!" she cried, and turned and ran into the bedroom, slamming the door.

I thought that if I took a drink of Scotch I'd feel better, so I took one. In a little while the telephone rang and Gil's quiet voice said, "Are you all right, pal?"



"Boy, was *that* play a honey!"

LOUIS JAMME

"Am *I* all right! Are *you* all right?"

"I'm all right. I understand they got the brief case from the waiter. There was just some junk in it."

"That's right."

He laughed softly. "Okay, boy. Nice going. What time will you be out?"

"The usual time."

"I'll pick you up along the Avenida Atlantica."

"Right."

"Until then," he said, and rang off.

I WAS strolling along the striped walk of the Avenida Atlantica watching the moonlight on the water when Gil whistled from his car. Felippe, Margarida's brother, was in the back seat.

"Hello, Doctor," he said.

"Hello, Felippe. Hello, Gil."

"Boy, you gave me a scare," Gil said as I climbed in.

"I gave you a scare?"

"When he walked in with the brief case. I thought sure as hell they'd slugged you at least. I knew you wouldn't have just handed it over, please, thank you. Then when all they dumped out was the agency junk I guessed you must have used your head."

I gave him the envelope. "Was he the one in the brown gabardine suit? Big fellow? Dark-skinned?"

"Just dark from the sun. He's from Blumenau in the state of Santa Catarina. Used to be a Lufthansa agent before they cut the transatlantic service, and he went down to Blumenau for a while to stir up the old stock there—but I've heard he wasn't too successful. The two that held me in an office while he went around to spot you were just a couple of domestic Fascists. All they wanted was the stuff I brought from São Paulo. They must have got a wire that it was missing before I got back here. Jorge Pinto did the rest."

"I never trusted him," Felippe said.

"In this business, if you waited until you were able to trust everybody down to the roots you'd get nowhere. Jorge was all right until he went bad. The trouble was, I was unable to tell the minute he went bad. The others have a lot of money and Jorge just stopped thinking. Once you stop thinking, you can make any kind of compromise with your conscience."

"Well, I never trusted him. It accounts now for what went wrong when Margarida was shot. We will have to liquidate Jorge Pinto."

"Don't use that word, Felippe. You sound like a damned Communist."

"At any rate, you must admit I was right when I said no one but you and me and the doctor should know where we took Margarida."

"You were right," Gil said. "I felt it—just a twinge—when I left the table and went along with Jorge. You can smell fear and you can smell the rain before it comes, and sometimes I think you can smell defection in a friend. But defection in a friend is not common and so perhaps you don't recognize the smell."

"Sometimes, Gil, I think you are too romantic," Felippe said.

"I am a good Brazilian and a practical liberal. I got results in São Paulo. I have facts—here in this envelope. I know the amount of industrial diamonds and platinum the Lati planes have taken out of the country in the past two months. I know how much they plan to take out in the next two, and I think we are going to do something about that."

"Of course," admitted Felippe. He added, "Nevertheless, the business about the smells seems to me to be highly romantic. Besides, if you do not recognize a smell, how can it be said to be of practical value in a tight spot?"

"You possess little imagination, Felippe."

"Correct. I never imagined Jorge Pinto was incorruptible. He paused. Then:

"We are being followed."

Gil nodded. "I was about to say the same thing. They are pretty clever, so I dare say they came to the conclusion that since the papers were not in the brief case, nor on my person, Henry must have in some way removed them." He turned to me. "Obviously, your hotel was watched and you were followed to the point where we picked you up. I'm going to drive you back to your hotel. They'll follow, and when you get out and go into the hotel they'll assume, naturally and truly, that you've turned the packet over to me. They'll follow me."

"I ought to see Margarida," I said.

"The risk is too great."

"Understand, Gil, I meant to see through what I began."

HE WAS driving faster. "I never doubted that, Henry. If I'd had any doubt I shouldn't have come to you when she was hurt. But now it's different. With the police, perhaps, it would not be too bad for you. But these back of us are not the police. It's their show and ours—but not yours. For Margarida I asked a favor of you, a personal favor. I refuse to let it go beyond that."

Felippe said, "Gil is right, Doctor. Margarida is my one dear sister. But a favor is one thing, a sacrifice another. I make an important distinction between the two."

Gil pulled up in front of the hotel and Felippe said, "They have stopped at the corner and are waiting."

"Henry," said Gil, "good night. There's a plane out tomorrow. Why don't you take it?"

"I must see Margarida."

He shook his head. "It's no use. They've hooked you up with us, whether you like it or not. You don't know your way around here. You'll be shadowed. Every move you make will be followed. If you attempt to reach her alone you'll be followed there and that will be bad for everybody."

Felippe was sitting now on the edge of the back seat with an automatic rifle across his knees; his head was twisted around and he was peering through the back window at the car behind.

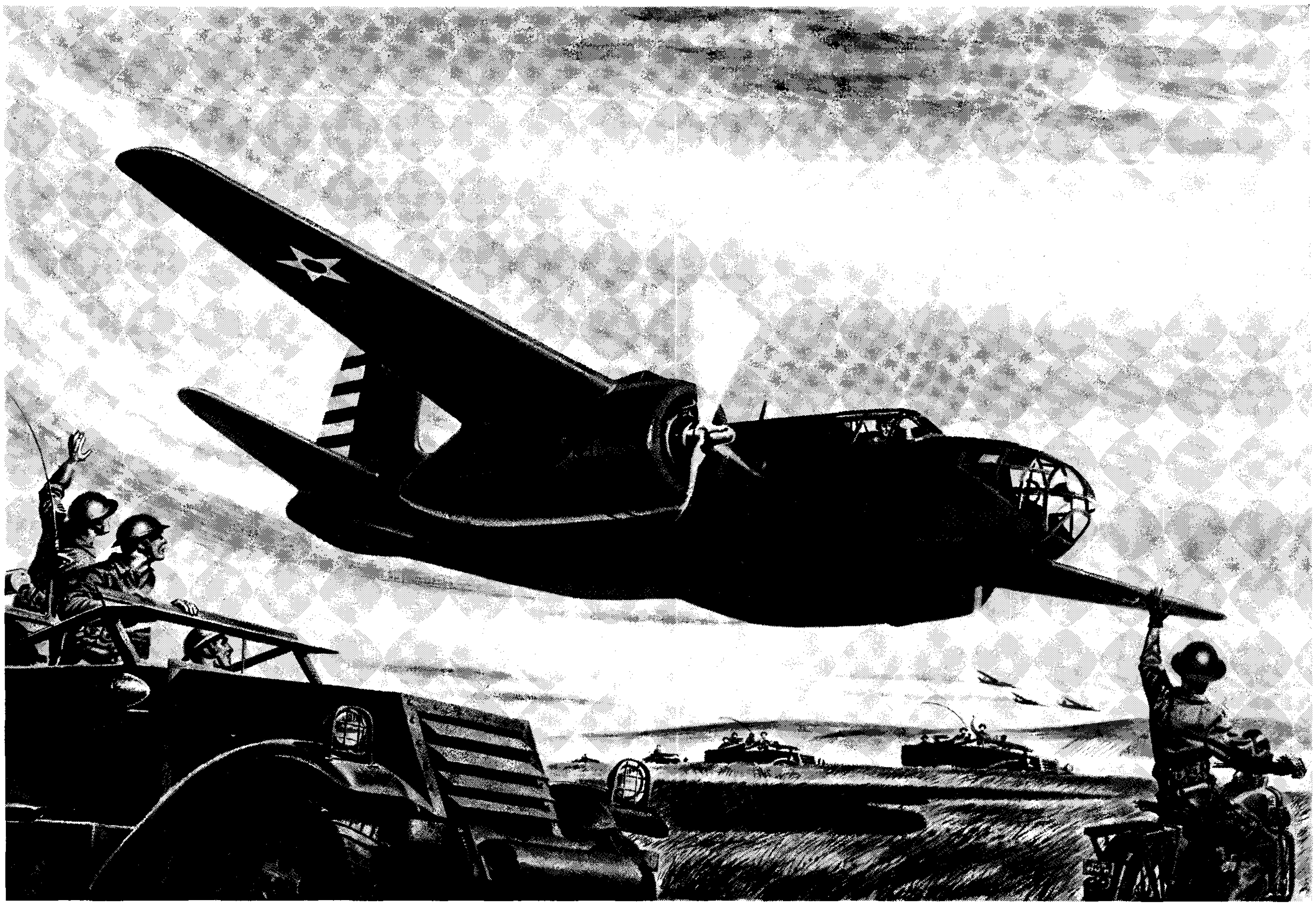
"Good night, Henry," Gil said, saying it in a way that was final and determined. He pressed his hand on the back of my neck and squeezed it affectionately. "Thanks for everything."

"Give me a ring later, will you? Just a ring?"

"Of course!"

It was just to get rid of me; there was altogether too much good humor in his tone. But I got out and waved to them as they drove off and then the other car moved forward, swinging out far from the curb. It was a black coupé with two dark forms inside and it sped away down the avenue.

When I went upstairs Fern was lean-



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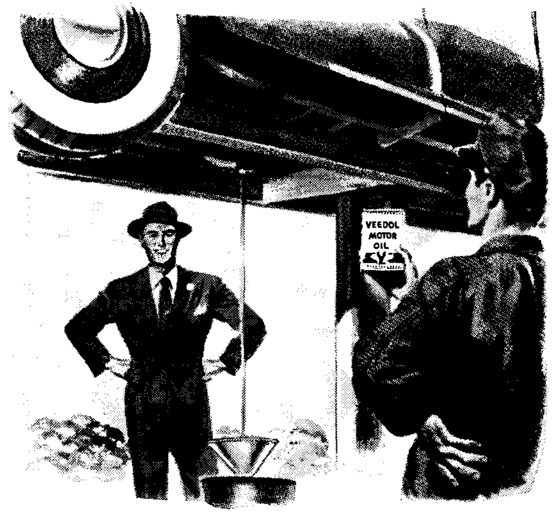

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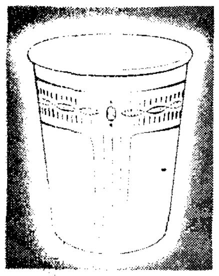


ing in the French window of the balcony smoking a cigarette through a long holder, with the lights of the city and the bright stars beyond her.

"How was Margarida?" she said.

"H'm? Oh. Well, I didn't get there. We were followed and we should have been followed there. Gil brought me back here and they followed him off again. I'm stuck."

"How do you mean?"

"Gil thinks that I'll probably be shadowed—every move I make. He urged me to leave the city."

"Will she die?"

"Without proper attention, she may. I'd hoped to see her in a condition where she could be moved to the country."

Fern shuddered. "Oh, Henry, it's awful!"

"It was a risk she took. I don't know whether she believed in the things Gil believed in—but she believed in him. And believing in him didn't mean just saying so. It meant doing something about it."

I was thinking of her, Margarida, in the tiny room above Greco's barbershop, taking it all without a whimper—grave, not smiling much, because she knew the danger she was in and the danger Gil was in. But she didn't cry. That was all out, the crying. She was determined to get well; she had her eye and her mind and her will set on getting well.

"Henry," Fern said, sitting down beside me. "Henry, what are you going to do?"

"Fern, I don't know, I don't know."

"I wish I could think of something. I'm never any good at thinking up things. But one thing I know: we can't leave Margarida."

"I can't get to her. Gil must be certain I'll be followed. I did all I could. If they follow me there—and if Gil and Felippe get away from those others tonight and go there they'll be trapped, ambushed, to say nothing of Greco and his wife, who are taking care of her."

"She's a human being but all you say sounds logical. I tried to be logical this afternoon when I pleaded with you to go but ever since it has been like something I was unable to digest. I'm not by nature logical, Henry. Perhaps I don't recognize an impasse when I see one. If you went away with me tomorrow it would be because of me. If you were single, alone, you would stay. In only one way I want to be like Margarida: If I don't understand all the things you believe in—I at least believe in you."

"Fern, when I said that I wasn't in the least implying—"

"Of course you weren't."

"Fern, there is nothing you can do. This is a dangerous business. You don't realize how dangerous it is. These people are fighting underground for ideas they believe in. It's one set of ideas against another and to either side life is cheaper than a postage stamp."

"WELL, Henry," she said, standing up, "I'm sure I don't understand their ideas, one or the other, but I think I understand decency and compassion."

"Fern, you're not making sense. Do you think I want to leave her there? Do you think Gil wanted me to? Do you want me to risk setting a trap for Gil and Felippe and Greco and his wife?"

"Certainly not. But it occurred to me this evening, after you went out, that here I am, your wife, and I've done nothing, absolutely nothing, to help you or your friends."

"I told you in the beginning I didn't want you mixed up in it, which is why I never took you to Greco's."

"Henry," she said, "I want Greco's address."

I stood up. "This has gone far enough, Fern. You have suddenly turned into a very difficult woman."

"No one will follow me. When, for instance, in the past week or ten days have we been seen together? Remember, you've been a very busy man, Doctor. Besides, I'll wear a scarf over my head."

"Fern, despite what you've said on several occasions, I'm not easily swayed. No."

"Please don't be stubborn, dear."

"I will not give you Greco's address. If it's a case of either you or Margarida, it will have to be Margarida."

She subsided on the divan. "Very well, Henry. Perhaps, after all, I do recognize an impasse. We'd better just go to bed."

IT MIGHT have been the moonlight shining in my face that woke me up, and when I turned over, away from it, I could see that Fern's bed was empty. I turned on the lights, to make sure. There was a piece of blue paper lying on her pillow. There was writing on it.

"Dear Henry," Fern had written, "I just couldn't go to sleep, thinking. I found Greco's address in your wallet. It seems to me that you would make a very poor spy, carrying addresses around like that. I am taking along the pretty little pearl-handled gun Gil lent you. The design on the handle is really lovely, such fine detail. I have memorized Greco's address and burned the card. If you happen to wake up and read this, please don't wait up for me. Take a sleeping tablet."

I strode around the apartment, out of one room and into another, as if to make sure that what I had read was true. I think I was as angry as I was anxious. But by the time I had dressed and was on the way down to the lobby I was only anxious; there was a tight, dry feeling in my throat and a humid weight in my stomach. And because I was anxious, more so than I had ever been in my life before, I was cautious; more than that, I felt a sensation of cunning creeping over me.

It was a new feeling and in a way it was exhilarating. Instead of getting off at the lobby floor I got off in the basement. I saw a waiter carrying a tray with empty bottles and glasses on it and followed him through a swing door into a large pantry. In another minute I was walking through a vast kitchen where only three or four men were at work. When I came to an outside door I stepped into an alleyway and followed its devious course to the street. I walked three blocks and nobody followed me; but because I felt hunted I stopped on the corner and smoked a cigarette for a couple of minutes. Then I told a taxi driver to take me to the Metro.

When I got out in front of the motion-picture house I walked around the block, entered another taxicab and told the driver to take me to the Estado Nova Café, which was a block away from Greco's. At the café I drank a glass of wine and watched the street and the passers-by; but nobody looked at me, nobody came into the café during the ten minutes I sat there. Instead of going directly to Greco's I circled the block and when I reached the door of the darkened barbershop I pressed back in the shadows and waited another five minutes. Nobody came along. I rang the bell, two shorts and one very long.

From a window above came Greco's voice: "You wake an old man from his slumber at this heathen hour. Please be good enough to name a convincing reason."

I rang the bell three times in quick succession. In another minute old Greco opened the door and I slipped into the shop's thick darkness.

"Greco, is Mrs. Wayne here?"

"She sits above discussing broad plans for the future with Margarida. Her aplomb is noteworthy, Doctor. Is she by chance a princess at home, or at least a duchess?"

"She is a fool, Greco."

My anger was back again and I was impatient now. I followed Greco through the darkness, my hand on his shoulder to help guide me. We climbed the dark stairway and, when he opened the door at the top, light from the living room bloomed out and we went in and Gil said:

"Are you sure you weren't followed?"

"Positive."

"It's likely. They would have had only one watching the hotel."

Felippe said, "Have some wine, Doctor." He was sitting at the table in his undershirt and there was a bandage around his left arm. He grinned. "Just an ordinary wound, Doctor. The ordinary wounds we know how to take care of."

The couch creaked and I looked past Felippe and saw a man lying there, bound hand and foot. The man was Jorge Pinto. Gil smiled at me. His eyes were bloodshot and his thin face looked worn but he smiled and there was satisfaction in his face, the grim, dry humor of a man who has come through a tight place safely, with a dividend for good measure. He had Jorge Pinto, the traitor, the mercenary.

GRECO opened the door beyond and I went into the small, narrow room and instantly Greco's squat wife got up and bustled out with a scared look.

"Oh, Henry," Fern said, "why did you take the risk, when you talked so much against it?"

"Fern, I think I shall have your head examined."

"You mustn't excite Margarida," she said.

Margarida said with her dry, hueless lips, "Don't be angry with her."

I took her pulse and her temperature and dressed her wounds, one in the leg, the other in her side. Then for a while I sat beside the bed and held her hand and talked to her, telling her it wouldn't be long now, she would be well and it would be possible to move her. When I stood up Gil was standing in the doorway. His smile was crooked, a buttoned-up sort of smile, and there were tears in his eyes.

"She ought to sleep now," I said.

Gil wasn't looking at me. He was looking at Margarida and I could see his throat move when he swallowed. He raised his hand a little and wiggled his fingers at her.

Margarida said, "Doctor says it won't be long now. We can go to the country. I'll be well. I'm no good to you this way, Gil. Darling, be careful, be careful!"

"You're doing fine, baby," Gil said.

"It's so wonderful, so wonderful," Fern said in a small, stifled voice. We looked at her but she didn't explain. She dabbed at her eyes and hurried into the living room and Felippe jumped up and bowed courteously. I motioned to Gil and then followed him and closed the door and in the corner the couch creaked and old Greco looked at Jorge Pinto and made a faint spitting sound.

"Henry," Fern said, lighting a cigarette, "when do you think it will be safe to move Margarida?"

I accepted a glass of wine from Felippe and said, "Not less than a week. At the end of a week."

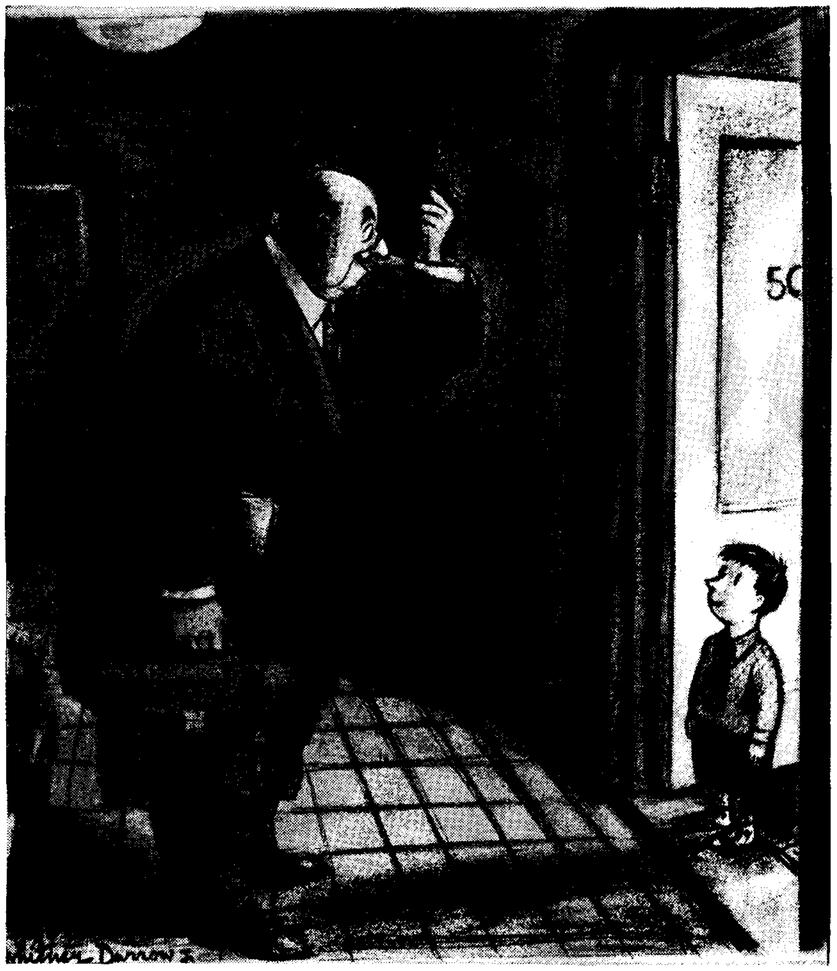
She glanced at Gil, then at Felippe, and they all nodded.

Fern sat down. "Henry, it will be very simple. With constant care, then, we can depend on it. I simply don't know why I never thought of it before. Besides, during the week there will be practically no risk whatever; and at the end of the week we can all drive her to Petrópolis."

"Will you explain to me why there will be no risk during the week?"

Felippe said, "Oh, she has it all figured out. A remarkable woman, with vision."

"Dear, this is what I mean," Fern



"Good morning, sir. Haven't you often dreamed of retiring at sixty on twenty-five dollars a week?"

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FRANKFURTERS OR WIENERS

went on earnestly. "Why is it necessary for you to keep dashing back and forth between here and the hotel all the time? Why can't you just stay here?"

I set down my wineglass and looked at her and then I looked at Gil and Felippe. Their eyes were veiled, asking nothing, recommending nothing. It had, in fact, never occurred to me.

"It came to me suddenly," Fern continued. "Besides, it will take some of the load off Mrs. Greco. You can sleep on the couch there and Mr. Greco says he can sleep downstairs in the shop and put a cot in with Mrs. Greco for me to sleep on. Henry, it's all very simple."

I drank all that remained in my glass. I don't think I had ever really known my wife until that minute, and all at once—with Gil and Felippe and Greco and Mrs. Greco standing around—I was inordinately proud of her.

"You're right, Fern," I said. "Gil, she's absolutely right."

Felippe tipped the bottle. "More wine, Doctor?"

"Thank you. I suppose Jorge Pinto will have to sleep on the floor."

Fern said, "Oh, no. Felippe is going to put him on a boat and send him out of the country; he told me so."

FELIPPE dropped his eyes but Gil was staring across the room at Jorge Pinto with more bitterness than I had even seen in his face before.

"I didn't know what to do with him for a while," Fern said. "It was the hotel doorman's fault, really."

"What was the hotel doorman's fault?" I asked.

"Oh, he didn't mean to, of course. It was natural. He said, 'A wonderful evening, Mrs. Wayne,' and when he said it I saw this man, this Jorge Pinto, look up sharply from lighting a cigarette. Henry, there was a frightful gleam in his eyes, and I shuddered. I was scared. So instead of getting into a cab right there—really, I was suddenly all confused—I began walking away, with a foolish notion, I suppose, of eluding him. But he followed me in his car. He kept following me, wherever I walked. Until finally I couldn't stand it any longer. I was terribly frightened, Henry!"

Felippe shook his head. "I deny it. It showed not only courage but extreme logic. Madame, you would make a fine revolutionary!"

"Oh, Felippe, you and your revolutionary," Fern chided. "Who wants to be a revolutionary?"

"Fern," I said, "what else?"

"Yes, Henry. Well, I couldn't stand it any longer. So the gun I borrowed, your gun—I took it out of my bag and turned around and stepped into the street gesturing as though I wished a ride. He stopped and I raised the gun and pointed it at him and said, 'You have been following me. Very well.' And I climbed into the back of the car and said, 'Now you may take me where I wish to go.' He did, of course, although I had to keep prodding him with the gun. I prodded him hard. But I'd taken the bullets out of the gun before leaving the hotel, so I knew it couldn't go off accidentally. Then when we arrived outside I suddenly realized that I couldn't let him go. If I let him go, naturally he'd know the address. So I prodded him up here."

Old Greco slapped his thigh and stated heatedly, "Indeed, at my age, all things considered, it is good to see wickedness and evil brought to justice by the unwitting hand of innocence. Such things I dreamed of as a child. I intend to write a poem."

"When it is published," Felippe said, "I will send twenty letters to the editor, each signed with a different name, commending the editor for publishing the masterpiece. A little wine, Doctor?"

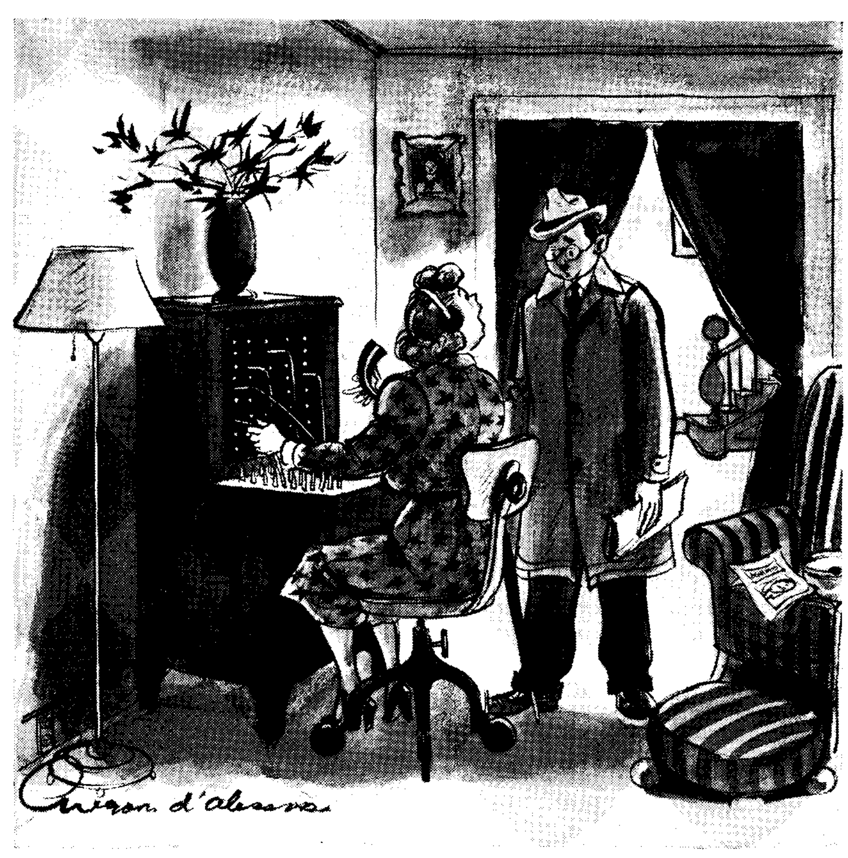
Fern said, "Henry, dear, do you think you had better drink so much wine? You're perspiring."

In a little while Mrs. Greco told her that the bed was ready and when she had gone in with the old woman I slipped into Margarida's room and stood for several minutes by the bed. She was asleep and her breathing was regular. I had no doubts now. I knew she would live and I knew we would get her safely out of the city.

When I returned to the living room Gil and Felippe and Jorge Pinto were gone and old Greco was lighting a pipe.

"That story about Jorge Pinto and the boat," I said. "It was just a story, wasn't it?"

"It seemed unnecessary, also unkind," Greco said, "to shock the innocent."



"Daughter is getting awfully popular, dear" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Fighting Ferryboats

Continued from page 16

and the Marine Corps generals checked over the reports of the Vieques and Culebra maneuvers. They found that a great deal of time and no telling how many potential casualties might have been saved if the men of the defending Blue Squadron had used Alligators.

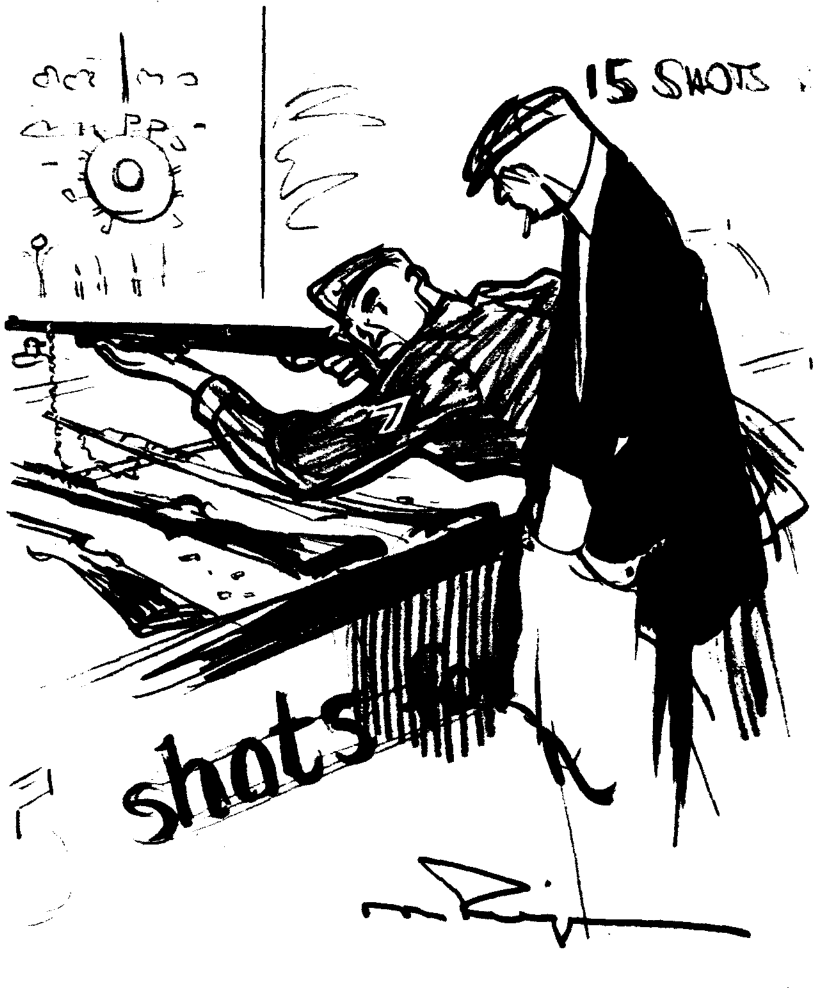
The Marines participating in the February maneuvers were landed at Vieques and Culebra under a covering fire from the destroyers Brooke, Trenton, Simpson and Borie, each laying down an average of seven shells per minute per gun. But it is reasonable to suppose that if a real enemy, instead of friendly troops, had been defending the islands the defenders' artillery would have swept the beaches with an equally murderous fire. So the umpires always calculate casualty percentages in assault landing maneuvers in ghastly figures—a tactical theorem that doubtless has caused the German general staff, planning an invasion of Great Britain, many sleepless nights.

After careful scrutiny of the February maneuvers, the Navy Department asked young Mr. Roebling to haul one of his Alligators up for a good old Marine Corps workout along the Virginia coast, before a small but highly distinguished audience. A heavy surf was pounding the beach that cold, raw day last January when the inventor and Florida "cracker" crew made a test landing with a cargo of mighty apprehensive Marines. But the Alligator's big motor growled true saurian defiance, the tractor blades hit deep into the frigid Atlantic and the amphibian rode a wave crest in to a perfect landing. The Alligator did a lot of other things, too, such as snapping down trees and crawling up a 55-degree embankment. So the admirals and the generals approved an order for 200 Alligators, exclusively for the Marine Corps, following this up later with authorization for another big consignment.

Mass production of Alligators has been under way at the Food Machinery Company plant, four miles from Clearwater, for the past seven months. A new plant was recently opened at Lakeland in central Florida to speed deliveries and further expansions may be necessary to handle probable shipments to Great Britain.

British interest in the amphibian came in the natural course of events in view of the enthusiastic reports sent to Washington from the detachments of Marines that are being trained in the operation and maintenance of the amphibians at the Corps' new station at Clearwater. A party of British officers went to Florida last August, saw the Alligator put through its paces and within a fortnight one of the new Navy models was shipped "somewhere in England," perhaps as the advance guard of hundreds that may some day take position as the spearhead of an assault upon the German-held French coast.

Some veteran military tacticians believe the Alligator just fills the British staff's prescription for any assault maneuver in which the element of surprise is vital to the success of the operation. If our Marine Corps, using Roebling amphibians with muffled motors, can crawl across a beach and pulverize theoretical machine-gun nests—as the lads are doing every day down in Florida—then the British should be able to do the same thing against Nazi outposts at Calais, Le Touquet and Boulougne when the big invasion rolls around. The Marines think so—and are perfectly willing to take a crack at the job.



"It's none of my business, brother, but you're holding it all wrong"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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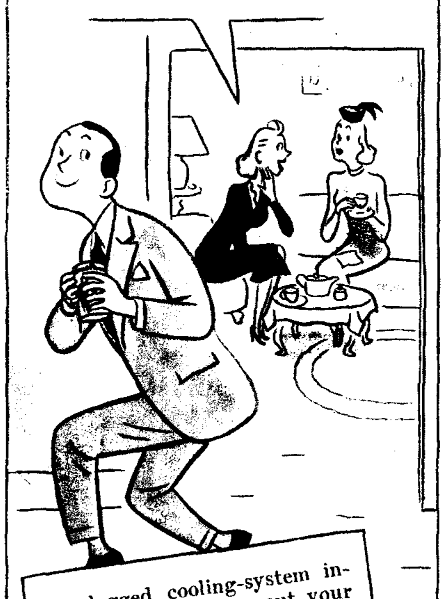
HE THINKS I DON'T KNOW HE'S TAKING MY SANI-FLUSH TO CLEAN OUT HIS CAR RADIATOR FOR WINTER



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Our New Army

Continued from page 14

Range, is getting plenty of practice, but little of it is Army. This sub-post near the Nevada line is on a straight, flat highway along which motorists smash up their cars with customary frequency. Civilians, learning that the only doctor handy is an Army medico, aren't backward about asking for attention—and on the cuff.

WASHINGTON

FORT LAWTON, Seattle. Nobody talks much around this post in the heart of the city. First place, it's the quarters for the Port of Embarkation and thereby directly responsible to Washington, D. C.; secondly, it's headquarters for members of the Interceptor Command and hides in its confines a couple of Aircraft Warning Service companies having their obligations to secrecy. Seattleites formerly used the post as a short cut between Seattle districts. Now there are sentries on duty at all times and a civilian has to wade through a morass of paper work to get to see anybody. Only flaw in all this hush-hush is that a municipal bus enters the fort freely every fifteen minutes or so all day long—and nobody seems to care who's on it or why.

Lawton, incidentally, is famous throughout the Army as one of the most scenic of posts. A man living in Officers' Row can sit on his back porch and watch the sun rise over the Cascade Mountains; he can face south and take a gander at Mount Rainier; turn north and glimpse the distant outline of Mount Baker; then saunter to his front porch and get a sweeping view of Puget Sound, with its Olympic Mountains backdrop.

The troublesome feature of this scenic beauty (and the fort's reputation for placidity and extremely good food) was that the guardhouse population began to swell. It got so that men who had gone A.W.O.L. from posts as far back as the Midwest did their surrendering at Lawton. There's a rumor going the rounds that all the beds have been removed from the clink. It may not be true, but the report has served its purpose. The number of surrenders has dropped off nicely.

MASSACHUSETTS

1ST DIV.

FORT DEVENS, Ayer. The 101st Horse-Mechanized Cavalry's Sgt. Jack Chapin got a little fed up with cracks about what-good-is-cavalry-in-modern-warfare, so he and another scout-car commander took their crews and cars, wiggled their way through 23,000 "enemy" Yankee Division troops and captured Major General Roger W. Eckfeldt and his command post. To add insult to injury, the boys snaked their way another twenty miles and dumped the commanding general on the chief co-ordinator's doorstep; after which they made their way back to headquarters without a hitch. The 101st Cavalry is maneuvering in the Carolinas now and nobody is making any cracks.

"WHY, certainly," the officer said; "the First Division is about ninety-eight per cent equipped." While he was talking, the First Engineers were tossing a pontoon bridge across the Nashua River, some fifty feet upstream from the bridge on which the officer stood. The engineers knew their stuff; they had the bridge about four fifths of the way across the river in no time. Then, suddenly, they knocked off work. The officer asked a soldier the reason for this. "That," the soldier replied, "is all the equipment we've got." The officer shrugged. "I guess," he said, "that's the two per cent we're missing."

NEW YORK

CAMP UPTON, Long Island. Letter from a private that ought to make some C.O. sit up and take notice of his noncoms: "I found a good way of getting out of a lot of work. All you do is find out what your corporal likes to talk about and then talk to him about it. Usually it's women. Anyhow, I've spent days leaning on a shovel, just talking. Never fails."

THREE Upton selectees were standing at the side of a road, the other day, watching the various companies come back from retreat. One of the three smartly saluted a passing officer; the other two just stood there like a couple of goons. The officer gave with a first-class bawling out to the soldier who had saluted him—with the Boy Scout salute. The two goons just laughed and laughed.

NORTH CAROLINA

FORT BRAGG NOTES: This largest artillery center has been drained to a population of only 19,000. Some 45,000 men have moved farther south for maneuvers. . . . Pvt. Brookes Fryer, 28-year-old pianist at the reception center, turned down his old-age discharge so he could have a go at the new organ ordered for the chapel. A lot of his pals say he's nuts. Pvt. Fryer says no; he's always had a yen to make with organ music. . . . All leading colleges in the state have agreed to sell enlisted men tickets to any home football game for half a buck, which means that a man in uniform can afford to sit on the 40-yard line and watch Duke-Tennessee, Duke-Colgate, Carolina-Fordham and other topflight Southern elevens fight it out on the gridiron.

SOUTH CAROLINA

30TH DIV.

FORT JACKSON, Columbia. The U. S. Mint can go on manufacturing genuine dough if they want to, but soldiers here have discovered a new form of exchange for their minor needs. The substitute coins are bus tokens, which cost a nickel each and are sold in lots of five. It takes four of them to get a soldier back to the fort from Columbia, and the lads have found shoe-shine boys, newsstand operators and peanut vendors willing to accept the odd token in lieu of cash. It's handy for barracks poker games, too. No good for nickel beers, though; chiefly because, as one soldier expressed it, "there ain't no nickel beers in Columbia."

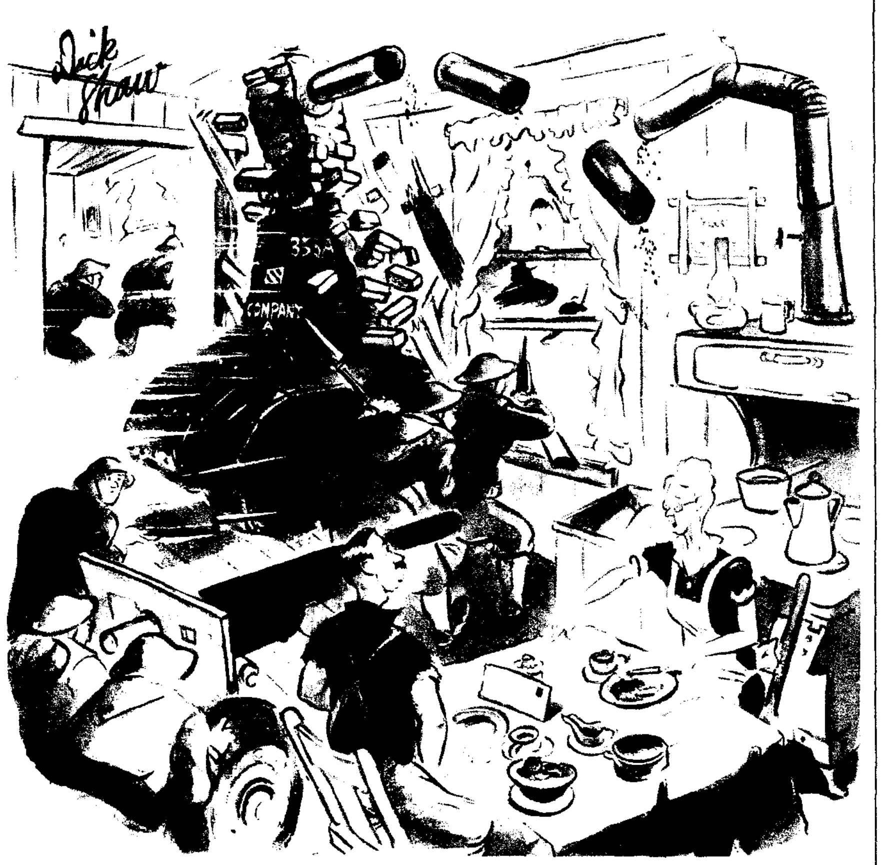
GENERAL

ANYBODY want to trade shoulder-patch insignia with Mrs. Marion G. Morton, Route 1, Box 132, Tacoma, Washington? "I have on hand," she writes, "a quantity of the following: GHQ, IX Army Corps and 41st Division patches. Many others, such as 3d Division and 4th Army can be procured at Fort Lewis. I'd like to contact anyone who wants to swap so I could get the insignia I need to complete a collection started when I saw the color reproductions of the whole set in the July 26th Collier's.

LIEUT. GEN. LESLEY J. McNAIR, chief of staff, general headquarters, is quoted in a Louisiana paper as stating that "the principal shortages of the Army are in ammunition, radio equipment, weapons, planes and vehicles ranging from trucks to tanks. . . ."

BUT every man has a pair of pants.

G. W.



"Why don't you open your letter from the War Department? Maybe it will have an explanation" DICK SHAW

A Nice Clean Sport

Continued from page 13

explains Chaser. "How about coming out tomorrow morning? We could probably get some eels. Eels are easy because they are always looking for a scrap and they come a-fightin'. They have teeth sharp as needles that hook into your flesh. You can get them easy as pie because all you have to do is surface and there is Mr. Eel still hanging on. You just pull his teeth out of your arm and fry him."

Skin diving, we discovered, got under way as an American sport about a decade ago, but didn't slip into high until about three years back when the ingenious southern California lads perfected some improved equipment to make the going underwater more comfortable. Prior to that, old-timers like Dinty O'Brien, a retired U. S. Navy diver, who is sixty and still diving, or Harry Monk of Catalina, or Houton Ralph of Hermosa, the trio that taught most of the younger fry what they know about the game, used to dive with Japanese goggles fitting tightly over each eye. Down twenty or thirty feet where the pressure gets heavy, the goggles pressed on the eyes until they popped out like a perch's.

The Skin Diver's Props

Nowadays, a skin diver watches goings-on underwater through a little round plate-glass window about four inches in diameter set in a soft rubber side wall that fits snugly over the eyes and nose. These diving masks look like miniature locomotive headlights. They are inexpensive, costing only $2.50, and they not only make it easy to see underwater but likewise protect the eyes and nostrils from the salt water. The next most important prop is a pair of "swim fins," made of green rubber about sixteen inches long. Invented by a Mr. Owen Churchill, who became a diving enthusiast out in the Hawaiian Islands, they slip over the feet and look for all the world like a pair of frog's feet. Swim fins give a swimmer double the power and a third more speed in the water, and to listen to any skin diver, you need them when you are coming up with a sack full of abalones or a forty-pound stingaree on your spear.

The spears, with detachable heads, are fastened to the lines, and the divers wear canvas gloves to protect their hands from the barnacles on the rocks. That completes the layout, aside from a boat in which to row out beyond the combers and an onion sack attached to an oilcan for a buoy in which to cache the underseas game. For kibitzers, a skin diver usually carries a glass-bottom "look box" through which you can peer down and see the show below.

The trick about skin diving, explained Captain Hal Messenger, who has elected himself unofficial apostle for the sport, is to ease yourself into the water without much fuss. You don't take a whopping big breath, as everybody supposes, because with two lungs chock-full of air you have just that much more buoyancy to fight to get down where the big fish swim. You take just an ordinary breath, then drop either feetfirst or headfirst. Most of the watermen prefer headfirst because they can see what they are running into—shellfish, octopuses, sharks, eels, or what.

You can tell how deep down you are by the way your ears hurt and the way the goggles press on your face. When you are able to wrestle fish between twenty and thirty feet down you are a skin diver. Most of the boys don't like to work below thirty feet, but some go down to forty, which is pretty deep, especially when the water is below sixty degrees temperature at the surface. The shock of the first couple of dives usually gives you a numb ache between the eyes, but that soon wears off and you are good for a half-hour of diving.

Skin divers don't go down on the bottom and walk around like suit divers. They swim continuously, most of the time with their heads lower than their feet, because as long as they do that, fish will stick around with only an occasional scowl at the hick Sunday swimmers who are always snarling up traffic. Most divers stay down only about thirty seconds at a crack, although any good skin diver can hold his breath easily for two minutes. Chaser claims he once clocked "Cowboy" Jay for three minutes, seven seconds, which is almost a lifetime in the sea holding your breath.

With swim fins, a skin diver can travel seventy-five to one hundred feet underwater in half a minute. Most of the watermen prefer to dive half a minute, then come up for half a minute for air, then dive again. Doing that, a skin diver can stay at it an hour or so.

Of course there are tricks for tackling the various denizens of the ocean. If you take on a shark (they are only three or four feet long on the southern California coast) the idea is to grab him by the tail and steer him up toward the surface, meanwhile maneuvering so as to keep away from his head. If it is an octopus (they run from three to five feet off the southern California shore) you can slip a hand underneath him and scoop him up, acting nonchalant, as he winds his tentacles around your arms and neck, and paying no attention to the dirty looks he gives you or the ink he spills in the water. The watermen rarely bother an octopus, except now and then to haul one up for a Japanese friend. The Nipponese rate them great delicacies.

Among the fish, the toughest customers—unless you count eels as fish—are the stingarees, which carry a four- or five-inch stinger, covered with barbs, where their taillights ought to be. These are something to stay away from. The technique is to see the stingaree before he sees you, jab the spear through his middle, then scram, meanwhile hanging onto the line with which you can play him from the surface, where breathing is better. Dr. Bob Crossland of Santa Monica and Dr. Tom Quirk of Fullerton hold the record in this event. Last year they were skin diving together and poked their harpoons simultaneously through a thirty-five-pound bat stingaree. It took the two of them five minutes to pull the angry fish to the surface, where it, too, became the makings of a Nipponese feast.

You Can't Waste Time

The same spearing technique goes for sheepshead, halibut, bass, sculpin, and other big fish. "You can't waste time, though," warns Frank Rodecker, who is a top-flight fish spearer, because fish will thresh around and wear holes in themselves through which the spearheads slip and there goes your dinner. A diligent skin diver can spear a nice mess of fish for a sizable party in half an hour, with luck. Witness Don St. Hill, who supported his family for two years when jobs were scarce, by spearing the provender under the sea.

Eels, said Mr. Rodecker, are something else again. They are the only marine life in the southern California waters that sail into a battle with a man

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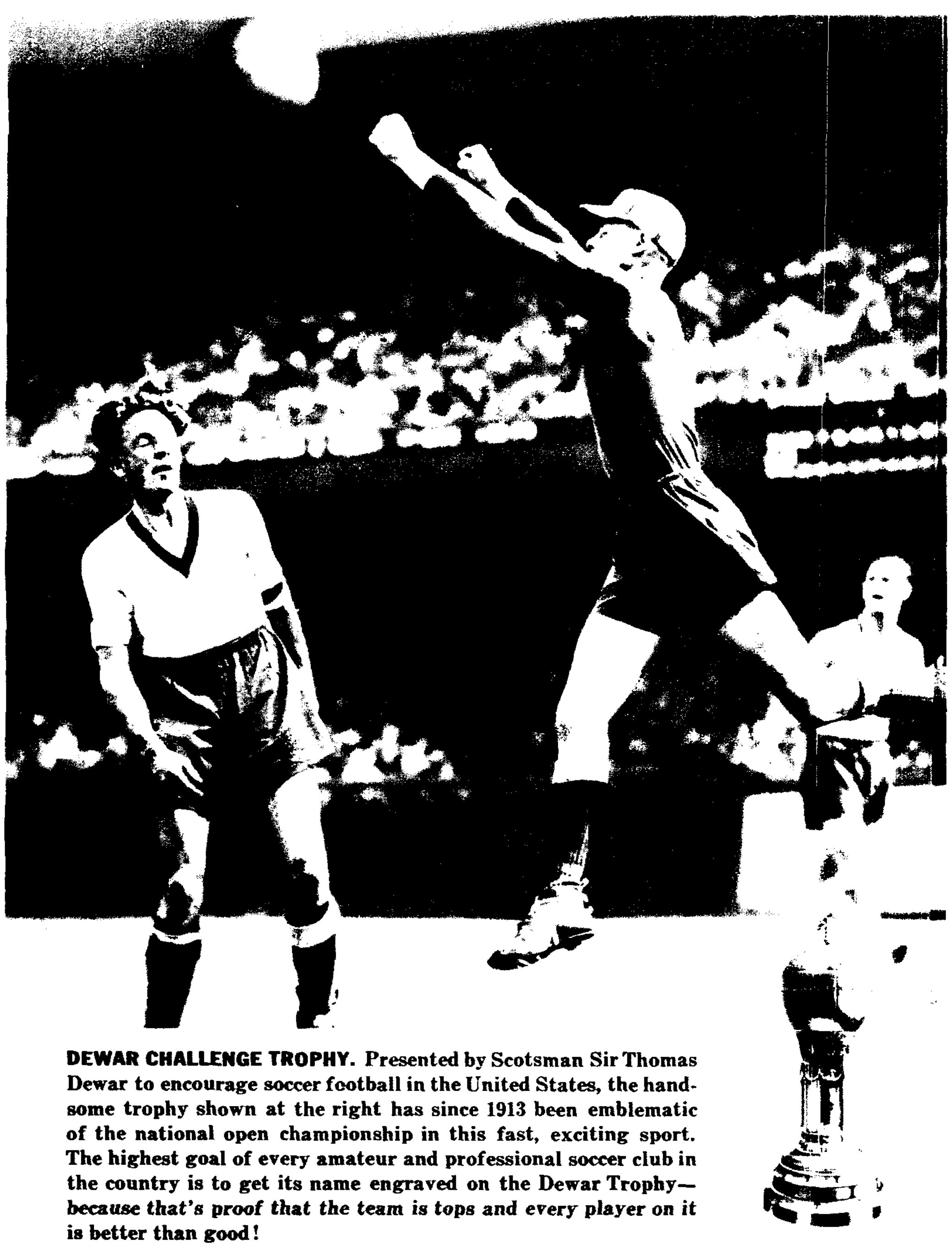

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over an abalone, for instance, abalones being the favorite diet of the pugilistic Maori eel. Eels' teeth are as sharp as needles, and the trick, if you don't want an eel pushing you around down there, is to get your harpoon in him just behind the head before he begins needling you. Doc Cross landed one not so long ago six feet long and seven inches in diameter.

"Eels are hard to see, even when you are looking for them," explained Rodecker. "Usually you see what you are looking for underwater. If you are looking for lobsters, you see lobsters. If you are looking for abalones, you see them. But eels just pop out of nowhere and first thing you know, you are staring one in the face."

The abalones, which are muscular mollusks with a heavy shell six to ten inches across, cling to the rocks or pile up on the bottom of the floor of the ocean. The skin divers say there are literally millions of them down there, but the law says only ten a day. To bag abalones, a skin diver has to be quick with a piece of tire iron or the big knife he takes down to pry them loose from the rocks. Abalones have muscles like the circus strong man's, and if they are not knocked loose before their suction pads begin to work, it is goodby knife or tire iron.

"I've had tire irons bent double trying to get abalones loose," Chaser says, "and there are reports of Japs getting their fingers caught under abalones and being held underwater until they drowned."

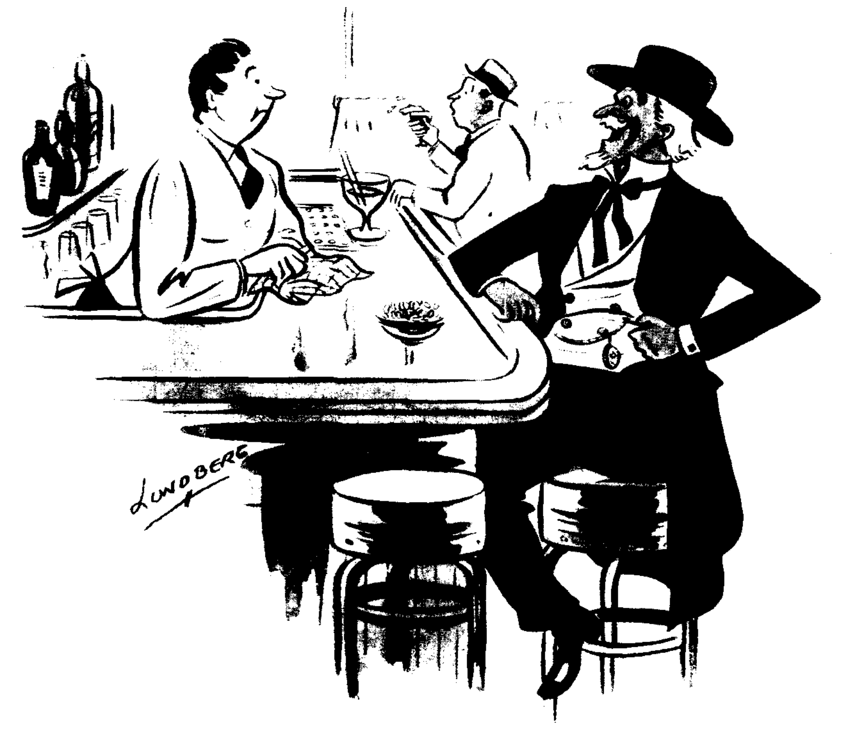
Law's on the Lobster's Side

A lobster hunt takes some nerve, too. Some skin divers spear them, but not the watermen. Their idea of fun is to grab a lobster by the horns and wrestle him out of his niche in the rocks before he counterattacks and sinks his teeth into your wrist. It takes some huffing and puffing, down where you can't huff and puff much, to yank a four-foot bull lobster out of his crevice (purely for sport, you understand, the big bulls being protected by game wardens for breeding purposes). The only legal lobsters are those between ten and a half and sixteen and a half inches, and males at that. It is easy to spot the females because they carry a cluster of red eggs hanging from their tails. But down in some dark sea cavern with the water on your goggles distorting everything you see, you have to be careful not to make a mistake about the size of a bull lobster. If the game warden comes along, just then, says Mr. Chaser Swalzsman, just tell him you are spending your day off spearing seaweed.

If you weary of fishing, there are other things to do down there in your birthday suit. The ocean floor is covered with marine gardens of fantastic beauty in which you can float as in a dream. You can explore the kelp beds which look like underwater jungles. They are the reason the fish are so plentiful. Novices are always scared of being tangled in the kelp, but old-timers don't mind it. They take a new hitch in their lungs, give a flip or two to their swim fins and, presto, they are out in the open sea on the other side of the jungle. But never try to fight your way up through the clinging kelp vines and leaves.

Another never, incidentally, is never put your feet on the floor of the ocean. Because that is where the stingarees spend the morning after the night before, and they're always in bad humor. The rule is keep swimming and you are okay, just like any other fish. Another eerie moment for novices is the first meeting of the sheepshead face to face. He has a stare like Mussolini's and it takes nerve to stare him down.

Captain Hal Messenger, who keeps up on such things, says that there are about 5,000 skin divers at present on the Pacific Coast. In the past year or so, the Sea-Net Company of Los Angeles, which makes the rubber fins and diving goggles, has sold about 5,000 pairs of them outside of California, mostly along the Gulf, Atlantic Coast and Great Lakes. But some went to the R.A.F. pilots in Egypt. They're looking for thrills and are taking up skin diving. Some more were shipped to Pan American Airways people at Wake, Guam and other Pacific islands, and a few were ordered in the Dutch East Indies. The real problem now, says Captain Hal, is to get rubber from the OPM to make the fins. The skin divers are trying to present fin-making as a defense industry, the argument being that in France, Frenchmen are skin diving for food. So the sport is catching on. As Mr. Chester Swalzsman allows, "It's a nice, clean sport and more fun than taking a bath on Saturday night."



"I'll have one of those mint juleps I've been hearing so much about"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

Rational Defense

Continued from page 24

punted, he called for a pass. This was brilliant offensive strategy. It had almost succeeded in scoring a touchdown on first down when McCullough's forward was overthrown, with the receiver in the clear. On second down, the Penn defense was once again opened up in expectation of a punt. Another pass over the middle certainly would have succeeded. But Matuszczak made one fatal mistake!

Instead of again sending McCullough back to pass, he called the play for Murphy. McCullough, in addition to being a passer, was also a punter. *Murphy was not!* And yet *Murphy* was back in a supposed punt formation. This was all that Ray Frick, the Penn defensive quarterback, needed.

He called a signal. Immediately the Penn defense shifted. Regan moved up 30 yards from the safety position. Frick moved back from behind the line of scrimmage. The ball was snapped! Murphy faded back and passed! But the ball sailed right into the arms of the waiting Frick! A few minutes later Penn had scored! The tide of the game had turned. Cornell never threatened again, and Penn went on to score a smashing victory.

A sure Cornell touchdown had been converted into a Penn score all because of one bit of brilliant defensive quarterbacking on the part of Ray Frick. He had remembered the scouting reports, which had said that Murphy *was not a punter, but a passer.*

The Offensive Defense

Today, almost every team in the country uses some form of defensive quarterbacking. The defensive quarterback can be any player on the team. Usually he is the smartest player on the team. I saw a St. Mary's tackle shift his backfield around by merely holding up fingers behind his back. I saw a Colgate quarterback convert a seven-man line into a five-man line with such rapidity that the opposing ball carrier actually dropped the pigskin in confusion.

I saw an Indiana end befuddle a Wisconsin team by the expert use of a sliding line. And in the 1939 Giant-Packer game, I saw Mel Hein throw such a bewildering conglomeration of five-, six- and seven-man lines at the Green Bay offensive that the vaunted Packer backs soon became tied up in pathetic knots.

Once, the defense was chartable and coaching was a fairly easy profession. You merely sent out your scouts to report on your opponents' offensive operations. The defense didn't mean anything. You knew that the right guard would always be in such and such a place, that the right tackle would always be beside him, and that both had the same primary duty of charging forward and generally messing things up. So you set about plotting your own offensive plays, automatically assigning blockers to eliminate the said right guard and right tackle from the picture.

Today, however, the defense is about as chartable as a school of porpoise. You assign blockers to eliminate the right guard and the right tackle, and before the play begins the right guard and the right tackle are liable to pop up in the backfield. In other words, the job of a coach is now increased to a bewildering degree of complexity. You not only have to teach your team dozens of new defensive plays, but you have to work out each *offensive* play in dozens of different variations to cope with the seven-man line, six-man line, five-man line, sliding line and backfield shifts which the opposition may throw in against you.

The entire idea of quarterbacking on the defense is based on a peculiar quirk of the rules. *There is no rule in the book that prevents the defense from moving around while the play is being called or when the ball is being snapped. Nor is there any rule that requires a minimum or maximum number of men in the line of scrimmage.* Thus the defensive quarterback is in the position of an army leader in the field. As soon as the enemy begins to concentrate forces for an attack, the defensive field general analyzes the situation and rearranges his defenses to meet the attack at the expected point.

What weapons has he at his command? First there is the standard 7-2-2 defense, in which the ends charge straight ahead and force the ball carrier inside of them, while the other five linemen just try to crash through. Then there is the 6-2-2-1 defense, in which the ends ignore the ball carrier and concentrate on stripping him of his interference. Finally there is the 5-3-2-2-1 defense, in which all five linemen smash forward like five guards, leaving the ball carrier and the interference to the backers-up.

In addition to these basic formations and their numerous variations, there are dozens of others. Linemen may unexpectedly pull out of the line or charge obliquely instead of straight ahead, backs may suddenly hurtle through to nab the ball carrier, and whole teams may refuse to charge at all but float along with the play instead.

Imagine trying to plot an offense against a cockeyed setup like that! It's the same as plotting in advance an offense against Bob Feller's pitches.

Today, quarterbacking on the defense has reached such a high state of development that it is accepted and taught as one of the fundamentals of the game. The New York Giants actually go into a huddle when the *other* team has the ball. Fordham has a backlog of no less than 120 defensive plays. And as Nebraska found out in the Rose Bowl, Stanford has a little-publicized defensive system that is just as tricky as their famed T-formation on the offense.

Quarterbacking on the defense was slow in developing, however. As recently as four years ago, it was still done in a haphazard, spontaneous manner. I'll never forget my own first experience with quarterbacking on the defense in my sophomore year at Michigan, back in 1924. It was just before my first varsity game against a tough Wisconsin team. I was to start at right halfback, and I was plenty scared. Wisconsin had a back named McAndrews, who was the Big Ten 220-yard sprint champion. I was the slowest man on the Michigan squad. I had spent the night wondering what I was going to do if McAndrews happened to come around my end.

I was sitting in the locker room, chewing my fingernails, when George Babcock came over and spoke to me. At the same time he also spoke to Flop Flora, who was starting *his* first game, too, at right end. Babcock was the veteran right tackle, and one of the smartest football players I have ever met.

"Boys," he said, "we are a triumvirate. We three are responsible for the right flank. If McAndrews comes into the game and Wisconsin shifts our way, I'll go in and take as much of the interference as I can. Flop, forget your regular assignment and strip the rest of the interference. And Benny—you play to the outside and come up to make the tackle."

This was smart quarterbacking on the defense. It was a totally unexpected variation of Michigan's 7-man line. Babcock knew that McAndrews was a sprinter, he knew that he couldn't pass, and that as soon as he got the ball he'd tear for the side lines. That's why he posted me to the outside, where I could nab McAndrews as soon as he was stripped of his interference.

And the strategy worked!

That afternoon, through no fault of my own, I became a hero! I was hailed as a great defensive star. Every time McAndrews took the ball, I nailed him for a loss. And yet every time it happened, I was the most surprised guy in the world. McAndrews just seemed to drift into my arms. Flora and Babcock had cut down the interference on each play. They had made it as easy for me as hitting a tackling dummy. Wisconsin just couldn't figure out the amazingly simple defense we had prepared.

After the game, I spoke to Babcock. I was still befuddled by what had happened. Babcock tapped the side of his head. "Always remember this, Benny," he said. "You don't stop using the old noodle when the other team gets the ball." I never forgot that piece of advice as long as I played football.

The Answer to Red Grange

The following year I was moved over to quarterback. That was in 1925 and Red Grange was still running wild for Illinois. The year before he had amazed the country by scoring four touchdowns against Michigan in exactly twelve minutes! But in the 1925 Michigan-Illinois game, one of the miracles of football history came to pass. The great Red Grange, who had scored at will the year before, carried the ball 27 times. He gained a total of *minus 54 yards!*

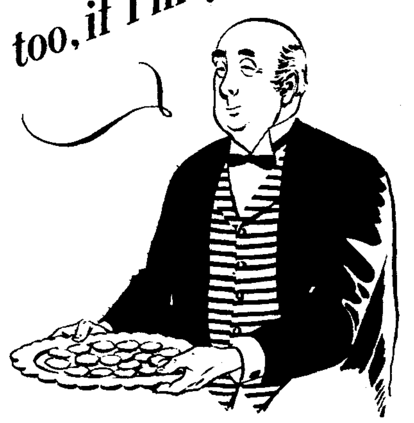
This was not done with mirrors. It was a primitive example of quarterbacking on the defense. The strategy was simple. We noticed that the Illinois left guard was dropping out of the line to run interference for Grange whenever he carried the ball. So each time Grange was back, we shifted to the left. The idea was for Bob Brown, our center, to "drop into the slot" and charge obliquely through the hole vacated by the Illinois guard. He did. In fact, he did it so convincingly that he smeared the unsmearable Mr. Grange behind the lines of scrimmage *no less than ten times!*

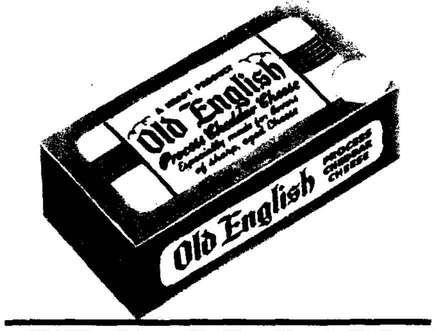
Michigan scored one of the greatest upsets of all time on the day. The final score was Michigan 3, Illinois 0.

Fourteen years later, Illinois reversed the procedure by stopping the great Tom Harmon in his tracks in the Illinois-Michigan game of 1939. Amazingly enough, the Illinois team used *exactly the same defensive strategy* we had used against Red Grange! The only difference was that our play was made up almost on the spur of the moment. The Illinois play had a name, "46-58," and it was mixed with dozens of others for deception.

And so quarterbacking on the defense has developed from the spontaneous individual thinking of my own college career to the complicated defensive formations of today. But it all adds up to the same thing—George Babcock's advice to a bewildered kid on Michigan's Ferry Field, long, long ago: "You don't stop using the old noodle when the other team gets the ball!"

Happy nightmares, coaches!





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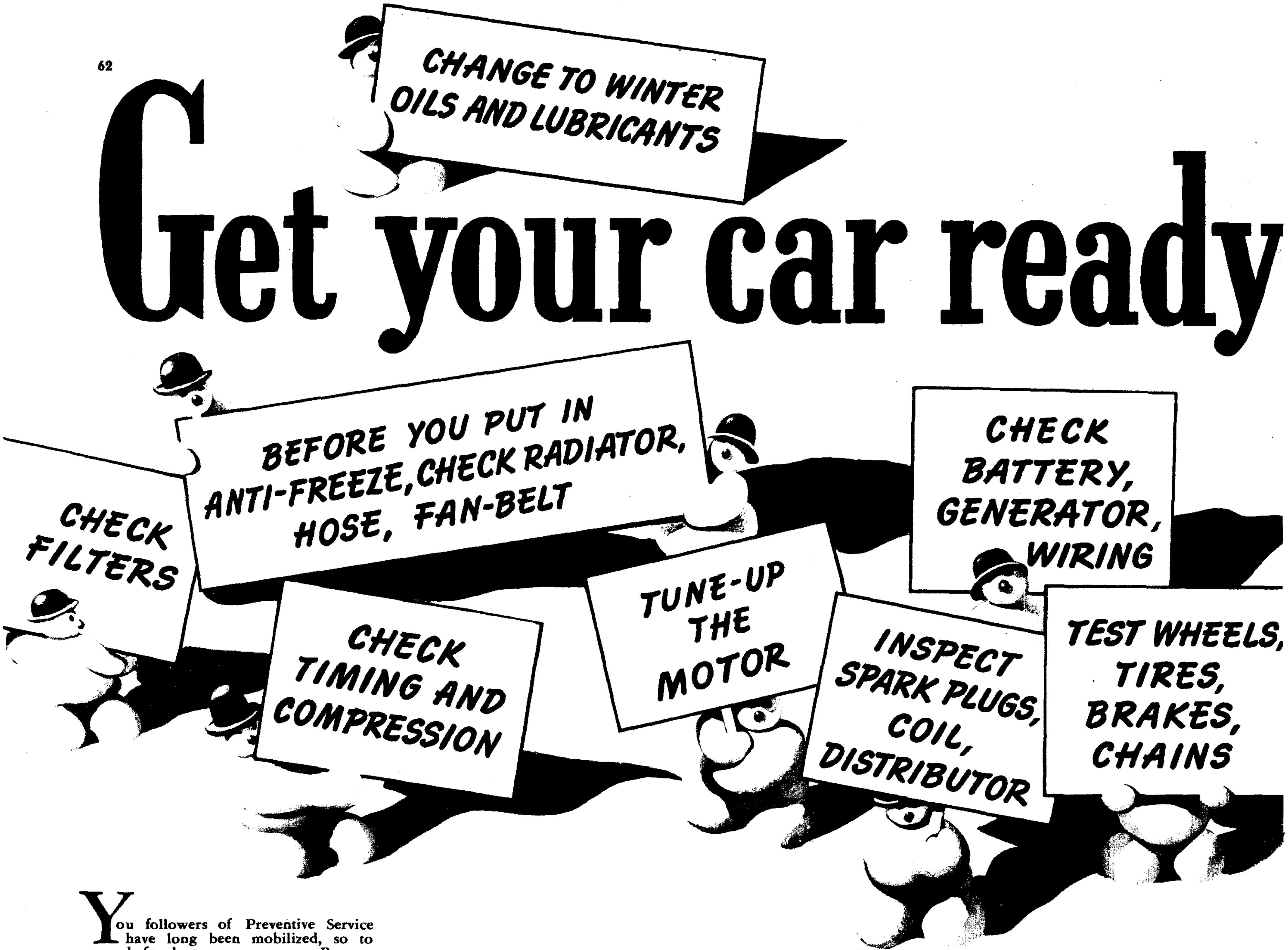
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This winter, Preventive Service becomes more than a matter of your personal comfort, safety, and economy. It's a "Must" in the Nation's defense program

You followers of Preventive Service have long been mobilized, so to speak, for the present emergency. Because thanks to Preventive Service, your cars are undoubtedly in better running order *than your neighbors'. And while that is important to your personal comfort and* safety, it is even more important from a national standpoint. For it is the condition of your cars that is making vital contributions to the conservation of gasoline, oil, rubber, aluminum, and many other defense materials.

To paraphrase the Air Corps slogan, *Let's Keep 'em Running.* And keep 'em running at their best! *Collier's* offers some authentic and timely suggestions to help you. You will find still more assistance in the Question and Answer Booklet which will be sent upon request with postage to cover the cost of handling and mailing.

Don't Let Your Anti-Freeze Make a Get-away

In the autumn, the thoughts of most motorists immediately turn to anti-freeze. Putting anti-freeze into your car is one thing—*keeping it in* is something else again. The chances are that you're now occasionally adding some water to your cooling-system. It may not be very much, and you may not have to do it very often. Even so, it means the system isn't tight—and you'll pay for it with wasted anti-freeze or more serious trouble.

Have a thorough investigation made for leaks. Some leaks show up only at high speeds. Your service man knows how to detect them.

Water-pump packing, hose connections, the hose itself, gaskets, the radiator, and the drain cocks should all be under suspicion as possible saboteurs of anti-freeze.

You Need a Hardy Battery in Winter

With your cooling-system clean, tight and able to stay tight, put in the anti-freeze. Before leaving the cooling-system, have your thermostat tested. Then look to the battery. It has more work in winter than at any other time of the year—due to cold-weather starting, more night driving, and the use of a heater.

In addition, even a fully charged battery feels the cold. Every drop in temperature means a drop in its cranking power. At zero, for instance, it has only 40% of its normal efficiency.

So it's wise to start the winter with a fully charged battery and with your battery cables in good condition. After that, have your service man check the battery frequently in the months ahead. His hydrometer should show that the solution has a specific gravity of no less than 1.250. This not only assures a sufficient amount of juice for winter loads, but it also means a solution that will resist freezing—unless *the temperature goes to 85° below!*

Get the Most Out of Your Gasoline

Don't be content, however, with simply bringing your battery up to par and keeping it there. Lighten its load with a tune-up. As part of the tune-up, your service man will clean the spark plugs and reset the gaps. He will check the distributor and replace the points, if necessary. He will change the manifold heater setting to the winter position. Then he will turn his attention to the all-important ignition timing.

Timing has a very direct relation to the gasoline you use. If the gasoline is a high anti-knock type, then the timing can be set so that you get great power and good gas mileage without any "bucking" or ping at low speeds or on hard pulls. Always keep in mind that timing should be matched to gasoline. You are likely to get one or two extra miles to the gallon when your timing is brought to the critical point.

Change to Winter Oils and Lubricants

Be sure, also, to have your service man make the important seasonal change to winter oil in the crank-case and winter lubricants in the differential and transmission. Oils and lubricants not designed for cold weather result in serious wear to gears, bearings, and other moving parts, and considerable loss of power—and often excessive battery drain and hard starting.

And speaking of power, don't stop at the engine. Power has to get to the rear wheels to do you any good. And there are several important links in the chain of events that transmit engine power to the wheels. The starting point is the clutch—and it should not be ignored. For instance, if your clutch develops a tendency to grab, don't merely consider it an annoyance. It is a sign that an adjustment or replacement is needed. Have it attended to before it does damage to the universals, differential, or rear axle. Universal joints, by the way, should be lubricated in strict accordance with the car manufacturer's recommendations.

The Value of a Tune-Up

These Preventive Service measures are much simpler than they may sound. In their own way, they amount to nothing more than what you do around your house—such as taking down the screens, for example, and putting up the storm sash. They can be ordered from your service man practically as they are outlined here. But you will probably find that he includes them, along with many other things, in a winter tune-up—at a special price. And that's worth looking into.

A tune-up, you understand, is not a major operation. It is the ounce of Preventive Service that increases the joy of motoring and decreases repair bills. Its other value is that if you happen to have real trouble lurking under the hood, the tune-up will uncover it and save you from a breakdown on the road.

[**Defense Note:** By handling your car correctly, you can make several important contributions to our national defense. First, don't waste rubber! Help conserve the nation's supply by always being sure that your wheels are in correct alignment, and by buying good tires instead of poor ones—thus getting more mileage per pound of rubber. Also save rubber by driving at moderate speeds. Tread-wear is twice as great at 70 m.p.h. as it is at 45 m.p.h. Then, by keeping your car tuned up and by driving at moderate speeds, you can conserve both gasoline and oil.]

This is a bird's-eye view of Preventive Service for winter. *Collier's* has more information for you in the new question-and-answer booklet that tells "what" and "why" and helps you make sure of every point when you get your car ready for winter.

Send for the booklet "Questions and Answers on Getting Your Car Ready for Winter." It tells you the inside story of your automobile. Enclose 6 cents to cover cost of handling and mailing. Address Preventive Service, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

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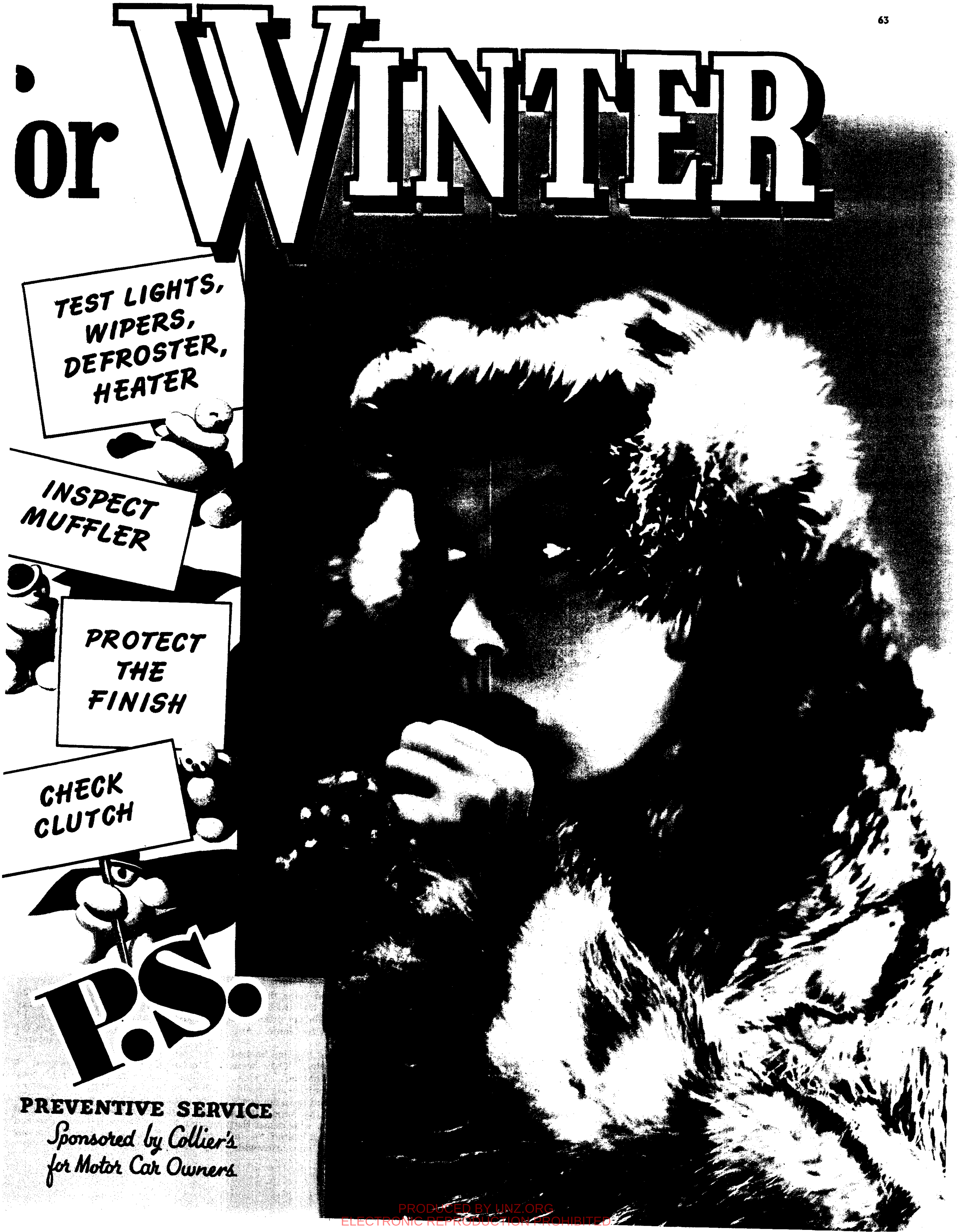
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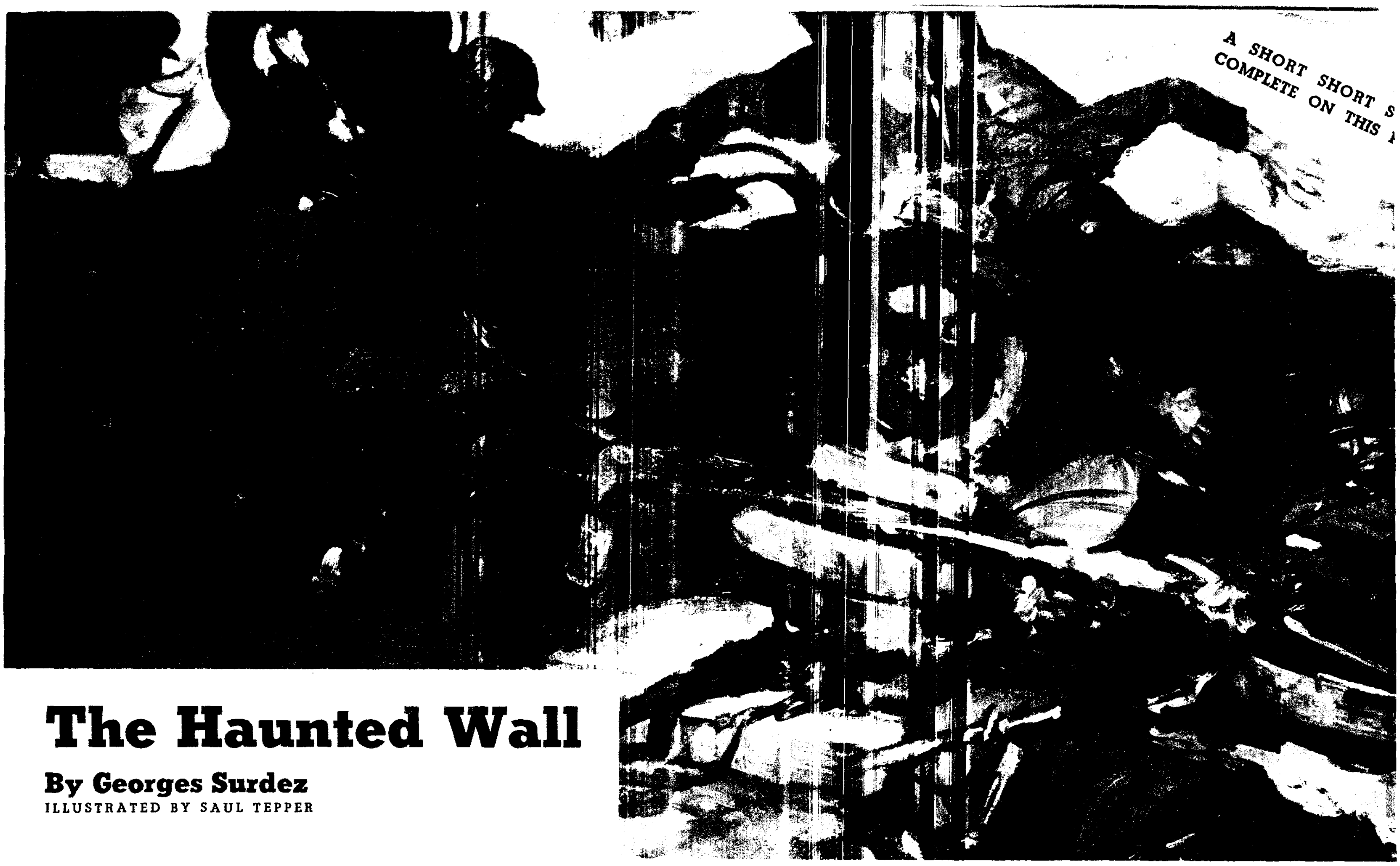

A SHORT SHORT S
COMPLETE ON THIS

The Haunted Wall

By Georges Surdez

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

The whole gang piled against my wall, four killed, seven injured

MY DEAR *Maître* Nollais:

You have been my notary for twenty-four years, and long before that your father handled business documents for my family. I know that until you open it the envelope I shall hand you tomorrow to place with my last will and testament will make you curious. You shall wonder what secret codicil there could be, when I am three years over seventy, when every centime I possess is known of by you, and is assigned to one or another of my surviving children and grandchildren.

This document is, in effect, a confession. After my death, you must rewrite the whole thing in your own style—I know you have contributed little pieces to the Paris magazines—and send it to the nearest German Command, should I die before they are thrown out, or to their general headquarters in Berlin, if I live to see victory.

You know what the Germans refer to as "the unfortunate incident of the sixth of June." It was about a year ago, when a column of our soldiers, prisoners, were marched through our town. It was a sad enough sight. Right opposite my house, located as you know almost at the corner of the Rue des Flandres and the Rue des Petits-Miquets, some poor chap left the ranks to refasten his shoelaces.

A German sergeant ran up and kicked him, because he had not asked for permission. The Frenchman did not stop to think, and punched at him. He was shot at once.

Madame Lherbier, the grocer's wife, was near by. She started to call the Germans names, and a young German officer, who evidently understood French, walked up to her and slapped her.

Her son, Jules, fourteen years old, who had come running when he heard her scold, attacked the German, and Old Man Lherbier, arriving, tried to keep the soldier from kicking the boy he had knocked down. There was a melee, as other Germans rushed up.

I was watching from my window on the first floor and I could not believe my eyes when all three Lherbiers, battered, bleeding and half-conscious, were shoved against that white wall, the back of my machinery shed, and shot down with one of those little machine guns. There were flecks of blood on the wall, and all day the bodies were ordered left there, as an example.

After that, I would sit by the window and watch that white wall with the specks on it, and find myself growing mad with rage.

It was then that I remembered something trivial: Back in 1875, which isn't yesterday, my cousin Raymond came to visit us. He brought a magic lantern with him. And we soon spotted the white wall opposite the window as a possible screen.

But merely throwing our ordinary pictures on it was too simple. Raymond suggested that we should scare the farmers when they drove home after market, most of them with drink inside of them. We knew we must not be seen at the window, or it would give the whole thing away. So we removed the wooden frame below the sill and bored a slanting hole through stone and cement. We worked harder than we did in school, I'll bet; he studied angles, distortions, and we experimented with a slide until we could throw the silhouette of a creditable devil, complete with hoofs, horns and tail, on that wall.

WE USED a bull's-eye lantern, and the beam was not noticeable. Yet the silhouette was clear, if faint. You remember the old shadowgraph—the game in which you make rabbits, eagles and so on with the shadow of your hands against a wall? It was the same principle, and we could create the illusion of movement by tilting the slide. We had some good laughs. But one evening my parents caught us and ended that amusement.

You are beginning to understand? I tested the frame, and it could still be moved. I cleaned the hole with a wire. I merely hoped to frighten their sentries. You know their regulations, no lights and no traffic after nightfall, except their own. You know also how their motorcycle patrols tear around at night, using only those patent blue lights because of the English fliers.

You remember that first accident, don't you? The whole gang piled against my wall, four killed, seven injured.

That first time, the surviving members of the patrol knew nothing more than that their leader, who was giving the signal for a right turn, had swerved left and bounced across the street. The way was narrow, and at such speed there had been no time to think. The second time, the leader had lived long enough to swear that he had seen someone leaping at him from the right and had tried to dodge.

They placed a sentry at the corner for a while. I kept quiet, whiling away the time in perfecting the silhouette on my glass slide. Then new soldiers came to replace the others, and there was the third accident.

You remember the conference at the council about our town being fined for the accidents. Even the Boches felt ridiculous when we asked for proof that some Frenchman was to blame. And they recalled the fine.

It was the first time they had backed down. You know why: They were afraid of publicity of that sort. I mean that they couldn't admit being unable to prove the matter, and in so doing appear to agree with the superstitious civilians and troopers, who heard that one of the dying men stated "a fat woman" had leaped at him, arms wide, and therefore were sure that Madame Lherbier bore a grudge. Having so thoroughly beaten the living French, they could not admit being worried by the ghost of a fat grocer woman.

There was the fourth accident, and they nearly went mad. I watched them from my window, as they paced the street, measuring, their engineers shaking their heads.

They searched all houses along the street, including mine, over and over again. They examined my walls and windows, but failed to touch the frame.

THE young traffic officer who shot himself after being blamed the third time helped immensely. Suicides are not rare among them, yet this one did seem to have some mysterious reason. The patrols have been chugging past the wall the past few days, carefully. But a new detachment is due soon, and those will soon start speeding.

But I am growing fearful that the excitement will prove too much for me. You cannot imagine the thrill of hunting men as I do. When their motors keep going at the same pace and I *know* I have them, it's terrifying. Also, they may be on the right track at last, and suspect me. They'd never let the facts out themselves. I don't want to die without telling someone, for several reasons.

You know that the belief that a house is haunted cuts its real-estate value, and I see no sense in losing money for my heirs. Also, I am a vain old man, and I want my friends to know that so far I have killed eleven Germans, injured over twenty.

Moreover, the way the legend is growing, unless the truth is told, they will be putting up a statue to Madame Lherbier on the main square, before the town hall. You know what the good woman looked like, and, heroic size and seminude, it would be horrible for our descendants to see.

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The Quarrel

Continued from page 40

shoulders. "Well," he said, "we were talking about a drink."

They went into Faro Charley's, once again cheerful, and had a drink. Everybody felt good to be here after a long summer's sweating on the range and Jim Van Horn stood at the bar's end and swapped talk with men he hadn't seen since spring. He was soft of voice, he had long, rawboned arms and a willowy body, and when he got to swapping talk with his friends a bright and rash humor flashed up through the grave, false innocence of his eyes. He was twenty-seven and the owner of a small outfit back in the Yellows; and sometimes in the midst of the talk he had a way of falling silent and looking across the room at nothing in particular, as though arrested by some strange sound or color or thought.

He hadn't been in Faro Charley's more than a quarter-hour when Orv Ghent came in. "Jim," he said, "Purple is in Corbin's and says he expects an apology."

News of the quarrel had already gotten around, and the crowd in the saloon now grew silent. Ghent, who was an unpopular man, was not easy in these surroundings. Charley Engleman and Slats McGinn moved forward until they stood near Van Horn, but nobody broke into Van Horn's thoughtful debate with himself.

"Tell Drake," he said finally, "there is no cause for an apology."

Orv Ghent nodded and left the saloon. Slats McGinn said: "As I was saying, how about another drink?"

Charley Engleman shook his head. "Drinking can wait."

"For a fact," spoke up Van Horn, and strolled from the saloon.

He left behind him a largely silent group. All these men were friends who knew him well; but they also knew Purple's fighting reputation and now were troubled. "I don't like this at all," said Slats McGinn. It was as far as he would go in expressing his doubt of Jim Van Horn's survival in such a battle, but Charley Engleman understood the rest of it and nodded. Little Con Spencer, an interested spectator to the recent scene, spoke his mind aloud: "He's up against the dirtiest fighter in the country."

Con Spencer was the one to know about that; for Con, little as he was, had unlimited courage and his courage had taken him into a brutal fist fight with Purple, the result of which was a crooked arm, four bent ribs and a permanent limp. Slats McGinn said: "Don't publish the fact, Con, and bring Drake down on you again."

MEANWHILE, Jim Van Horn loitered under the shelter of the sidewalk's board awning, eyes half closed against the silver glare of fall's sunlight on the deep dust of Arapaho Street, and the milky rolling of this dust as horsemen and wagons moved steadily into town.

Pardee's Rafter W crew came into town with a racket and a rush and a patient in the dentist's chair shouted. A group of homestead women came down the walk, momentarily stopping Van Horn by Donlake's store. He stood out of their way and he lifted his eyes over them and saw Orv Ghent step from Corbin's and move at him through the risen dust, and at that moment a free, warm laugh broke through his preoccupation. Lowering his head he saw a girl in the store's doorway.

She held an armload of packages with round, firm white arms and all he saw at the moment was a pair of lips and a pair of eyes smiling at him above the heavy load. Other people, moving into the store, had unsteadied her; and it was the quick and pleasant way she looked at him that made him step forward and lift the top packages from her arms. She was a straight, robust girl and her upper body was round, and on the sun-dusted tint of her face lively interest ran and suddenly disappeared behind gravity.

Orv Ghent reached him and said: "Drake says for you to look out for yourself."

VAN HORN moved the packages from one arm to another and for a moment his glance lifted above Ghent and ran out beyond the town and the hills and he stood still, quietly thinking, and afterward looked at Ghent again. "Tell him I'll do that."

Ghent swung away without further comment. Van Horn turned to the girl and said: "Where do I carry this for you?"

The liveliness had gone from her face and she watched him with the deepest and most solemn attention. In the beginning it had been the tone of her voice which had arrested him; now it was the straightness of her shoulders and the rounding of their points and the strength that seemed to be in her.

"Our wagon is by the courthouse," she said, and fell in step with him. Her head came to his shoulder and when he looked down he saw the sun-dusted shading of her skin and the half circle of her lashes. She was, he supposed, about twenty-three; and there was an old-fashioned ring on the little finger of her right hand. A hundred feet beyond the Cattle King they turned into the area of cottonwood and box elder and ash which surrounded the courthouse, threading the askew ranks of wagons until they reached a big bay team. She put her package in the near-by wagon bed and relieved him of the ones he had carried for her; she turned and gave him a swift smile. "Thank you," she said, and immediately looked down.

He was bound nowhere and in no haste to leave. He had exhausted his cigarette and now rolled up another. "Homesteading?"

"We're on Weeping Woman Creek."

"My name," he said, "is Jim Van Horn."

Liveliness came again to her face and again went away. "I'm Margaret Calhoun."

"That ring reminds me of one my mother had."

"It was my Grandmother Liggett's. She came from Kentucky. We all show Kentucky on us—we're all Kentucky dark."

"Dark?" he said, and looked steadily at her. "No," he said, "not dark." He dragged the last smoke from the cigarette in a deep breath and looked to the ground, and now that his eyes left her she was free to watch him. Grave as he was, she noticed the simmer of energy in him; polite as he had been toward her, she had observed the latent dance of humor and deviltry in his eyes. "Not dark," he said, "but fair." He looked up after he said it and caught her eyes, and then she turned her head aside and hoped she was truly as fair as he had said.

Donlake and Faro Charley came through the parked wagons and paused, and the girl, now in the background, saw the quick and alert way Jim Van Horn turned to them.

Donlake said: "We'd like to go see Drake and try to find some way of set-

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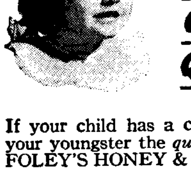

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tling this. There shouldn't be a fight between you."

The girl noticed that he lifted his head again and looked into the far day with the same close-thinking expression she had before seen, and she observed how grave the other two men were. Van Horn finally said: "If you want to go on your own hook—but not as agents of mine or asking anything for me—I do not object."

"Certainly," said Donlake. "We will not discuss the merits of the quarrel at all. Maybe there's a way of getting around it—both your feelings saved in the matter."

"Luck," said Jim Van Horn, and watched them depart. He had not shown any particular feeling but when he turned his attention to the girl she saw the gray of his eyes and the straight line of his mouth. He shrugged his shoulders and presently said as an idle thought: "Going to be a dance here tonight."

She didn't answer. She met his eyes and she looked at him as thoroughly and as directly and as frankly as he looked at her. Excitement brushed over his face and it was as though a long, cool wind rushed through her. He lifted his hat and swung away.

HE HAD eaten noon meal at the Cattle King and he was in the lobby with Jack DeSmet from Little Jacket Valley when Donlake came in with Faro Charley. Donlake said: "We went to him. We said we carried no offer from you and that you had no offer to make. He said it was just the same way with him, that he had made his statement, that he would not back up from it."

"Wasting your time," said Van Horn.

"Then we asked him if he felt bound to settle the question before he left town, or whether it was just a general statement which might mean tomorrow or next week. He would not commit himself as to time. We think we can work on that point."

"If we meet face to face there will be no next week."

"We mentioned that to him and then asked if he would object to a truce until a deadline of four o'clock, in which time you may safely pass each other without expecting trouble. That gives us four hours in which to try to work out some basis of satisfying each of you. He said he didn't object. Agreeable to you?"

"Yes," said Van Horn.

"Now," said Donlake, "we've got another idea to work on. Suppose we set a meeting place, you and Drake to arrive at it the same moment, neither before or after the other, and talk it over?"

Van Horn considered that fully and at last shook his head. "It would then appear I was anxious to make a settlement."

Donlake tried another tack: "When had you expected to ride out of town?"

"I will not leave this town now before Drake does."

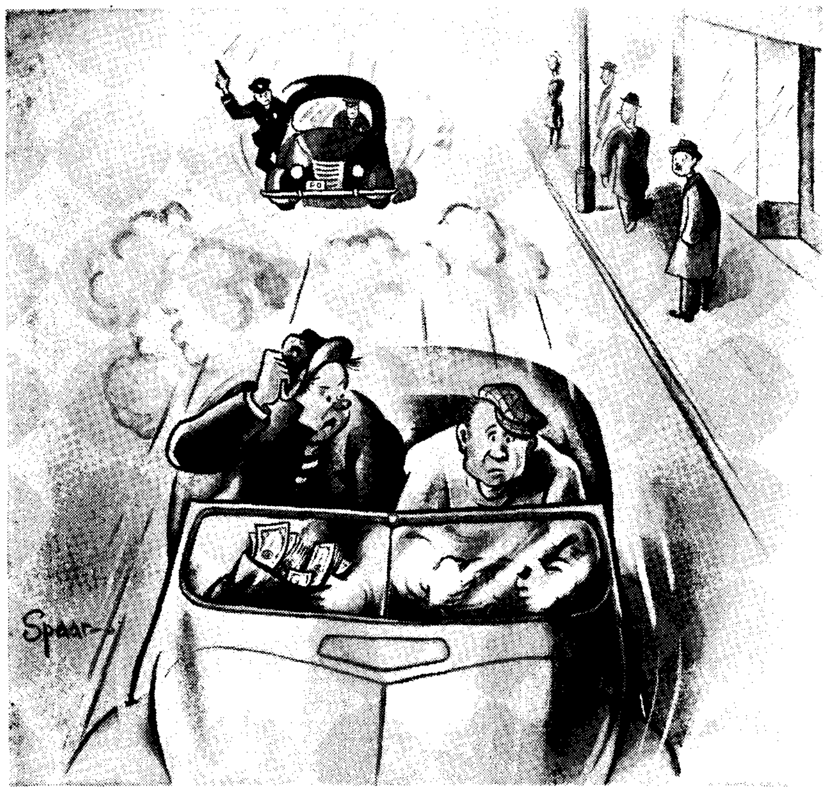
The two moved away. Van Horn said to DeSmet, "We'll have snow before usual this fall," and left the Cattle King.

It was then one o'clock and the town grew steadily fuller, but the wagons and saddle horses had been pulled away from the street racks so that now the space from the Cattle King on down to the depot was clear. The town expected a fight and was preparing for it. Slats McGinn stood in the full shine of the sun near Besson's saddle shop, apparently half asleep on his feet, a cigarette dipped down at the corner of his mouth. At the corner of the brick bank building, Charley Engleman squatted like a reservation Indian, facing the entrance of Corbin's. These were his closest friends; they were watching the street for him.

He crossed the street, feeling the eyes of this town upon him; and as he passed people he saw the swift looks they gave him—the human and inquisitive search for the fear they suspected might be in him. Conrad Spencer sat against the wall of Menefee's, his small body stooped on a box and his crooked arm lying across his lap; and as Van Horn went by Conrad the man gave him a look, hot and bright, and murmured: "Never turn your back on him."

Reaching the foot of the street, Van Horn looked back and saw Drake Purple leave Corbin's and go over to the Cattle King. He stood against the wall of the small yellow-brown depot and built a cigarette.

PURPLE came out of the Cattle King and met Ghent, who had posted himself on the porch. Ghent said: "He's down by the depot." Crossing toward Corbin's, Drake Purple had his impulse to slip back of town, circle and catch Van Horn off balance. But he put the thought aside, knowing that McGinn



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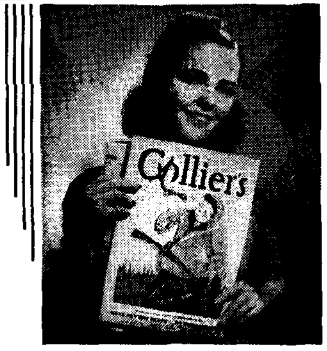

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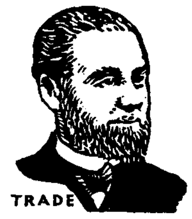

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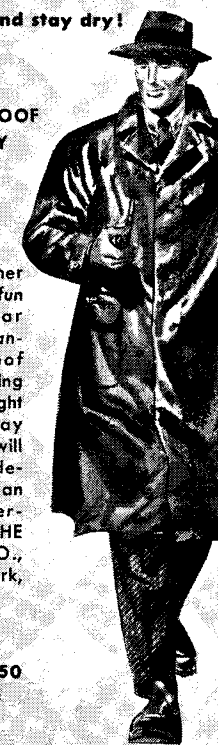

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and Engleman were both watching him.

After Purple had gone into the saloon, Slats McGinn made a little sign to Charley Engleman, who rose from the courthouse steps and walked behind Corbin's to keep an eye on the rear entrance. At the same time Leach O'Leary looked on at the passing scene and recalled a brother who, riding across Broken Bell range, had never been seen again; and from her room over Corbin's saloon Square Madge watched all this with her private memories, remembering that she once had been a homesteader's wife. Drake Purple had been an attractive man in those days to a woman often as lonely as she. Now her husband and young son were somewhere in Montana and she was here, Drake Purple soon tiring of her.

IT WAS two-thirty when Donlake and Faro Charley came down to the depot where Van Horn still loitered. Donlake took off his hat and rubbed the sweat from the brim. He said: "We only got an hour and a half to go. Time's gettin' short. You will not meet and you will not ride out of town." He stood silent a moment, as though weighing the advisability of his next statement, then said: "Would you say that your remark to Drake was in answer to his remark to you?"

"Yes."

"You meant neither more nor less by your statement than he meant by his? If he meant nothing unfriendly, neither did you?"

"That's right."

"We'll work on that—a mutual withdrawal of remarks."

Van Horn watched them go up the street, traveling slowly as though they then knew the fruitless end of their efforts. He kept his eyes on them and his own thoughts ran ahead so that he witnessed the final scene, his lids coming together and the bright sun dying from his vision. The vision turned red and he opened his eyes and saw that he had his glance fastened to a tub of red geraniums on the porch of a house across the street; and he laughed to himself and crossed over, breaking off a cluster of flowers. As he came up Arapaho Street, Slats McGinn stepped from Besson's saddle shop and handed him a gun and belt. "It is three o'clock," Slats said, and moved away.

He buckled on the belt, still walking. Engleman, now at the bank corner, pointed to Corbin's and shook his head. Van Horn reached the bank wall, facing the courthouse square. A man passed in front of him and threw a curious glance at him; but he didn't see that, for his eyes were on the Calhoun wagon and the girl sitting in its seat. He watched her a moment, and went through the wagons toward her. She had a piece of knitting in her lap and her fingers swiftly moved the needles and her face was solemn and soft.

He stood by the wagon hub and looked up, smiling to her; and she knew that he saw everything about her and was pleased with what he saw, and the effect of it was a warmth all through her. She held her eyes away from him until she was sure he had really seen in her what he wanted to see; then she looked at him.

"Come down," he said.

She stepped to the wagon hub and felt the guiding of his hand as he reached out. She stood before him, wondering what thoughts he had behind the dance of light in his eyes. He had been grave to her and somewhat shy at the first meeting; now there was a change in him. He lifted the small spray of red geranium and he laid it against the side of her head. "That would be pretty," he said, and handed it to her.

She murmured, "If you want it there," and tucked the stem into her hair. She turned quickly away and moved into the shade of a cottonwood. She wheeled and faced him, her back to the cottonwood. She watched him come forward and squat on the ground and look down at it, his hand drawing irregular patterns along the earth. She was above him; she sat down so that she would not be taller than he was. He had ceased to smile.

"Ever been in the Yellow Hills?"

"No."

"Now's a pretty time of the year there. My ranch house faces a creek and in the morning there's a little thin fog on the creek and then the sun strikes it and it shines like diamond dust. You can smell the pine and the dry grass. I'm about five hundred feet off the valley floor. I look out on it and I can see the smudge of Hat Ranch, twenty-five miles away. Sometimes at night there'll be a campfire clear over by the bad-land breaks. Like a star blazing."

"You're lucky to live as you want to live."

"When I stand on the porch I get to thinking it isn't complete. What's one man standing there alone?"

"You can ride. You can come to town. You can go to dances and dance with whom you please."

"When I ride home, I ride home alone."

She sat silent, her shoulders slightly rounded at the points, and her hands were long and straight and strong, and she met his eyes and didn't look away. Homesteaders moved through the wagons and youngsters ran in groups past, shouting as they hurried. Jim Van Horn built a cigarette, thoughtfully watching his fingers; and when he put it to his mouth he looked at her again so keenly that she knew how much he wanted to say. The warm feeling rushed through her again and then vanished, leaving her very cold. Donlake and Faro Charley came off the street, walking as though they were tired.

"There's nothing more to say," said Donlake. "It is a quarter of four. Good luck."

THEY delayed, but they said nothing more. Looking carefully at them, she saw that they were deeply moved and that they were really saying goodby to him; and then they turned away. Jim Van Horn crouched on the ground and coolness made his face heavy and far-off thoughts held it still. She gripped her hands tightly together and held back all that she felt, all that was forlorn and full of fear and she cried out silently to herself: "Why does it have to be this way?" But none of this was for him to see.

He lifted his head. "Margaret," he said, "will you go to the dance tonight?"

"Yes."

He rose and for a moment gaiety showed through his solid expression, for a moment the old deviltry danced and made him very young. "That's the way it should be." He stood before her; he bowed and murmured, "Never dark—never to me," and turned to the street.

It was close to four and the smell of what was to be was strong through town and there were no women along the walk and men had withdrawn to doorways and alley entrances, all of them watching with their shadowed, strange thoughts. He noticed Square Madge at her window above Corbin's and saw her lift her hand to him; when he passed Menefee's stable Con Spencer's deep, breathless whisper touched him: "Watch for a trick!" Beyond Menefee's he stopped. Slats McGinn stood at Faro Charley's across the dust and McGinn raised a finger and pointed toward the foot of the street; swinging on his heels, Van Horn saw Drake Purple turn the corner of the depot and step forward.

Drake Purple was four hundred feet away, coming on. Waiting out the in-

Stratton
ULTRA-EZE

Shaped to Your Head . . .
Not to a Hat Block

No two heads are shaped alike. But, most hats are sized alike. The Ultra-Eze immediately solves your problem. The Self-Conforming inner band molds itself easily to the shape of your head. You'll feel better and look better than ever before.

395 SUPERIOR AND 500 LUXURY

CAPSON HAT COMPANY
FIFTH AVENUE . . . NEW YORK

"...ah, yes—
you fall in love with wine like this!"
. . says CIRO of Waldorf-Astoria

WINES
E & K
OHIO SAUTERNES

FINEST WINE
FROM AMERICA'S
FINEST GRAPE
DISTRICT

E&K
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Acclaimed by connoisseurs. From luscious Lake Erie Wine Island grapes. Buy now—learn how really *fine*, good wines can be. E & K American Vermouth (alcohol 18% by vol.), for perfect Martinis . . . The Engels & Krudwig Wine Co., Sandusky, Ohio.

terval, Jim Van Horn had time for free thought, and during that time he felt the town's singleness of attention, its grisly, blood-stirred interest in the kill to come, and recalled how many people were here who, from past injuries, hated Drake and wanted to see him dead. He knew how much hope they placed upon him, but he knew too how little chance these people felt he had; and he knew the odds laid in Faro Charley's. Then he recalled how quickly the quarrel had started and the few words which had produced it and he searched himself for wisdom and rightness.

For a moment he listened to his conscience and for another moment, he sought for fear. There was no fear, unless fear was the coldness now coming upon him and the greater and greater feeling of being alone. The sweetness of Margaret Calhoun was near him and about him and he had his sharp regret of that which might have been and soon might never be. But if a man loved the fun of life and if a man believed in the freedom of life he could not turn aside from the black moments which came along. "It is better," he thought, "to be dead than ashamed," and felt cleansed by the thought.

DRAKE PURPLE moved on at a steady walk, neither hurrying nor slowing his stride. This was part of the terror he meant to send out before him like a first bullet. He was a broad, dark man and he paced the western side of the street so that the sun would be out of his eyes, so that it would be in Van Horn's eyes, and his arms brushed gently back and forth across his coat, outside of which he had buckled his belt. Dust puffed up around his boots, the loose and deep yellow dust, six months dried by summer.

He was two hundred feet distant when Van Horn left the walk and faced Drake. He heard the sudden scuff of men who, now bracketed in the range of possible fire, changed location. He stepped on, watching Drake Purple's shoulders sway. He saw the heavy man's lips spring back once, showing the sharp whiteness of his teeth, and come together again; and when no more than a hundred feet separated them Jim Van Horn took his eyes deliberately from Drake and stared toward the depot and slowly shook his head.

That motion stopped Purple. For Purple, a tricky and suspicious man, suddenly seemed to feel treachery around him. It was a new thought and a powerful thought and as he came to a stand this thought hurried him, and got into him and made him draw. The drop of his shoulders signaled the beginning of the draw and by that signal Jim Van Horn took his cue. The shots were two echoes slamming together and the wind of one of those shots was a pulse against Jim Van Horn's cheek. He watched Drake Purple stagger and scoop a hand across his chest and he watched wild shock break over Drake's face and he saw it fade into the loose, blind expression which was death. Then Drake fell and men ran out of Faro Charley's.

Van Horn stood fast. McGinn pushed through the forming crowd and presently stepped back and drew a short straight line across the air for Van Horn's information. Con Spencer limped up from the stable, his features cramped by a strained eagerness, and now the street was full and men shouted out the news: "He's dead!" Van Horn turned away. He handed the gun to Slats McGinn, who ran up, and Slats hit him on the shoulder: "As I was sayin', Jim, it is a thirsty day—"

Van Horn struggled past people who wanted to congratulate him and his long legs took him fast by the Cattle King and through the parked wagons of courthouse square. She stood by the cottonwood. She hadn't moved from it and he noted the strained and haunted expression on her face. She stared at him, long and close, and then she came forward and touched him with her hand, and the touch seemed to release everything in her and she put both hands on his shoulders and dropped her eyes to the ground.

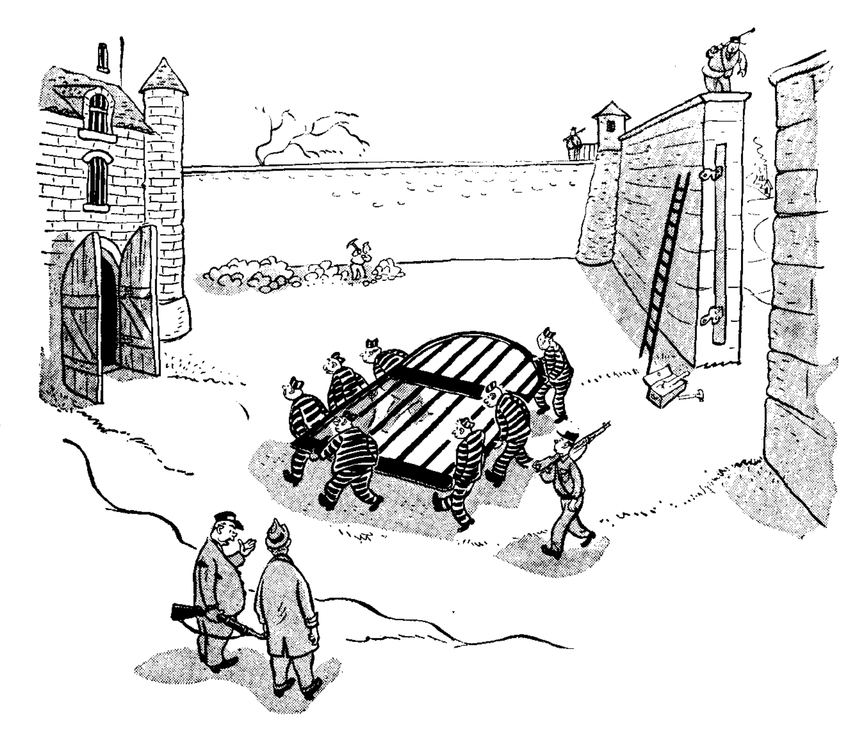
"Did it mean so much to you?" he said.

"I said to myself," she murmured, "that nothing good ever dies." She lifted her head and he saw the smile, the small and sweet and quiet smile, return with its light and its warmth.

"As to the dance," he said, "I'll be here for you at seven o'clock. Your folks won't mind?"

"I'm twenty-three," she said. "I speak for myself."

He watched her a moment, graveness still upon him after all that he had gone through. Presently her nearness and her warmth thawed him and he lifted his hat and, smiling, moved away.



"In this town the cellar's the best place for it on Halloween!"

ROLAND COE

"It stands to reason, The lower our financing cost the lower the monthly payments on our car
GMAC
Figuring Chart

Here... it shows you right in this Figuring Chart!"

When you buy a car on time, naturally you want a low cost plan... one that offers you the lowest monthly payments, sound insurance, and reliable service. Here's a suggestion to help you find that plan—

Just send the coupon below for the simple GMAC Figuring Chart that gives you all car-financing details in *dollars* and *cents*. This chart shows you exactly what you get for what you pay . . . enables you to figure easily the cost of your entire deal. Then compare various finance plans and what they offer ... see for yourself just where and how you can save!

You'll see definitely that the lower the financing cost, the lower your monthly payments will be. You'll be surprised at how little it really costs for financing on the General Motors Instalment Plan! And remember, *this* plan includes broad insurance protection for your car!

But learn for yourself why the GMAC Plan is *the* low cost way for you to buy a car on time. Send the coupon for your Figuring Chart right now!

This plan is available only through dealers in Buick, Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Cadillac cars.

NO SALESMAN
WILL CALL

GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

B-13

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
1775 Broadway, New York

Please send me copy of GMAC Figuring Chart for the car checked below:

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Address ____________________ U. S. A.

City ____________________ State __________

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GMAC
Figuring Chart

Send for this Figuring Chart

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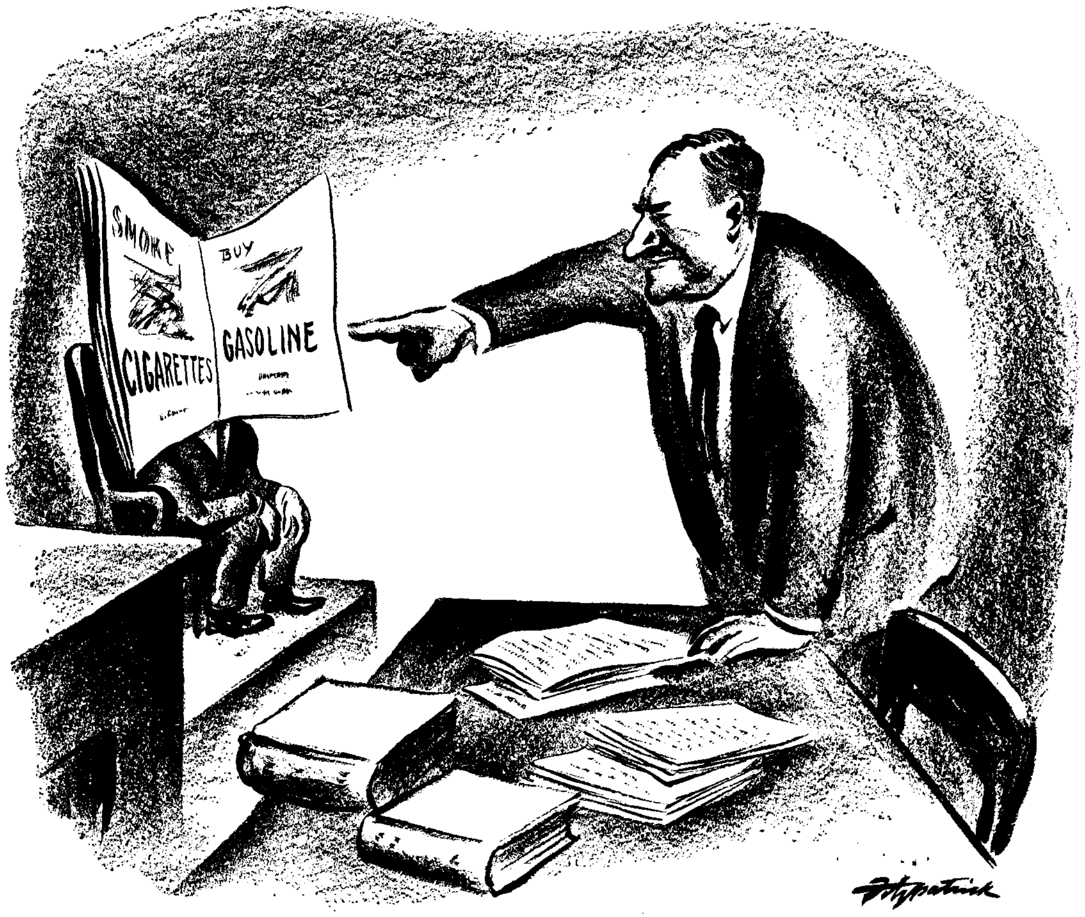


Our Cruelty to Arnold

COLLIER'S in the last year or so has pinned a couple of lilies of the alley to the lapels of Thurman W. Arnold, anti-trust poo-bah for the Department of Justice, and now Mr. Arnold is sobbing around that Collier's is persecuting him.

Arnold says we unjustly accuse him (1) of trying to ruin the five big tobacco companies' business insofar as that business is based on mass advertising, and (2) of trying to take competitive advertising out of the gasoline business and compel sales of gasoline at dull, dirty, restroomless, noncompeting service stations.

Mr. Arnold says he is really a good friend to advertising, and has no such designs on it, and has never made any statements indicating any such designs.

So we pick up Mr. Arnold's latest book, "The Bottlenecks of Business" (Reynal & Hitchcock, N. Y., 1940, 355 pp., $2.50), and at page 34 we find this:

> There is no price competition among the companies dominating the (tobacco) industry. There is plenty of competition at rigid prices. This means that most tobacco advertising is expensive and hokum.

So much for Mr. Arnold's affection for tobacco advertising. At page 33 of the same book appear these remarks on gasoline selling:

> The major oil companies, aided by the Ethyl Corporation, have put a floor under prices. There is no difference in motor fuels because they had become standardized. Competition has become a race to see which company could put out the most expensive hokum. Millions have been spent in advertising different brands that were in fact all the same. Filling stations more luxurious than the homes of most of the customers appeared on every corner. Maps were given away free. Unnecessary services were added. Men were hired to smile at poor customers and say "Happy Motoring." All this meant that a greater share of the customer's dollar was going into gasoline.

Now that Mr. Arnold is a big shot in the Attorney General's office, he is going after the tobacco companies and the oil companies along precisely the lines laid down in the above passages from his book. He reminds us of a man who has had what he considers a beautiful dream, then wakes up to find himself in a position to try to make the dream come true.

We can understand Mr. Arnold's delight in finding himself so situated. But we cannot understand his blind-spot inability to recognize that advertising in the United States has stimulated consumption by reducing prices through mass production of innumerable things, has been probably the prime force in raising American living standards to top levels for all the world to date, and costs an almost infinitesimal sum per customer.

But now we remember that Mr. Arnold is also the author of a book called "The Folklore of Capitalism" (Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., 1937, 400 pp., $3). This earlier work was based on the proposition that words in this country no longer mean what we common, ignorant clucks think they mean. Words, according to this puckish, pseudo-Voltairean book of Mr. Arnold's, have become instruments for concealing rather than conveying meaning in our capitalistic society.

So maybe Mr. Arnold ought not to be held accountable for everything he says. Maybe when we ignoramuses think he is damning advertising he is really praising it. Maybe when we think he is talking like a pert little parlor pink intent on wrecking our social system just for the devil of it, he is really uttering old-line Republican doctrine. Maybe.

SUCK 'EM UP

WE LEARN with interest that Gene Tunney's pet hate is the outsize paunch, or corporation, which disfigures many an American man. Tunney, helping our armed forces meet their physical-training problems, says that even in the Army far too many officers are unable to assume and hold a commanding posture and ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Certainly that's true about American civilian men, at least in the cities. The worst of it is that the overhanging waistline is unnecessary in most cases. It starts with negligence in one's younger years, and grows not so much from overeating as from overindulgence in that comfortable slump amidships when sitting, standing or walking.

For most people the preventive is simple: Just build the habit, remorselessly, of keeping 'em sucked up during all your waking hours instead of letting 'em sag. Sit tall, stand tall, walk tall—keep the chin in and the chest out, and keep pushing the top of your head as high in the air as you can push it.

Physical culture class adjourned for the day; and here's a world of luck to Mr. Tunney's anti-bay-window crusade.

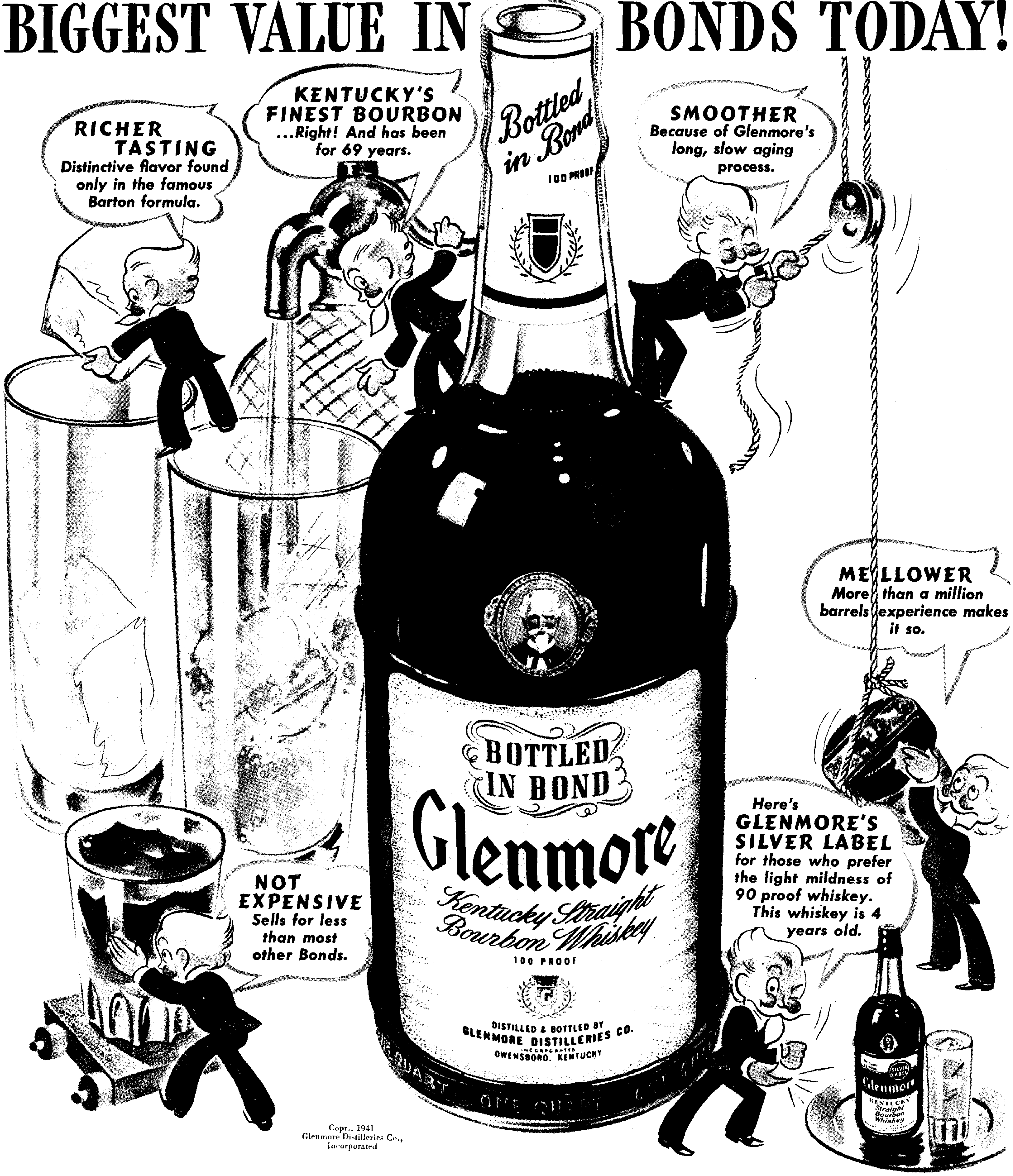
STRIKES AGAINST LEWIS

WE SYMPATHIZE with the sporadic strikes against John L. Lewis' dues increases among his United Mine Workers. Lewis hiked the dues mainly to gain some big union expansion and political ends of his own, rather than win any additional benefits for the dues payers.

But why should the strike weapon be used in such a case? Why make public and employers suffer when the real target is the union leader? What's the matter with the orderly but determined insurrections inside the unions? Such things can be and should be pulled off successfully; and the leaders generally retract their claws when they become convinced that their followers mean business.

We think, indeed, that the time is ripe for bringing democracy and membership control to all unions which don't already enjoy those commodities. Yes, we're thinking of such outfits as the Hod Carriers' Union, which recently held its first convention in thirty years, and Jimmy Petrillo's Musicians' Union, from which Hitler and Stalin could learn a thing or two about total control of labor. We don't see how labor unionism can remain a constructive force in our society much longer unless it goes in consistently for more and more democracy.

You're looking at Glenmore . . .
BIGGEST VALUE IN BONDS TODAY!



RICHER TASTING Distinctive flavor found only in the famous Barton formula.
KENTUCKY'S FINEST BOURBON ...Right! And has been for 69 years.
SMOOTHER Because of Glenmore's long, slow aging process.
MELLOWER More than a million barrels experience makes it so.
NOT EXPENSIVE Sells for less than most other Bonds.
Here's GLENMORE'S SILVER LABEL for those who prefer the light mildness of 90 proof whiskey. This whiskey is 4 years old.
Bottled in Bond
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND
Glenmore
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
100 PROOF
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
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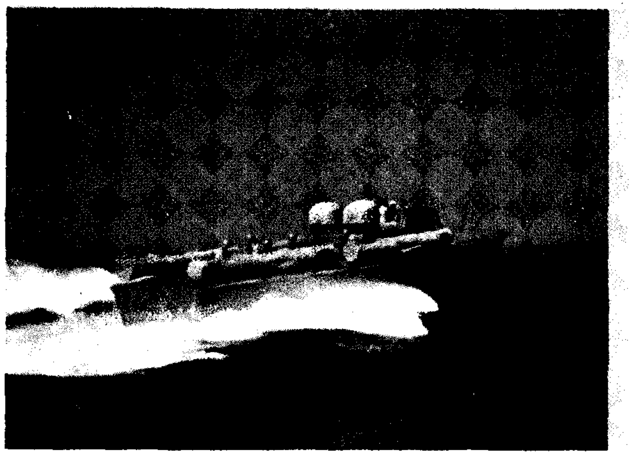
POUR GLENMORE . . YOU GET MORE



BLUE-WATER BLITZ!

Fastest fighter afloat, her speed's a Navy secret...no secret, though, that Camel outspeeds all cigarettes in popularity with Navy men

ALL OF A SUDDEN three propellers tear the water behind her into tattered white lace, and from an easy, silent glide she roars into battle speed as fast, almost, as you can blink. She's the Navy's new darling...and what a girl! All dressed up with four torpedo tubes and four machine guns. She's a thunderbolt. Fast as lightning...and she hits harder.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE GOOD to serve on her crew. Over 4,000 horse-power running "all-out" means that she leaps from wave-top to wave-top—her crew lashed to their stations. No wonder, after a thrilling session on this blue-water blitz the first words you hear from the men are: "Boy, a cigarette, quick!" (And that means Camel—outstanding favorite of Navy men.)

—AND TORPEDO-BOAT DESIGNER IRWIN CHASE SHARES THE NAVY MAN'S PREFERENCE FOR CAMELS

ELCO
IT'S CAMELS WITH ME— THEY'RE MILDER— THEY'RE COOLER

THERE'S JUST NO OTHER CIGARETTE THAT TASTES SO GOOD AS A CAMEL

IRWIN CHASE speaking. He's chief of the naval division, Electric Boat Co., one of the outfits making Uncle Sam's new PT boats. Many's the midnight Camel he smoked over the blue-prints of these blue-water blitzes. And after a session on that fresh air battle-bridge (he's in the action pictures at the top of the page, too), "There's just nothing like a Camel," he declares. "It's been my favorite for years."

IT'S AS TRUE as the sextant's reading of the sun at high noon... this fact: Camels are the favorite of modern America. Active America. Busy, up-and-doing America. Take a man like Irwin Chase *(above)*, Elco's naval architect. Take the men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard. Their favorite cigarette is Camel.*

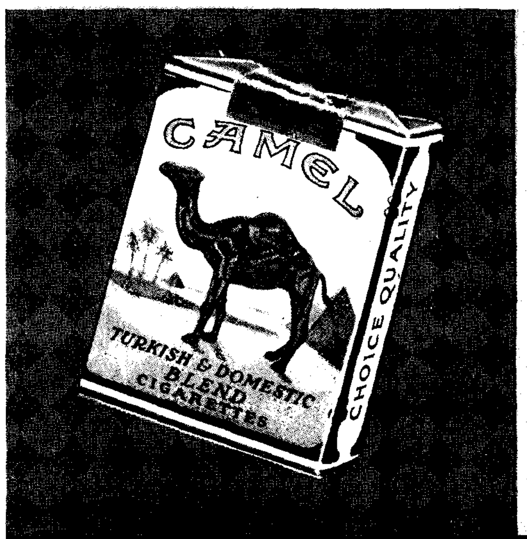
The extra coolness, extra flavor, extra mildness, and 28% less nicotine in the smoke of Camel's slower-burning costlier tobaccos all add up to that "extra something" that Camel fans say just no other cigarette seems to give them. Try a pleasure cruise on Irwin Chase's smoking chart—make *your* next cigarette a Camel.

**Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, and Canteens*

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*



BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS